WEALTH AND WORKMEN

HENDERSON

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
Chap. BV770 Copyright No.
Shelf .H4
1891
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

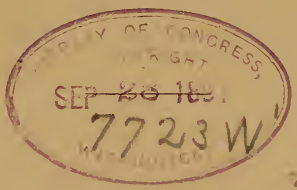
WEALTH AND WORKMEN;

OR

The Mission of Men and Money,

BY

HOWARD HENDERSON, D. D., LL. D.



GEORGE P. HOUSTON, PUBLISHER,
105 LONGWORTH STREET.
CINCINNATI, O.

BV770
.H4
1891

COPYRIGHTED, 1891,

BY

HOWARD HENDERSON.

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS
WASHINGTON

TO

C. C. McCABE, D. D.,

The Great Field Marshal of Missions,

WHOSE INSPIRING VOICE, RALLYING THE MILITANT CHURCH TO THE FRONT LINE, IS EVER ADVANCING THE STANDARD, AND WHOSE "TRUMPET SHALL NEVER CALL RETREAT,"

AND TO

JACOB ROTHWEILER, D. D.,

The Sturdy German and Stalwart Methodist,

TYPE OF THE MOST CONSECRATED OF HIS COUNTRYMEN, AND IN HONOR OF THE LIBERAL LEAD OF GERMAN METHODISM IN BENEVOLENT CONTRIBUTIONS,

This Book is Dedicated,

BY

THE AUTHOR

PREFACE.

BEING impressed that the books on the Christian method of getting and using money are abstract, or involved in style, I set myself to try to write something that the people would ponder, and the rich would read. The mission of money and men is herein described. To judge the book by a critical, literary standard would be unjust to the Author, who has purposely used the proverbial style, and sometimes adopted privincial phrases. The book was written in the midst of onerous pastoral duties, and pressing and distracting family cares and afflictions. If it contributes to the consecration of money for man-helping, the Author will have earned his reward.

CINCINNATI, OHIO, 1891.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Divine Ownership and Human Stewardship.

Original fee in God, 9—Men stewards by occupation, 9—Tithe in kind superseded by obligation in Christ, 9—Trust, the measure of responsibility, 10—Ability the measure of giving, 10—Talents include wealth and work, 11—Mites and millions on the same footing, 11—Miseries allowed that benevolence may be cultivated, 12—Poverty not dishonoring, 12—The scales of equity weigh merit, 13—Labor a blessing, 13—Rich must respect and help the poor, 14—Deed-blessing, 14—The curse of the love of money, and the good of the money of love, 15—The folly of the self-complacency of the Rich Man of the parable, 16—Selfish wealth merits its doom, 17—Riches, rightly gotten and used, a means of grace, 17—The blessing of the poor at the Judgment, 18—The relieved Christ's proxies, 18.

CHAPTER II.

The Worship of the Golden Calf.

Covetousness idolatry, 19—Illustrated by Aaron's Golden Calf, 19—The Stock Exchange may be made an idolatrous temple, 20—Moral identity preserved by three Hebrews and Daniel, at Babylon, 21—The infatuated Miser an idolator, 21—Modern Ananiases and Achans, 22—The idolatry of riches in this age, appalling, 23—Ill-gotten wealth a despoiling of the poor, 23—Moloch worship now, 24—Danger and Degradation of the Gold hunter and Miser—a poem, 24—The treachery and bribery caused by love of money, 25—Shylock masquerading as Christian, 25—Massacre of the Needle, 26—Robbery disguised by gifts to Hospitals and Colleges, 26. Heaven's Saving Bank, 26—Marchioness of Salisbury and Dr. Parkman identified by jewels and gold-fillings, 27—Juggernaut on Fifth Avenue and in Central Park, 28—Ahab and his arrest by Nathan, 28—Cicero to Marcellus, 28—A poetic antithesis, 28.

CHAPTER III.

Motive Principle.

The motive determining the moral quality of giving, 29—The Christ-motive, 32—The three heroes that brought David water from the well of Bethlehem, 32—Abu Taher's martyrs, 33—Low ambition of Christians, 33—The inspiring generosity of the Macedonian Churches, 34—Paul making tents, 34—Love of Christ tested by self-denying work, 34—Mites and Shekels—widow and Pharisees, 34—Self-denial of a Factory Girl, 35—Consecration of John Howard, 35—Christ's test of discipleship for the rich young man, 36—The Camel and the Needle, 36—Trusting in and trusted with riches, differentiated, 37—Consecration promoting Civilization, 38—Jesus glad in our joys, 39—Righteous uses of wealth in cultivating the beautiful and patronizing labor, 40—Danger of luxury, 41—Conservation of surplus materials, 42—Loss by idleness, strikes and dissipation, 42—Cheap work reprehensible, 42—Presents to friends allowable, 42—Ostentatious funerals reprobated, 43—Cemeteries at public cost, 45—The anointing woman commended, 45, 50, 55—Judas-like fault-finders, 47—Beautiful Church-architecture approved, 47—The recoil of Puritanism, 49—Sunday School rooms made attractive, 50—The best should be given to God, 50, 77—Dr. Hall and fine churches, 51—Taste a sign of thrift, 54—Costly offerings of the Magi, 55—Christ in the poor, 56.

CHAPTER IV.

Devotional Giving.

An Elder worthy of double honor—Henry K. Clark, 57—Paying and praying pairs, 57—Unostentatious alms-giving, 57—Dean Swift and atheism, 58—Giving taken for granted, 58—Principles and Rules, 59—Giving, an act of worship, 59—Money-worship and the worship of money differentiated, 60—How to take a collection, 60—Means and meanness, 61—"Bench 'em"—Bishop Waugh, 61—A dead Church—Laodecea, 63—Success not always proof of merit, 63, 67—

Work the children and women, 64—and committees, 65—Cromwell at Dunbar, 65—Miserly men unfit for stewards, 66—Virtues born of suffering, 67—Best not excelled—illustration, 67—Charity enriching, 68—Dr. McFerrin and the beggar, 68—Alms Memorial, 69—Preacher an example—exhorted, 70—Gordon abandoned, 71—Cash-down prayers for heathen, 72—Cribbing nubbins—Bishop Marvin, 72—Young brethren instructed, 72—Pay-roll not a roster, 73—Armor in Tower, 73—Endowed Churches failures, 74—A collection at sea, 75—Salvation if purchasable, 76—Collections historically, 76—The altar sanctifying the gift, 79—Luxury of giving, 79.

CHAPTER V.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD WILL.

FRUITS the test of Benevolence, 80—Nature on the plan of giving—Bishop Thomson and Dr. Morrison, 80, 81—Money latent force, 82—The Cross a magnet, 83—Electric bell in morgues, 83—Correllation and transmutation of forces, 83—Giving a putting of self into powers, 83—Church constituted to convert the world, 84—All rank alike, 85—Grace Missionary, 86—The triple bond, 87—Giving promotes prosperity, 90.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

GROUND of, 91—Jews and tithes, 93—All should share in, 94—The rich paying, the poor praying, 95—No cost, no value, 96—Mites collected for good of givers, 97—Reap as you sow, 97—Excuses: Ministry not to be lucrative, 97—Has other resources; lives better than I, 99—Little to do, 100—Must be kept humble, 101—Pioneers poor, 102—Are elsewhere paid no better, 102—Not wanted, 103—Words to ministers, 103.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

CHRISTIANITY a propaganda, 107—Church thrives by Missions, 108, 111—Some to go, others to send, 110—The gospel must

go—the Bible, the tract, 115—Education, 116—"Our Brother in Black," 117—A debt to freedmen, 120—The South and negro, 120—Africans a trust, 121—North and the slave-trade, 121—Perils, 123—Self-protection, 124—Drummond and hermit crab, 126—Hermit monks, 126—Mammoth Cave and sightless fish, 127—Hermit nations, 127—Methodism spreading, 128—Ezekiel's vision, 128—How to quell mutiny, 129—Petral, 129—Timidity rebuked, 130—Antigonus, 130—Cortez, Warwick and Henry of Navarre, 131—Grant and his resolve, 132—Demosthenes' Phillipics, 132—"Hold the Fort," 133—"Storm the Fort," 134—Chapultepec, 135—Fra Angelica, 135—Prophecy History, 135—The St. Nicholas chime-player, 135—Lighting the World, 137—Dynamics, 138—Deep-sea dredging, 139—Age of benefactors, of rapid transit, 139—Apocalyptic thunders, 140—The Conquering Sign, 140—Daybreak, 141.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Measure of Duty.

Ability the measure—a tithe the minimum, 142—Wesley's prescript, 142—The tithe among Pagans, 143—and Jews, 144—Gospel enlarging, 144—Church Assessments, 145—The Cheerful Giver, 147, 157—State charities, 148—Raphael's Transfiguration, 150—Pagan inhumanity, 151—Christianity transforming and humanizing, 153—Emancipated woman and exalted childhood, 154—Negro resolutions, 157. Cross measure of debt, 158—Dr. Wm. Arthur on "the duty of giving a stated part of income," 159—Giving essential, 171—Faith-soaring, 161—Saving for children, 163—A quaint epitaph, 164—Poor not exempt from giving, 165.

CHAPTER IX.

Systematic Benevolence.

The Plan (weekly), the principle, ability, the blessing, 167—Dr. W. M. Taylor's view, 168—Who must, and when to give, 169—Rusty hinges, 170—The Spirit, 170—The Reward, 171—Means of grace, 171—No dead-heads, 175—Crab and palm-

trees, 175—Impulsive compared with the systematic, 176—Weekly, promotes church-going, 177—and effective, 178—Poor, deterred by banters, 179—Examples, 179—An assurance and particular principles, 180.

CHAPTER X.

Wrong Methods of Money Raising.

Entertainments for, 182—Business men object, 182—Giving and buying back, 183—Jealousies, 183—Lottery, 183—Sells, theatres and pulpit advertising, 184—Corrupt children, 185—The Mammon of unrighteousness, 186—Two gospel methods, 186—Conscience debilitated, 186—Ministers showmen, 187—Social entertainments commended, 187—The one principle of gospel support, 187.

CHAPTER XI.

Missions Pay.

The meek inheriting, 188—Apollo transcended, 188—The transfiguration of the earth, 189—Markets opened, liberty promoted, Christian nations enriched, 190—Earl Cairns' auditing, 192—Testimony of Mr. Randall, Mr. Howland, and Sir Arthur Gordon, 193—Fruits, 194—Literature enriched, 195—Missionaries as scientific reporters, 196—Darwin's testimony, 197—Christian David, 198-202—Exhibit heroism, 199—Dr. Pierson's "Fingers of God," 203—The epitaph of Aeschylus, 203—Japan coming, 206—Peace promoted, 206—College recruits, 206—Anglo-Saxon civilization debtor, 207—Cost in starting, 210—Cost of war, 211—Suez Canal, Keely Motor, Hurl-gate, 212—Dredging the Mississippi, 213—Infant Church and Modern Missions, 213—Dr. John M. Reed figuring, 214—Worth of emigrants, 215—Gen. B. R. Cowen's Tenth Crusade, 215—Mission miracles, 217—Bible translations, 217-219—Scientists witnessing, 219. Stanley, 220—Livingstone's tomb, 220—Missions, the Pacific Coast and the Civil war, 220—Humanitarianism impotent, 221—Christlieb, 222.

CHAPTER XII.

Mission Methods and Motives.

Open Doors, 224—An army of occupation, 224—Multiplied agencies, 228—Moravian zeal, 229—and emulated, 232—Ideals and exemplars, 232—Bishop Hannington and the Uganda martyrs, 233, 237—Sacrificial inspirations, 235—Plato and Paul, 236—Africa redeemed, monumental, 237. Majesty of the redemptive scheme, 238–Weighted wings, 239.

CHAPTER XIII.

Religious Limits of Accumulation.

Agur's Prayer, 240—Ten talents buried, 241—Making money for God, 242—May business be given up, 242—Danger and guilt of apostasy, 242—Retiring ministers, 243—Health-breaking haste and snares, 245—Defeating habits, 246. Diary of suicide and mark-missing, 247—The Christ-devoted successful business man blessed, 248—Religion not a refuge, 249—Selfish aggrandizement sinful, 250—Vast fortunes reprobated, 250—Risk and responsibility for, 251—Despairing masses, breed anarchy 253—March of Monopoly, 252—Fraud the malaria of business, 254—Credit abused, 254—Preferring creditors, 256—Gain of Godliness, 256—Safe-guard of employment, 257—Health promoted by labor, 258—Inherited wealth the bane of children, 258—Riches rationally used and perverted by the Christless, 259—"The unearned increment," 260—Money-making skill, a divine gift, 261—Giving while getting, 262—Eventide light, 267—Indiscriminate Charity, 267—Business a divine trust, 268.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Cry and Call.

The curse of tenements, 271—The slaughter of the Innocents, 271—Land Monopoly, 272—The Augean stable, 273—The British Briareus, 273—Children congenitally cursed, 273—Deteriorating environment, 274—Rescue the perishing, 274. Prevention and Suppression, 275—Burden of Dumah,

276—The moan from the slums, 276—The Jukes, 276—Pauper Emigration, 277—Romanism Entrenching, 277—The debauched vote, 278—The Black Cloud over the South, 278 Bribery of legislatures, of juries; defalcation and "Boodleism," 278—The Niobe of the Nations, 279—Remedies, 279. Morning, 280—The cry of the Eagle, 280—Cities, "storm centers," 280—The Augurs prophesying, 283—Dynamite menacing, 283—Antiseptics and brooms called for, 284 The Gospel as a Reformer, 285—Brotherhood, Condescension and patronage not, 285—Children unto Abraham from stones—pardoned Magdalenes and thieves, 286—The Master's example, 286—The banner of Hope—Dr. Storrs, 287. The Macedonian call, 287—God marching on, 288—The five thousand students waiting on miserly Money, 289. Croninshield's satire, 289—The game started; let loose the hounds, 289.

CHAPTER XV.

The Answer of Conscience.

Musts and must nots, 290—Hospitality refused Christ, 293—Poem—Montgomery, 294—A word to women, 297—Work of women, 298—Books to read, 299.

CHAPTER XVI.

Heart and Hand Help.

Blessed in the deed, 300—Retrospective pleasures, 301—A Golden Autumn, 302—Beulah land, 303—Sympathy welcomed, 304—Fry, Nightingale, and the Purest Pearl, 304—"Prayers full," 305—Indiscriminate Charity, 306—An army of tramps, 306—Distrust of City Charities, 307—"Little Sisters of the Poor," 307—Gregory, the Great, 308—The 400—McAllister and Most, 309—Quiz, the Sphinx, 309—City riots, 309—The Huntingtons, 310—Perils, 310—Charity students, 310—Men compared to turtles and cats, 310—Visiting committees, 311—Expulsive power of a new affection, 312—Tact, 312—Centers of light, 313—After the Eclipse 313—Second Advent pessimism, 313—World brightening

314—Pearl-closed wounds, 314—Ostentation and lieing, 315. Apoplexy and Paralysis parked with God's Artillery, 315. The day of need coming, 316.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Morning Cometh.

The Age we live in, 318—The Sphinx—Argus—The Laocoon, 319—Art of printing, 319—Elements of progress, 320-323. Man's conquest and sovereignty, 323—America an asylum, 324—Survival of the fittest, 325—Mormons, Indians, Chinese, reformed, exterminated or assasinated, 325—Hope restored, 326—God's lever and fulcrum, 327—Clearing storms, 328—War ended, 329—Optimism of Isaiah and John, 330.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Free-Seat Church.

All equal in church, 333—Mites and millions on a par, 334. Power of a pew-renter, 334—A pastor's rebuke, 335—St. James, 335—Cathedrals and Methodist Churches free, 337. Church support, 338—Padded plates, 340—Bright churches and services for poor, 341—Free churches first step in reaching the masses, 343—Seats reserved where no money condition, 344—Firing at long range, 345—Wiser Catholics, 345.

CHAPTER XIX.

Precious Promises.

Moses and reward—Crawling on Ice, 346—Premiums to sin—Thrift of Righteousness, 347—The men who succeed—Living Skeletons—Dead Sea and Nile men, 348—The successful merchant, 349—The living church, aggressive, 349. Hard-cash prayers, 350—Abiding principles based on Divine precepts and promises, 351—Sure foundations, 351.

WEALTH AND WORKMEN.

CHAPTER I.

DIVINE OWNERSHIP AND HUMAN STEWARDSHIP.

The original fief by which men hold property is in God. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Men are stewards, and "occupy" until the Lord comes to require an account. Man forfeited Eden by transgression, and was expelled to a thorn-cursed earth, and bidden to win back his primal heritage by industry and virtue. To remind him of his stewardship, he was required to pay to his Lord's cause one-tenth of all his earnings. As his conquest of the world advanced, his responsibility increased. As Providence blessed, the Divine command expanded, and ability became the measure of obligation. Redeemed, his debt of love found its standard of value Christ's blood. The tithe in kind, the sacrificial offering were no longer required by the demand of the altar, or the necessities of the Levite; but, the Cross made a demand as wide as the necessities of the race. As the sacrifice of Christ is of inestimable value, and the meter of man's duty, all limits, save ability, were removed.

God is the proprietor of the earth. Men are his tenants at will, and must give an account as to how

they have discharged their trust. To whom little is given only little will be required—*it* will be required. The parable of the talents distributes the degrees of trust, but the *moral* responsibility is the same in the ten, five and one talent case. It was the man who buried his one talent who was cast "into outer darkness." Mechanic and merchant, laborer and millionaire, all are alike under one law of moral responsibility as to the use made of that which Providence allots to each. The minister is not more bound to preach and the missionary to go, with the Gospel message abroad, than the craftsman in his shop, the farmer in his field, the tradesman in his store, the laborer under his burden is to discharge his duty faithfully. Wealth is fearfully derelict in giving of its abundance, but none the less are the poor in giving of their poverty. Nothing is too small to give, if it be required. A withheld penny carries with the deed as much moral weight as the withholding of a pound. Ananias might just as well have given nothing as to have fraudulently held back a part. Divine service must be with the whole heart. To "offend one of these little ones" is to incur heavy guilt. The Gospel commands Christians to be "lights of the world," to love their enemies, to "preach the Gospel to every creature." Whatever is the cost of compassing these commands is to be incurred, within the limits of ability. No ratio is given, whether a tenth or a half of our revenue. Wealth is a Divine trust and is ability to do good, as opportunity will permit. It embraces the idea of capacity for work and disposition to industry. Only

disability for labor, and to get, or destitution of means, exempt from giving. St. Paul laid it down as the obligation of a converted thief "to labor, working with his hands, that he may have to give to him that needeth." (Eph. iv, 28.) As we have ability, as God prospereth us, as a duty and as a means of grace, we are to give willingly, cheerfully, co-operatively. The benevolent disposition is made, by St. John, the touch-stone of a God-loving heart. "But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John iii, 17.) The holding of the means to help, carries with it the obligation of contributing to the relief of necessity. The ability to give is of God. "The riches of our liberality" may be measured by a mite or millions. One is as acceptable to God as the other, if it only be according to the ability we have. God is the giver of all good, and in giving we but return to him his own. He gives fertility to the earth, the germ to the seed, sends the earlier and the latter rain, rotates the seasons, and the day and the night, gives to man intelligence, skill and strength. No matter who plants or waters, God gives the increase. It is, therefore, basal to Christian benevolence that we reverence the Father of Lights from whom cometh every good and perfect gift, and with whose mercy there is no variableness nor shadow of turning; that we faithfully accredit his goodness daily, and confess our utter dependence upon him for all the mercies of Life. He is the "Father of our

mercies." We should beseech His blessing upon all our enterprises and toils, with a steadfast purpose to employ the surplus fruit thereof as He hath prescribed.

We are to look on wealth, therefore, as a divine endowment to enable us to cultivate the best graces in ourselves by ministering to the wants of others. The "Lord maketh rich." (I Sam. ii, 7.) But not to the end of our self-gratification. God never designed furnishing us with the means of hurting or destroying ourselves. He permits the miseries of others that the virtue of benevolence, so elevating to character, so comforting to those who practice it, may have subjects for its exercise. "Ye have the poor always with you;" and instead of being dishonored by their poverty, they are made the representatives of Christ, so that service to them is ministration unto Him. That the multitude of poor might not feel humiliation at poverty, Christ came as a poor man, having not a roof to shelter his head, or money to pay his taxes. He made his home with the lowly, and chose his disciples from the weak and despised. He died between two outlaws and was buried at the hand of charity. All along his pathway, from the cradle to the cross, friendship contributed to his daily wants, and on one occasion grateful love anointed his body with costly ointment. If poverty in itself were a brand of dishonor, then it was placed on Jesus, the Carpenter's son, as much as on the most abject of earth. Jesus at his birth, in the manger, in fellowship with the kine, touched the bottom of pauper circumstances, that no garret lodger beneath smoked

rafters and a dripping roof, that no wasted woman tossing on a pallet of straw, might ever have it to say that Jesus was not as poor as they. To be the universal sympathizer and heart-helper he must and did get beneath the suffering masses, honoring their poverty by suffering it himself. Let no man, having done his best to get ahead, having chosen to live honestly poor rather than improve his circumstances by fraud or overreaching, feel ashamed of his poverty. Doing his duty according to the ability given, he will stand the peer of millionaires when God weighs the merits of men in the scales of infinite equity.

God has not peopled the world with the rich that they may feed and fatten upon his free bounty. Rather has he filled the world with the poor who must work for their daily bread. As a good Providence designs the best for his creatures, the necessity of toil must be for the benefit of men. Observation proves to us that the field of labor is the sphere of progress, the grand theatre of human elevation. Would it be well for all men to be so conditioned that there would be no need for them to labor? Has not the world been brought to its present estate, and will it not be re-Edenized through the ministration of human labor? Is not idleness, now, the prolific parent of many of the ills that afflict society? Nothing is so friendly to virtue as employment. The indolent poor and the idle rich are the extremes of society in which dissipation drains existence and vice riots and revels to destroy.

The obligation rests on the rich to respect the virtuous poor and to help the worthy needy from their abundance. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." (I Tim. vi, 17–19.) To be "rich in good works" is better than bonds and gold. How inexpressibly gratifying to the heart of Job must have been "the blessing of him that was ready to perish," and the song of the widow relieved by his bounty! (Job xxix, 13.) The alms of Cornelius, alike with the incense of prayer, ascended as a memorial before God. There is such a thing as being "blessed in the deed"—of proving a principle by an act. "Whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." (Jas. i, 25.) Deed-blessing is faith-ratification. Faith and works are hemispheres of the globe of religion, the equator of which is love.

Generous action, the product of good-will, grows the herb heart-ease in the garden of the soul. All noble life is the blossoming of love.

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
> In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,
> Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."
>
> (BAILEY—Festus.)

Every good deed is treasure laid up in heaven. All money expended in charity is an eternal investment. It yields large dividends in time and eternity. What is given is saved; what is saved is lost. Death parts a man from his earthly fortune, and, then, what he is worth is what he has sent before to Heaven by performing deeds of love. By benevolence "he has laid up in store" where calamity can never overtake the treasure. The epitaph carved on the tomb of a generous giver was, "Here rests Etella, who transported a great fortune to Heaven in acts of charity; and has gone there to enjoy it forever."

When Christ (Matt. vi, 19–21) enjoined the laying up of treasure in heaven rather than on earth, He did not prohibit a wise forecast of the future—an honest accumulation of property; for, the right use of money can be made vastly instrumental in making a man "rich toward God" and in "good works." If it be hard for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of God it is only because of the deceitfulness of riches. "They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil." (I Tim. vi, 9–10) But the money of love is the root of much good. It is bread to the hungry, raiment to the naked, shelter to the homeless, light to the blind, limbs to the lame, medicine to the sick, education to the ignorant, rest to the weary, hope to the despairing. It tunnels the mountains, levels up the plains, threads the valleys with pathways of iron, strings the telegraphic harp, bridges

the rivers and ferries the seas. It is the overweening lust for money that is the corrupting root. The rich man of the parable retired out of view the Author of his good, and contemplated only the secondary agencies of nature, and his own shrewdness and strength. He could buy all the delights he sensuously craved. He could command the viands of various climes to crown his board, the costly fabrics of oriental looms to clothe his body, the sparkling wines to fill his decanters. He could bring around him scented courtiers, fulsome flatterers, prætorian guards. He could purchase place and power. He felt the vigor of life and counted on a long lease of years. His scheme of life was selfish and sensuous. God was not in all his thoughts. "Eat, drink and be merry" was his motto. Eternity was not in his view. Life, as the opportunity for usefulness, for co-working with God, for helping humanity, was not apprehended. He was self-centered and self-contained. He was a solitary and selfish unit of being, a godless, graceless animal. "So is he that layeth up treasure for himself and is not rich toward God." Upon the self-complacent sensuality of such a rich man how, like a knell of doom, would toll the startling sentence—"Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." His mind would run rapidly in review over his fortune and bankrupted life, while the voice of retribution would ring in his ear the answerless question, "Then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?" No pocket in the shroud, no treasure box in the grave. Without anything to his credit in the bank of Heaven,

without the ability to borrow, with no chance to retrieve what he has forfeited, baffled in his plans, defeated in his desires, there remaineth nothing "but a *certain* fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." Such a man merits his doom. Loving money for its power to yield self-gratification, regardless of the claims of God on the bounty *He* bestows, callous to the cries of human suffering, indifferent to the elevation of his race—he bargains for his good in his life-time, and gets the wages of sin. Why should such a one expect to live in the memories of his fellow-men, or hope to share in the mercies of God, whose tender bounty he hath *abused?* "Be not deceived: neither idolaters . . . nor *covetous*, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God." (I Cor. vi, 9–10.) It is hard for *such* a rich man to enter the Kingdom of God. He has no fitness "for an inheritance with the saints in life." Luring as riches are when covetously desired, yet, when honestly obtained and rightly used, they can be made a means of grace. A rich man consecrated to God—soul, body and money—can brighten and bless while in this world and at death receive an "abundant entrance" into the kingdom of glory. If he is not "high-minded" —supercilious to the poor and vain of his wealth; if he does not trust in "uncertain riches," but in the living God; if he does good to the souls and bodies of men as he has opportunity, "is rich in good works, *ready* to distribute, *willing* to communicate," then, as the promised reward of such a use of his wealth, he "lays

up in store for himself a good foundation against the time to come, and lays hold on eternal life."

Let every rich man listen to the Apostolic "charge;" and if he would find the gates of glory wide open when he dies, regard the means entrusted to him, when properly used, as an agency through which he can make his "calling and election sure."

If at the judgment day the poor of earth shall rise up as his witnesses and pronounce blessings on his name, if the widows and orphans he has visited in their afflictions shall testify of his mercy, if souls brought to Gospel light by the money he gave to Missions shall come to jewel his "crown of rejoicing," he need not fear the Judge. The relieved were His proxies. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." What a tide of glory will roll to ravish the soul when the Master shall say to his faithful steward—"Well done!"

CHAPTER II.

THE WORSHIP OF THE GOLDEN CALF.

The Bible teaches that covetousness is idolatry and that the sordid love of money is variant with the love of God. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Mammon service is God-hating, as passions so opposite cannot dwell in the same heart.

A money-loving heart cannot be a God-loving heart. All evil is rooted in a love of money—for, unless a man wants wealth with which to do good he desires it for the gratification of his own wicked lusts, or to minister to his own vanity and ambition.

The idolatry of the Golden Calf will help to bring before us the crime and condemnation of covetousness. Moses being delayed in the Mount the people conjectured that he had deserted them, and proposed that Aaron should make Gods to go before them. From the golden ear-rings in the ears of the people, Aaron made a molten calf, and the people said, "These be thy gods, O Israel, which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt." And when Aaron saw it he built an altar before it, on which the people made offerings. The wrath of God was kindled. Moses was bidden to return, and to leave the Lord alone to consume a "stiff-necked people." Moses interceded in their behalf, and "the Lord repented of the evil

which He thought to do unto his people." But when Moses saw the idolatry of Israel, his own anger waxed hot, and in his indignant rage he threw down the "two tables of testimony," God's granite edition of the law, given to him on the Mount, and broke them beneath Sinai. But the breaking of the tables was not the breaking of the law, written on them with a finger of fire, and burned in by lightning. The ten "Thou shalt nots" had as much force after the tablets were broken as before, just as the sacred roll cut to pieces and cast into the fire by Jehoiakim, did not destroy the truth it contained. Men who seek to destroy the Bible would not escape responsibility to the law and Gospel it contains, if they succeed, any more than an ostrich eludes its pursuers by sticking its head in the sand. The danger is just as real as if seen. God renewed the tables; Jeremiah restored the sacred roll. Moses smelted the Golden Calf and ground it into powder, and sowed the water with its ashes, but did not by this iconoclasm destroy the spirit of idolatry. Long after an image is destroyed, the idolatry of the heart may continue; and is at-one with the worship of the Golden Calf, whether it be Baal, Moloch or Mammon. A stock exchange may be an idolatrous temple as well as that of Diana at Ephesus, or that of Dagon at Philistia, or the Mosque at Mecca. The worship of gold and the gold-monger, in our day, may be as offensive to God as that of Aaron's Golden Calf, made of ill-gotten spoils, wealth filched by cunning arts, skillful deals, overreaching in trade, corners in stocks and grains. Railroad Kings,

Merchant princes, Landlords, Bonanza Nabobs, may, in spirit, be golden calves, constructed of stolen gold, and the multitudes who kneel at the shrines of millionaires, courting favor—"the thrift that follows fawning"—as much idolaters (of money) as those who bended the supple knee to the image apostate Aaron set up in sight of the smoke, and within hearing of the thunders of Sinai. How few would elect with Meshach, Shadrach, and Abednego, to go into the fiery furnace, rather than bow down to the golden image Nebuchadnezzar set up for worship on the plains of Dura! It requires far less courage to be a saint in Jerusalem than it does to be a Daniel in Babylon. It is easier to be a lion at court than to be cast into the lion's den. With many, in our times, Gold is looked on as an end, rather than as a means to a noble aim. "Get all you can, and keep all you get" is regarded as a wise maxim and becomes a gloss of avarice, concealing covetousness, as gilding does rotten wood, or putty bungling work. The Devil's horn-book is no better because it is gilt-edged. Satan is no less Satan when transformed into an Angel of Light. The livery of Heaven may disguise the service of the Devil, but does not essentially change its debasing nature. Such is the illusive power of avarice that it blinds the miser to his highest concerns, and the infatuated idolater, "throws up his interest in both worlds, first starved in this and then damned in that to come." Making "haste to be rich" is dwarfing myriads of souls, and minifying their every sensibility of generosity. Transport the idolater of gold to

Heaven and he would immediately begin to strip the streets of the New Jerusalem of their golden boulders. God shows his contempt for the precious metal by putting it under the feet of the saints and angels. If, as in the garden of the Hesperides, golden apples grew upon trees, and religion nestled beneath the roots, how many would climb for the precious fruit, rather than dig for the hidden treasure!

While the love of money is the *root* of all evil, the money of love is the *fruit* of the tree of life. It is fabled that the touch of Midas turned everything into gold, but it is a fact that the touch of gold transforms some men into anything. If God would re-institute the retribution that fell on Ananias and Sapphira, what a panic it would create "on change;" how many first-class funerals would be in order! The wedge of gold secreted by Achan brought disaster on the Israelites at Ai; and his love of "the accursed thing" stolen from the spoils, brought a death of dishonor upon the thief and his family, his flocks and herds, and to their ashes a monument of dishonor; and so a church often suffers because it tolerates a covetous dissembler, whose money was acquired by fraud, or an iniquitous traffic. We cannot prosper on the Mammon of unrighteousness—grind Gospel grist with the Devil's water. Clean money is as essential as clean hearts.

If the stream of Salvation, as the fabled waters of Pactolus, flowed over golden sands, how many would plunge in, who now stand shivering and hesitating on its banks!

Nothing in our age is so appalling as the idolatry of riches. Wealth means weal, but with many it is wretchedness. It turns the heart, meant "for a house of prayer," into a "den of thieves." A covetousness-tolerating church is as obnoxious to God as Israel's camp polluted by Achan's spoil-secreting tent. It sets up a golden image where a sacred altar ought to stand. If we may estimate the hideousness of an idol by the number of its unhappy victims, where in all Pagandom, from the degrading fetish of the stupid negro to the crushing car of the Juggernaut, and the voracious hunger of the Cretan Minotaur, is there a God, or shrine so fearful, so cruel in its demand for sacrifice, as our American one of money? What a cry for vengeance goes up from the bloody altar into the "ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth"! For the making of a single millionaire we make a thousand paupers whose life is a chronic woe. No man can grow so inordinately rich except by a despoiling of the wages of a multitude of laborers. To earn a fortune of $200,000,000 would require that the owner thereof should have lived from Adam until now and received for his work more than $100. per working day. The most skilled engineer—a Stephenson, a Roebling, could not command such a price for a lifetime of 6,000 years. The dismal life-sepulchres of poverty—the crowded and filthy tenements of oppressed labor, lie under the shadow of the palaces of the rich, the one as wretched and polluted as the other is magnificent and clean. And these lordly mansions of the affluent are built by

money wrested from the necessities of the poor, and their sculptured stories cemented with mortar mixed with the sweat of labor and bonded with its blood. And shall Dives, linen-clothed and sumptuously-faring, be content to shake from his damask cloth the crumbs from his table into the ragged lap of Lazarus, prostrate and suppliant, at the gate of his palace? How many altars there are of Moloch worship where selfish wealth is priest, and toiling men are the bloody sacrifices!

"Gold many hunted, sweat and bled for gold;
Waked all the night and labored all the day.
And what was this allurement, dost thou ask?
A dust dug from the bowels of the earth,
Which, being cast into the fire, came out
A shining thing that fools admired, and called
A God; and in devout and humble plight
Before it kneeled, the greater to the less;
And on its altar sacrificed ease, peace,
Truth, faith, integrity, good conscience, friends,
Love, charity, benevolence, and all
The sweet and tender sympathies of life;
And to complete the horrid murderous rite,
And signalize their folly, offered up
Their souls and an eternity of bliss,
To gain them—what? An hour of dreaming joy,
A feverish hour that hastened to be done,
And ended in the bitterness of woe.

* * * * * *

But there was one in folly farther gone:
The miser, who, with dust inanimate,
Held wedded intercourse. Ill-guided wretch!"

* * * "Of all God made upright,
And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
Most fallen, most prone, most earthly, most debased;
Of all that sold Eternity for Time,
None bargained on so easy terms with Death.
Illustrious fool! Nay, most inhuman wretch!
He sat amid his bags, and with a look
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor
Away unalmsed, and midst abundance died,
Sorest of evils! died of utter want." (POLLOK.)

What man feasting and fattening on the product of the wages of ill-requited toilsmen, and wan and wasted seamstresses, and haggard and hungry factory boys and girls, can rest easy, while hardening the lot of those his benevolence might help? Is the soul so dead and the ear so deaf as not to hear the anathema daily answering the cry of human want and woe from a throne of retributive justice? For gold, Judas sold his Lord, and Arnold would have strangled the infant Hercules of Liberty in its cradle; for gold, Bacon stained the ermine of justice and thus, though the greatest, became the meanest of mankind; for gold, Christian England debauched China with opium, and entailed the curse of slavery on America; for gold, America rendered more savage the Indians, seeks to debauch Africa, and licenses a traffic that throws a shadow on every heart and hearthstone of the land we love; for gold, men sacrifice virtue and veneration to reverence the vices that grind them into the dust of misery.

> "Gold is a living god and rules in scorn
> All earthly things but virtue."

Shylock, exacting his pound of flesh, because, by error, right is not "nominated in the bond," is not always a Jew, but often wears a Christian name. Churches, even, have been known to draw unholy revenues from a drunken and licentious tenantry with which to build chapels and sustain ostentatious charities. Gold demands usury and rack-rent of helpless paupers and riots in luxury on the proceeds of heartless oppression. For gold, men grind the faces of

toilsmen, and with it rifle chastity of "the proudest jewel woman wears throughout her little day." What wide difference between the song of the shirt and the song of the Cocoon! The pitiless needle kills more women than the needle-gun does men. The man who pinches his employés and with the gains reaped from narrow wages builds hospitals and endows colleges, is, simply, trying to condone for robbery, and is building a monument of shame. Justice leads generosity. There is a greater charge than that of the light brigade at Balaklava: "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."

Only the empty-handed can cling to the cross. Money, charitably distributed, is money deposited in Heaven's Savings Bank. Such deposits are in interest-paying Savings Banks, "good foundations" of celestial wealth. "Laying up in store against the time to come," is making God our banker. His vaults are fire-proof and will keep cool when the judgment fires smelt the worlds to ashes. Blessed is the man that has large balances on the Ledger-book of charity. The cry of defrauded laborers against avarice withholding the reapers' wages, (ill-requited toil) will be fearful testimony in the ears of the Lord

God of Sabaoth, long after penal fires have ashed the barns and bins of avarice.

When the Marchioness of Salisbury perished in the flames, her charred remains were recognized by the jewels gathered from the ashes. When God comes to make up his jewels, he will know his own by the virtues that decorated their character.

When Dr. Parkman was murdered by Prof. Webster, the recovered teeth from the cesspool in which the assassin-chemist had emptied his retorts and crucibles, were recognized by the victim's dentist. The remains of many a murdered opportunity will be known by the gold judgment fires could not smelt. When heart and flesh shall fail, gold will be a swift witness against the guilty. "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you. Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten. Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasure together for the last days." (Jas. v: 1, 2, 3.)

The selfish man is as gross an idolater as the worshippers of Aaron's golden calf. His God is Gold. Mammon is his shrine and sacrament. He "lays up treasure for himself," and "is not rich toward God." He barters away his eternal heritage for a temporal mess of pottage. He pauperizes his eternity. Like Nessus he wears a poisoned shirt. "He *will* be rich" in spite of God. He builds up a large business. The King of Dahomy built a temple of skulls, and Judas'

bribe-money bought a blood-field. The postdiluvians built a Babel, but it was blasted before it reached the sky. The selfist rides in a chariot; but it is spoked with bones, and blood flies from the revolving strakes. It is Juggernaut rolling on Fifth Avenue, or along the gravelled roads of Central Park. He is a success. So was Ahab when he robbed Naboth of his vineyard. Ahab was found of the prophet, and despairingly exclaimed: "Hast thou found me, O, mine enemy!" Mark, how swift and straight the bolt flies to its mark—"I have found thee!" The avenging Nemesis is ever on the track of fugitive guilt. Said Cicero to the banished Marcellus, "Wherever you are remember you are equally in the power of the conqueror." And Gibbon declares "the empire filled the earth, and made it a prison for the foes of Cæsar." God is everywhere. The wings of the morning can not waft the culprit beyond his arrest and doom.

Covetousness is not only narrowing and dwarfing to the individual, burdening him with anxiety, and harrassing him with fears, but "it inflicts evil on society by the bad example with which it encourages men to regard money as the chief good and to make the golden calf an object of worship; and also by depriving Society of the benefits which it has a right to expect from its members." (Rev. Dr. J. Few Smith.)

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives,
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, Creation's blank.

But he who marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God. (THOMAS TALLIS.)

CHAPTER III.

MOTIVE PRINCIPLE.

In giving, every thing depends upon the motive. Money given from wrong motives may indeed benefit the world, but never the donor. To give to be seen of men, to advertise business, to rival others—in a word, for self-glory, may be to *do* good but not to *get* good. It is honorable to act from a sense of justice, and this is conformity to law; but it honors Christ to give to his cause from *love* for Him. "The love of Christ constraineth us" is the highest formula of obligation—the noblest incentive to consecrated service. We should strive to act from the highest motives. A man of the world may recognize his just obligations to every servant of society. He may pay his pastor as his police officer. The one means conservative influence in the protection of his property, and the security of his life, as the other is the guardian of both. The motive from self-interest is not dishonoring. He may pay his minister because he entertains him. Many of the themes of the pulpit appeal to the intellectual nature of men. The great Gospel principle is to do everything through the love that gratitude to Christ, for redeeming us, inspires. Under the inspiration of love to Jesus many self-sacrificing spirits have found their highest joy in the suffering of

privation and pain, that they may thereby testify a devotion that exemption from affliction, and tranquil ease could not display, or make conscious to themselves. In perils by land and sea, and among false brethren, beasts at Ephesus, and confronted by batallions of devils, valiant warriors of the cross have sung a battle hymn:

"O, 'tis not in grief to harm me
While thy love is left to me;
O, 'twere not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmixed with thee?
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Savior died to win thee;
Child of Heaven canst thou repine?"

When done for Christ, the most inferior act is magnified, the humblest thing is glorified.

The spiritual alchemy that transmutes everything into value, is proclaimed by Christ in the pleasing assurance, "Whosoever shall give a cup of water to drink in my name, verily I say unto you, he shall not lose his reward."

What more plentiful than water? It distills in the dews of the night, it crystalizes in the frost of autumn, it descends in the snow of winter, it comes down in the refreshing showers of spring and the drenching rain of summer, it sparkles in bubbling springs, runs and ripples in mountain rivulets, glides in graceful rivers, and booms in the billows on the beach. It laughs in cascades and thunders in cataracts. Next to air and sunshine it is the most plentiful and the cheapest of God's natural bounties. But a cup of water is made the

exponent of the benevolent spirit. Give the draught to the humblest wayfarer because it is Christly to relieve the thirsty, and your reward shall be sure. Great soldiers, dying with mortal wounds and anguished with thirst, have spared their own parched lips the coveted draught that they might appease the craving of a wounded enemy. What a Christly spirit has prompted such sacrificial thoughtfulness in the hour of extremity! One of the most beautiful episodes in Bible History is that of David's craving at the cave of Adullam, and the supply of his desire by the three mighty men that broke the Philistine line and drew water out of the well at Bethlelem, which is by the gate. David's exclamation—not command, not request—as exhausted and faint he thought of the well at which he had often slaked his youthful thirst was: O, that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate." The chieftain did not expect his warriors to perform any such deed of valor as his trio of valiant men executed to gratify his wish. But these braves showed a devotion to their Commander, on this account, surpassing any valor they might have displayed in obedience to an "order." David had a demonstration of their love and loyalty to him in this act such as he never could have secured by mere commandment. So may Christians show their devotion to the Great Captain of their Salvation by their voluntary, unselfish, and uncommanded deeds of love. Many are saying this, and that, and the other thing,arenot prescribed, or prohibited in the Bible and, hence,

only do that for which there is express commandment, or refrain from that for which there is a definite "thou shalt not." In this regard for mere rules there is none of the spirit of that high consecration which led the Apostle to declare, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain." What is the wish and will of the Master? "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"—is the inquiry of the devout Christian heart. There were many soldiers in the army of David who were faithful enough to the "regulations," and thoroughly obedient to orders. They could keep out of the guard-house, and incur no censure from their chieftain. They did their duty as told them. But this was exceeded by the trinity of devoted men who endangered their lives to gratify a wish, not the will, of David. Nothing too great and sacrificial for our leader was the legend on their shields. Gibbon tells us that, in a daring inroad beyond the Tigris, Abu Taher advanced to the gates of the Capitol with no more than five hundred horse. By the special order of Moctader, the bridges had been broken down, and the head of the rebel was expected every hour by the commander of the faithful. His lieutenant from a motive of fear or pity, apprised Abu Taher of his danger, and recommended a speedy escape. "Your Master," said the intrepid Carmathian to the messenger, "is at the head of thirty thousand soldiers; three such men as these are wanting in his host"; at the same instant, turning to three of his companions, he commanded the first to plunge a dagger into his breast, the second to leap into the Tigris, and the

third to throw himself down from a precipice. They obeyed without a murmur. "Relate what you have seen; before the evening your General shall be chained among my dogs." Before the evening the camp was surprised and the menace executed. Did as loyal a spirit prevail in the hearts of all Christians so that they might imitate the devotion of such heroes as those of David and Abu Taher, and be able to say with the heroic Paul, "But none of these things [perils that might befall him at Jerusalem] move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the Grace of God," (Act. xx: 24),— what could stand before the embattled host? It would be enough for men and devils to know that such a spirit burned within the breasts of the soldiers of Christ to make opposing legions fly every field on which the Gospel banner kissed the breeze.

How feeble the faith and flawed the service in which the effort is to reduce Christian living to a minimum, instead of aspiring to raise it to the *maximum!* We hear of Christian pilgrims saying, "I will be satisfied if I can get into Heaven by the skin of my teeth, and stand afar off to behold Christ on his throne of glory." Their ambition should be a place in the front rank, the foremost file of the vanguard, and to have an "entrance ministered unto them *abundantly* into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ," (II Peter i: 11.) It may be that Christ will accept less than we are able to

give; that he will acknowledge the order-observing soldier when he would be happy to crown him as a desire-consulting disciple. "Therefore, as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace (liberality) also," (II Cor. viii: 7.) The generosity of the Macedonian Churches, which "abounded unto the riches of their liberality," was attributed by the Apostle to "the grace of God bestowed upon them." Through this inspiring motivity "to their power, yea, and beyond their power they were willing of themselves; praying us with much entreaty that we would receive the gift, and take upon us the fellowship of the ministering to the saints. And this they did, not as we hoped, but first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God," (II Cor. viii: 4, 5). Paul made tents that he might not impede the Gospel. What are you willing to do to put on its glorious flight the Angel that has the everlasting Gospel to preach? Will you weigh down its wings with your covetousness, or load them with the leaves of light to drop at every wave of the flying pinions for the healing of the nations? Your love for Christ is tested by what you are willing and wishing to do for his cause. You cannot live the spirit-life without doing. You cannot be happy in doing without being willing to work and wishing to do more. God's blessing is measured according to what you are willing to do had you the power. Intention may be much larger than the deed. This raised the value of the widow's mites,

"all the living she had," far above the shekels of the rich Pharisees who gave of their abundance. A New England pastor tells of a factory girl who came to him with a hundred dollars, the savings of her own earnings for a whole year, as an offering to the missionary cause. She avowed that she had prayerfully promised it to Christ and could not be perfectly happy until she had fulfilled her consecrated pledge. Such a self-denying act, like the alms of Cornelius, went up as a memorial of and before her to God. She made her work show her faith. Every one of those dollars was a golden apple from her faith-tree. She will find them again on the Tree of Life. "My little children" said the seraphic John, "let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and *in truth.*" (I John iii: 18).

What lofty consecration was it that enabled the gifted and affluent and noble John Howard to immolate himself upon the altar of a suffering humanity! Like his Master he was rich, and became poor to make others rich. It were well to recall the words of this hero of humanity: "Our superfluities must be given up for our neighbor's conveniences; our conveniences for our neighbor's necessities." While it is not perhaps, practical that all, or most persons, should realize this lofty ideal of self-sacrifice for the good of others, it is well for us to be reminded that such nobility of surrender for the good of others is possible to our humanity. Christ did certainly require such a sacrifice of one young man who came to him inquiring the way of eternal life. He had kept the

commandments from his youth, but Christ required of him one supreme act of denial and consecration which all his obedience to law did not fit him to render. "Then Jesus beholding him *loved him*, and said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in Heaven; and come, take up the cross and follow me. And he was sad at that saying and went away grieved; for he had great possessions. And Jesus looked round about, and said unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the Kingdom of God, etc." (Mark x: 21-31.) Now, many a wealthy man has read this incident, and the truths Jesus has associated with it, with a heavy heart. In this world it is easy for a rich man to enter into its kingdoms. The golden key unlocks every ward, and lifts the latch of every gate. But a rich man, *as such*, cannot enter the wicket gate of the City or Kingdom of God. He must enter just the same as a poor man. The camel could go through the eye of the needle only when stripped of its burden of wealth and on its knees. "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven," (Matt. v: 3.) The rich man would keep all he has, as much as is possible, and yet get into the Kingdom of Heaven. He would be Dives on earth and Lazarus in Heaven. He would give up in time that of the least value, and secure that in eternity of the most. The fault of the amiable young man, whom Jesus loved, was not that he had great possessions,but that he had set his heart on them. He,

doubtlessly, had come by them honestly and he was not rebuked for having them. His lack consisted in an attempt to serve God, which requires heavenly-mindedness, while his thoughts and heart were set on earthly things. The difficulty in all cases where wealth is possessed, is not that riches in and of themselves make it hard to enter into the Kingdom of God, but that it is difficult to keep from fixing the affections on them, and therefore of escaping their influence in attracting and alienating the heart from God and the heavenly inheritance.

Rich men find it difficult to manage their fortunes and gains for God's glory, and to give up to the uses of his Kingdom that large sum which duty makes imperative. To love God with the whole mind and strength and our neighbors as ourselves, it is necessary to be willing to sacrifice everything of a worldly nature to this supreme dual affection. Jesus taught the impossibility of those who put their *trust* in riches, who serve Mammon, who are covetous and therefore idolaters, of entering the Kingdom of God. Being put in trust of riches and trusting in riches, are not one and the same thing. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor *trust* in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who *giveth us richly* (plentifully) *all things to enioy;* that they do good, that they be rich in good works, *ready* to distribute, willing to communicate." (I Tim. vi: 17, 18.)

There is such a thing as "using the world as not abusing it," and richly enjoying the bounties of a good Providence. Christianity has created a civiliza-

tion that embraces the fine arts, and architecture. There is such a thing as a pictorial Gospel. Nativities, Transfigurations, Crucifixions, Ascensions, may preach to us with majestic import from the canvas of the great masters of religious painting. Michael Angelo's "Moses" is a grand impersonation, in marble, of the Hebrew law. Music may appeal to us, in the highest forms of notation and harmony from the scores of orchestras, and organs and choirs that register and voice "Creations," "Elijahs," and "Messiahs." Architects may plan and build for the glory of God, and Cathedrals and Chapels may monument a Christly devotion. Poets may rightly string and strike the lyre of the Muses to praise God's handicraft in nature, in grace, and in providence. Æsthetic taste may provide parks and fountains, and museums, and libraries with the Lord's money and in a rightful ministry to God's poor. The dainties of garden, orchard and vineyard, of the land and air and sea, were made to give pleasure to the palate. He who painted the plumage of Birds of Paradise, and tuned an orchestra of "feathered songsters," cannot be displeased with color in scene and sound. "Add to your robe fringes." "Whatsoever things are lovely . . . if there be any praise, think on these things." (Phil. iv: 8.) Says Goethe, "We should do our utmost to encourage the beautiful since the useful encourages itself." "Man wants but little here below" is a truism of utilitarianism, but the eclectic man wants much of beauty and brightness and sweetness. God hath no hobgoblins in this populous nursery of

his, to frighten us from the banquet of life. No threatening Damoclean sword is hung above our heads, suspended by a single hair, to menace us as we feast. There are no cross-bones decussating the sky, and no grinning skulls marring the rose-bushes. The one measures our days with smiles, and the other with blushes and fragrance. The dial of the clock of time sparkles with stars; and its musical pendulum, wreathed with garlands, beats off the glad quick-step of a triumphing humanity marching to a higher destiny. Our blessed God and Heavenly Father has no ugly contrivance to frighten us from natural enjoyment. "He hath brought us to his banqueting house and his banner over us is love." Our beautiful earth-home is not disfigured with the hideous effigies that men call death. Jesus was a man of joys as well as a man of sorrows. He is as glad with us at our innocent festivals as he is sad with us amid the gloom and grief of our funerals. That life which closed amid the shadows of the crucifixion has its chain running through with golden links the home at Bethany, and connecting the Cross with Cana of Galilee and the marriage feast and inaugural miracle. "We are marching through Immanuel's land to fairer worlds on high." To richly enjoy, as God-given, the oases green, the vine-clad hills, and beautiful valleys; to camp at Elim, shaded by its palm trees and refreshed by its waters, is our privilege and Heaven's pleasure. Asceticism and Stoicism, no more than Epicureanism, comport with the spirit or genius of Christ's religion. A rational

use of money, in the encouragement and cultivation of the beautiful, is not sinful. Self-denial does not require of us such an abasement as will make us abject. The cultivation of the beautiful may eventuate in the bestowment of a great charity upon the poor. We are not compelled by christianity to eat the simplest articles of food that will sustain life, to wear the coarsest raiment with which the body can be clothed, to live in the rudest hut that will shelter us from the weather, in order to retrench expenditures that we may give to christian evangelism or benevolence. When God turned architect he caused to be erected the most superb and costly edifice that earth ever shouldered. All the altar decorations, the tapestry veils, the inlay of ceiling and walls, the robes, girdles, ephods, breastplates and croziers of the priests were designs of elegance, and comformable to the highest principles of strength, beauty and taste. All that could charm the eye, and ear, and sense of smell, were appliances of the Temple worship. The patronage of labor employed in the production, manufacture and transportation of luxuries, that do not injure and destroy, may even comport with a righteous use of wealth. The greater part of human toil is employed in the production, or fashioning of the luxuries created and demanded by Christian Civilization. While it is true that many keep themselves in poverty by a gratification of luxurious tastes beyond their means, yet many more are kept from poverty by the enjoyment of luxuries by those who can afford them. But the poorest are entitled,

occasionally, to a "good square meal," and to be clad in comely and neat apparel, and to be comfortably housed. They are not required to stint themselves of all good and live on the barest necessities of life possible, that they may have the more to give. Let not wife and children be robbed, that others may have. "Let him that stole steal no more; but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." (Eph. iv: 28.) Those who are possessed of plenty of means should surround themselves with comforts, elegancies and luxuries that they may benefit the artist and artisan by giving employment to skill and craft, and thus, more rationally, help the poor than by indiscriminate charity bestowed upon enforced or voluntary idleness. Money, however, spent upon that which hurts the body, deranges the intellect, inflames the passions, and demoralizes the characters of men, is worse than criminally wasted, and no pretense of giving employment to those engaged in the making of such injurious luxuries can justify the buying and use of the hurtful things. We must distinguish between the sins of destroying consumption and a mere exchange of values. All loss by gaming, drunkenness and speculation, is waste. Says a suggestive writer, "We need a deeper sense of the claims of the totality of mankind upon us. What we do with our own does not concern merely ourselves. Our property and time are demanded by some one else when we are done with them, and if we destroy them, instead of passing them on, the right-

ful heir, in expectancy, is defrauded." We are to "gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." He who could feed by a miracle five thousand hungry people would not suffer the remainder to be lost. Food must not go into the garbage barrel that might go to appease the needy hungry. Good garments that might clothe the naked must not be given to moths. It is as wrong to wantonly waste values, which would be helpful to the necessitous, as it is to steal them. Idleness is waste of time—"the stuff that life is made of"—and man's most valuable possession. After a "strike" the world is poorer by as much as the idle workmen would have produced had they been employed. It is better to prevent a fire than to attempt to indemnify the losers by a relief subscription. All labor lost by reason of dissipation, waste of energy from the use of strong drink, ill-health produced by gluttony and drunkenness, indiscreet direction of effort and means, shabby and insecure work, is guilty waste. Putting fine work in cheap and perishable material is the greatest folly, if not a criminal waste of genius. Pietro di Medici incurred the reprehension of all artistic Europe by building an elaborate palace of ice to meet the demands of extravagant caprice. Zeuxis said, "I paint for eternity." The gratification of mere whimseys, by the extravagant expenditure of money, is not a right use of wealth.

Presents to friends, though not of utilitarian value, memorials of friendship, and modest monuments to ward the dust of the dead, are not to be reckoned

as unrighteous uses of money. Ostentatious display, however, at weddings and funerals is to be reckoned as reprehensible. A large cortege of carriages, that often merely furnish free rides to the cemetery to frolicsome excursionists, provided at an expense many are illy able to bear; a great parade of floral designs, often violative of all the unities of art and the delicacies of true taste; expensive caskets covered with tawdry tapestries, or glistening with gewgaws; monuments with carved roses and other conceits, sadly out of place when fixed in marble and the door of a tomb; pompous epitaphs and poetic rhodomontade—all these things are extravagancies against which propriety, refinement and religion protest, and should be abandoned. The showy society funeral is imitated by the poorer classes who cannot afford the cost of a procession of coaches, of silver-plate caskets, and a rich parade of conservatory flowers. Thousands are ground down in poverty because fashion, conformed to, has entailed an expense for funerals and burial far beyond their means. The custom of a family going into mourning, necessitating the expense of a wardrobe throughout, is particularly oppressive to the poor and is meaningless. Let it be abandoned, and grief shrink from advertising itself by wearing a regulation uniform. Could not mourners better employ the resources, wasted on the idle pomp of funerals, the vain magnificence of tombs and monuments, the prodigal and vulgar use of flowers, in the mitigation of the miseries of men? Give the living flowers, as token of

friendly favor while they have eyes that can brighten at the sight of blossoms, and sense that can snuff the sweets of fragrance. Give them anchors, and crowns and stars, wrought in the loom of sunshine and shower, taste and truth; place them on a swelling breast that can billow their beauty, and spare the pulseless breast the idle mockery of its burden of blossoms, and garlands of green. Well hath it been said, "We celebrate nobler obsequies by drying the tears of others than by shedding our own, and the fairest funeral wreath we can hang on their tomb is not so fair as a fruit-offering of good deeds." A writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* very truly states: "As a matter of taste and feeling the worst abuse of flowers is at funerals. One needs no further proof of the conventional and cold-blooded manner in which they are employed than the wire frames and stands of mortuary designs in the florists' windows, intended for funerals as much as the pall and hearse feathers." No wonder that people of sensibility cry out "no flowers," when death has entered their homes and despoiled their hearts. Let us restore flowers as the symbol of simple love too sorrowful to seek display. Make them suggestive of the life that rises out of death to be crowned with immortality, rather than exhibit the art of the floral decorator and the pageantry of pride. It is not intimated that a simple and sweet use of flowers at funerals is reprehensible, or that to save expense we should neglect our Necropolis. The diversified green and undulating landscape, artistic gardening, as seen at Greenwood, and in other simi-

lar cemeteries, is a great death-sting robber. But when the small and the great lie together on the common level, to which all are brought, it seems a shame that the pompous Cenotaph should throw its cold and haughty shadow over the simple mound-marked graves of the poor—and, especially, that there should be a "Potter's field." If, like our public parks, cemeteries could be maintained at the cost of the community, and human vanity could find no place for ostentation in the dormitories of the dead, it would be far better than now. Wealth, recognizing that death, like God, is no respecter of persons, and that all are equal in the grave, could be better employed in breaking its alabaster boxes and anointing for burial all alike. Cemetery lots are now so high that people of moderate means can only afford one deep grave, in which, tier on tier, they must store away their dead, while the poor must be buried in trenches and mingle their dust with that of strangers. We are promising to rival that "nation of undertakers," the Egyptians, in the elaborate details of funeral affairs; and if we go much farther we will add the uniformed pall-bearers, a long train of hired mourners clad in a prescribed costume, and funeral banquets, after burials, that may be wassails.

While the gospel discountenances waste, everything looking to ornament and elegance in religion is not unchristian. Jesus announced a living principle when he commended the loving woman for expending three hundred pennyworth for a perfume with which to anoint his body for burial. Her deed of

grateful love was made monumental, and wherever the gospel throughout the world was preached it was to be told as a memorial of her. A penny was the wage of a day's labor. She expended the fruit of a year's pay in one act of devotion. The deed was as purely sentimental as it was costly. Judas, the treasurer of the disciples, was shocked at such extravagance and, apparently, pertinently asked the reason of this waste, and why the box and ointment were not sold and the price thereof given to the poor. "She hath wrought a good (beautiful) work," was the answer of the Lord. It was beautiful in his sight as an act of unselfish devotion. The acts that glorify the pages of history have been wrought in the self-same spirit in which the spikenard was used, for a simple sentiment, as gross utilitarianism would regard it, for the glory of a piece of tattered bunting floating over a field of honor, or in reverence of some plain-complexioned truth dearer to the convictions than the stake was terrible to the fears, or for proof of a love for some gentle creature, worthy of knightly daring. "It would be a vulgar and dreary world if there were no room in it for such affections and desires as those which prompted the gift of the spikenard; if that only which is undeniably practical were allowed; but there is room; and when the beautiful works of the man who is intolerant of sentiment have crumbled and vanished, those memorials remain which sainted, but perhaps impractical souls have raised through deeds of simple love. The gift of spikenard was prophetic of Jesus' coronation day,—when at the

mention of his name every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that *he* is worthy to receive honor. We almost feel as if we owed the giver a debt of thanks for redeeming humanity from the disgrace of utter ingratitude; and for indicating in a hard and material world the claims of the imagination, of the moral sentiment, and the higher aspirations of the soul. The fragrance of her gift has filled the world, as it once filled the house in which it was poured forth."—*Christian World.*

Fault-finders, after the type of Judas, are not the class most considerate of the poor. Those who exact rack-rent, devour widows' houses, and grind the faces of the poor, are loudest in declaiming against the cost and splendor of places of worship. Thus they excuse their own stinginess. The poor man is well aware to whom he can appeal for help and sympathy. He goes to the loving woman—not to the pretentious Judas. Those who feel that nothing is too good and costly as an exponent of honor paid their Lord, and find pleasure in bestowing on Christ's service the best they have, are those who carry the poor in their hearts and minister to them with their helping hands. If you hear that some woman of wealth has given to her church a handsome baptismal font, or an elegant communion service, in a grateful, loving spirit, not from pride or vain glory, you may certainly count that that same "elect lady" is a minister of mercy to the poor. There are people who, while they can see why substantial churches should be built, comfortably seated, warmed and ven-

tilated, cannot see why there should be a stucco, or fresco, or organ, or anything that is beautiful. They have no eye for the beautiful. They try everything by the standard of utility. Having no æsthetic culture themselves, they are totally at a loss to discern how any distribution of form and color, light and shade, can influence the mind of a worshiper. Had they had the creating of the world they would have scarfed the shoulders of no shower with a rainbow, decked no dell with daisies, upholstered no hills with vines, carpeted no meadows with green, ribboned no plains with rivulets, painted the plumage of no birds, but all would have been as plain as possible. The earth would have been a barrack instead of a palace. But the sense of the beautiful is *in* man. He will, when he can, dwell in homes ceiled with cedar; and it does not appear to be seemly to him, when devout, that the ark of the Lord should abide in a curtained tabernacle. He would offer God in His house, at least, the elegancies he enjoys in his own home.

And when the church of God is made beautiful in its architecture, its appointments, and in its services, it is a contribution to the poor. Their own homes are scant of space, barren of decorations, and often comfortless. Give them *one* beautiful, sweet place in which to freely worship God. Let the tired eye rest itself on symmetry of form and warmth of color. Let the toil-blistered foot rest on a tufted and carpeted floor. Give the weary body rest in an upholstered pew. Greet the ear with tones of harmony; make all this free for occupation and enjoyment to all who

would enter into God's courts with thanksgiving and worship Him in "the beauty of holiness." It is not true that fine churches, in the sense that they are beautiful and engaging, deter the *masses* from going to church. The most magnificent structures of earth are cathedrals, in which the sons and daughters of toil love to gather and do go in multitudes, as "doves flock to the windows." Protestantism must find some other reason than that the churches are "fine" for the failure of the people to crowd them. May it not rather be from barrenness than beauty? May we not have too few pictures, rather than too much fresco? "The devil fly away with the fine arts," was the language of the sturdy Puritan as he dashed his battle-ax through a stained glass window. "It is a popish perversion," was his justification as he ripped up the canvas of a master. "Go about your master's business," was his command as he threw the silver statues of the Apostles into his crucible to melt them into money. With nasal twang he sang his psalms and regarded the rhythmic chant as a lure of Satan. May it not be that the rebound of Protestantism from the excesses of Romanism carried it to the opposite extreme? Looking to how God made the world beautiful, and how he ordered the ornamentation of his Temple, we are to recognize the fact that imagination is closely allied to faith; that spiritual faculties are ministered unto, and spiritual forces developed by the beautiful in form, color, relations,—by that which is sweet to the ear and fragrant to the sense. The colored chromos that decorate our Sun-

day school rooms, the bindings of blue and gold of the books in our libraries, the flowers and birds we introduce into the sanctuaries of youth, have their utilities in the training of the susceptible hearts of children to an admiration of God in His works, and a love for Him in His grace.

Wealth may very properly expend itself in public parks and in private grounds. A rich man who beautifies his lawn with parterres and fountains, gives refreshing vision to the laborer and the seamstress, as they hurry past from smoked attics to stuffy and steamy work-shops. An eye-full of beauty, given the poor, at the cost of the rich, is a contribution to their refinement and enjoyment.

Now if the loving woman had expended the cost of that precious box and its ointment upon herself, to minister to female pride and parade, to make herself artificially agreeable and attractive to others, the charge of waste and sinful extravagance might have had a basis upon which to rest. But it was a deed of grateful love; and Jesus approved it, as such, and gave it a perpetuity of commendation scarcely attached to any other incident of his ministry. "The Christian Weekly" points out the duty of giving to God the cleanest and best by a pertinent anecdote: "We were told a while ago of a christian woman, who, when she had silver money to put in the missionary collection, scoured the piece, that it might be bright and clean. It was her feeling that only that which was in such a condition was fit for the Lord's treasury. We may call this a mere senti-

ment, yet it is a sentiment in the right direction. It is the impulse of the devout heart to do that which the ancient Jew was under ritual obligation to do—to offer as a sacrifice only that which was without blemish. The best is the only suitable offering to make to God . . . . . It was an expression of a sense of God's purity, that even the coin that went into His treasury should be clean and shining. We do not always lay the stress we ought on the *beauty* of holiness." It is right that in our best raiment, and most cleanly toilets, and engaging appearance we should go up to the house of God in company. The utensils of the Temple were clean and holy. Let us have fair linen and shining silver flagons, chalices and patens for our sacramental services. Let our pulpit Bibles and Hymnals be free from blemish and beautiful in typography and binding. Let deportment, music, furniture—all, show that God is entitled to and graciously receives our best. When the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church was built, a leading New York daily published an editorial, which was, in substance, a cunning criticism of Dr. Hall's church in particular, but was in reality a general assault on Protestantism as compared with Romanism, for neglecting the poor and cultivating the rich. Dr. Hall published a reply in which he said: "There is an undertone of mild censure on 'proprietary churches,' of which you regard the Fifth avenue Presbyterian church as a specimen. I am at a loss to see the grounds for this reflection. Churches must belong to somebody. Is it an objection to them that they are 'proprietary?'

Protestant churches are usually built by the people and for the people. Would it mend the matter any if the title were invested in me and I had complete control? But this is the condition of things with the churches eulogized in the 'open letter.' The title rests in the Bishop; the people have no rights which he is bound to respect; their contributions give them no rights. The Bishop can regulate admission and demand an admission fee, and in point of fact sustain his rights in the United States law-courts. Is this any improvement on our plan?"

The editor had made a point of the great cost of the new church edifice. Dr. Hall said:

"But the cost of the Fifth avenue Church is objectionable. Why should there be a Church there? Should it be an eyesore? Or would good sense and good taste require it to have some proportion to the style and appearance of the avenue? Is it our fault that it required $350,000 to buy a site for it, or that it cost $700,000 more to erect a building at once large enough for a Church of over a thousand members, and not out of keeping with the avenue? Suppose we had run up a lath and plaster structure on the best part of the avenue near the Central Park—a mere solid sort of circus accommodation—we should have been censured for that puritanical lack of taste that disfigured our most splendid avenue. And as to cost, surely it is relative. A religious edifice in an American town will cost the price of ten or fifteen ordinary houses in the place, and not be thought extrav-

agant. And the cost of ten or fifteen houses, on the avenue, has erected a Church on the avenue.

"Surely it is not like the good sense of a high class newspaper to single out Protestant places of worship for disapproval, when the erection of other handsome and imposing public buildings is set down to public spirit. Why should railways, banks and all secular corporations present themselves in imposing structures, and the worship of the Almighty be deemed unworthy of some outlay? If, indeed, we begged the money, or wrung it from the fears of the poor and needy, or were conspicuously wanting to all public charities, we might be justly censured. But why should Protestants be precluded from erecting, if they can afford it, a handsome structure for the purpose of their worship?

"But it is suggested that the poor cannot worship in it. Where is the evidence of that? The annual cost you greatly overstate. If many rich men paid large sums for pews, it has been, among other objects, that the less rich should be able to worship there at moderate expense. It is worth inquiring whether there is another public building in the city that can be visited with equal comfort and advantage three hundred times in the year for less than $8.00 per annum."

The Fifth avenue Presbyterian church gave one year (1886) $28,000 to missions. It is not a church of millionaires. Its membership includes many who are wealthy, but as many, or more, who are poor, or people who are in moderate circumstances. There

is not a place of worship in New York where the plainest people are more welcome, and where there is less ostentation among the humble worshipers than in this magnificent Protestant Cathedral. The gospel is nowhere preached in greater simplicity. The pastor is as faithful in his attentions to the poor as to the rich.

"'Ye have the poor always with you,' may be said at this great Church; and with equal truth it may be said, 'the pastor is always among the poor.'

"When at last that which we have always longed for is arrived and shines on us with glad rays out of that Celestial land, then to be coarse, then to be critical, and to treat such a visitor with the jabber and suspicion of the streets, argues a vulgarity that seems to shut the doors of heaven. . . . . When that love which is all-suffering, all-inspiring, comes into our streets and houses, only the aspiring can know its face; and the only compliment which they can pay is to own it." "Too often we fail to recognize the angels who are sent us, until they rise up to depart; and with hearts incumbered with much serving, or much getting and spending, we miss the Christ even when he comes to our doors."—G. L. in *Christian World*.

When I see a country cottage twined with honeysuckle and hedged with roses, with garden borders and window plants, it is a token to me that the miseries of poverty are strangers to that home; that, having food and raiment, the inmates are not only free from want and full of contentment, but have both

leisure and taste to give care to the cultivation of the beautiful, and to enjoy some of the refinements of life. So, when I behold a Church whose foundations, as it were, are laid with sapphires, and whose windows are as agates, in a word, where neatness and beauty have place and prevail, I infer spiritual prosperity. When gates are unhinged, and glass is broken, and everything is weather-stained and begging for repairs, we cannot help associating such dilapidation with imperfect consecration. Beauty as it perishes, "is meant to light us on the road to the Infinite presence."

It was the motive that actuated the grateful woman that made her deed beautiful and acceptable to the Lord Jesus. As an offering of love, though costly, it was not a waste. It is a notable fact the covetous treasurer of that little band who complained of the waste, and seemed so much concerned for the poor, went right out, ere the echoes of his hypocritical whine had died away, to traffic off his Master to his enemies for thirty pieces of silver. The man who cants about the "Greeks at our doors," when the foreign missionary collection is about to be taken, is not a man to make a trustee for the poor. He whose ears and hands are open to the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," is the very one whose heart the piteous plea of poverty penetrates, and whose purse strings it unlooses. But while we remember that the wise men brought costly offerings and sweet incense to His manger, and God made a bright new star to beacon them to the stable; while

we recall the box of alabaster and its precious spikenard, we must remember that the practical leads to the beautiful, and that while we may prove our loyalty and love by sentimental sacrifices, that Christ is represented in the sick, imprisoned, hungry and naked, and that through them, in *them*, we may directly minister to Him. "The poor we have always with us."

"Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."

CHAPTER IV.

DEVOTIONAL GIVING.

Said Henry K. Clark, of Detroit, known as an able lay delegate of the synod and assemblies of the Presbyterian church: "Taking up a collection has become to be regarded as the right of any good cause that may properly appeal to christian people. To refuse to give the people an *opportunity* to contribute to any such cause is usually regarded by the agent as justifying a criticism, bordering on rebuke." It is evident that this intelligent, liberal and devout layman esteemed it as a privilege to be apprised of an opportunity for doing good with his money. A collection plate in his eye was no more repulsive to his devotional feelings than a communion plate. In this he is a typical christian man—an elder who ruleth well and deserving of double honor.

In Christ's sermon on the mount giving and praying are twins—go hand in hand. "Take heed that ye do not your alms (or righteousness) before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

"Therefore, when thou doest *thine* alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

"But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth;

"That thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

"And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

"But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

"Be not ye therefore like unto them; for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him." (Matt. vi: 1-8.)

No command for giving is prescribed. It is assumed that the duty is recognized. The Scriptures always assume certain primary truths. They nowhere attempt to prove the existence of God. They assume that as an axiomatic truth. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God;" and, as Dean Swift adds, "nobody but a fool would say so." Remark, that even the fool said it "in his heart." The Bible opens with, "*God* in the beginning created," etc. So giving, as a duty, is taken for granted by the Savior. He only tells how—in what spirit— to give. Nothing, either, is intimated about the recipients of chari-

ty. The *principle* is the sole thing dealt with. So, throughout the christian system, it is not rules but principles. Rules require innumerable details, and there are constantly occurring unanticipated cases to meet, for which no special provision has been made. Principles affect the motives and rule the life —making a law in each particular case. Christ's method was to lay down general principles under which all the specific duties would marshal themselves in order. He made the Christ-heart self-legislative. Without refining further let us say at once that the *spirit* of our giving is the supreme thing. Our alms are to be done under divine eye-sight and from devout motives.

Giving is an act of worship. God is the giver of all good. Men are the stewards of his bounty. "Give and it shall be given;" "Freely ye have received, freely give," are prescriptive means of grace. Pray for blessing, give for blessing. There is to be no mock modesty. Christians are examples and they must let their light shine. No street-corner proclamations, no trumpet blowing, but a doing of things from proper motives. Many a man would slip a punched coin into a collection box that would ostentatiously flaunt a greenback on the top of a silver plate. The Church subscription must neither be a business advertisement nor a menace. Not to be seen of or heard of by men must we give, but to worship God. Giving thus, we will not "give grudgingly," but cheerfully, from the heart as well as the

hand. "God loveth a cheerful giver," and so does everybody else.

We will regard money paid for preaching as preaching ourselves; money given to missions as if we were abroad with the message of life. Prayer should accompany such offerings. It is a gift upon the altar. A collection should be regarded as part of the service, and the people worshiping should be taught to expect a blessing in the paying as in praying, or praising. A christian that cannot shout over a great collection should be as still as a church mouse, for he is as poor as one. Money-worship is crying for a place in our services and properly claiming equal rank with praise and prayer. Mark! I did not say the worship of money. I mean the lifting of a collection to the plane of a devotional act, essential in a symmetrical service. Let the plates have a place on the communion table; never on the floor. Handle them as you do the sacramental loaf and wine. Deliver them with a scriptural quotation into the hands of unmiserly men;and when they have passed them, receive and replace them on the altar. "Jesus sat over against the Treasury." He is sitting there still. In the portico of the Temple, while His divine soul heard the songs of the seraphim, his human ear heard the rattle of the Pharisee's shekel and the clink of the widow's mites as they sank into the treasure-box. Harps and halleluiahs do not drown the clatter of coins now any more than then. Abandon omnibus collections. Take every prescribed collection separately. Put each on its merits. In-

struct as to the relative importance and binding claims of each. Resort to no doubtful or merely secular expedients to raise money. Appeal to the convictions and conscience of the people. Create the one and quicken the other.

Religion is a great patron of benevolence. Grace is always generous. Hammering cold iron is not more unprofitable than trying to discover the combination of a miser's heart-lock. Melt it. A man can lift himself easier by his own boot-straps than "lift a collection" when avarice pulls down like a hidden load-stone. Getting money is not easy when there is no grace in the heart, and but a few punched and clipped dimes in the pocket. Covetousness is anti-fat. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." The man who tries to telescope himself when a collection is taken, and who declares that a wet blanket is thrown over him by a call for money, needs hydropathic treatment. Pack him until you sweat the copper out of him. All sanctification that claims exemption from beneficence better befits a hybernating bear than a live christian. A man that is too good to do God's work is better than God wants him to be. "Go work in my vineyard." Jesus built no tabernacles on the Mount of Transfiguration. No matter what aureole plays about the brow, our feet must stand in the tear-pitted dust of earth. Religious reverie may become spiritual dissipation. Spirituality that is so sublimating as to give disrelish for homely duties and church-work, ranks with the idle dreams of the Lotus-eater. A piety that narcotizes

and sends dreamy thoughts out in search of Utopias, is as reprehensible as opiate rhapsodies. Temples of worship cannot be built from stones quarried from the rainbow. "Faith without works is dead." "In God we trust" is as befitting a silver dollar as was "Holiness to the Lord" embroideried on the housings of horses. The Gospel sanctifies states and sciences as well as souls. Men are asking for spiritual standards. Had we measures in religious dynamics, as accurately adjusted as the metric system, we could have nothing better, as a standard, than giving according to ability. Every man who knows his resources can cipher out his duty by the rule of three—God, Man and Self. If he witholds from God and lies to the Holy Ghost, he is more likely to be struck with apoplexy than to get to heaven. A man may start out in a Pullman palace car and be ever so complaisant as he bowls along the continuous steel rail, on muffled wheels; but unless he does something more than repose, gossip, or slumber, he will not read the morning papers in the Land of Beulah. He will be side-tracked, while he sleeps, at Stingytown.

The remedy for covetousness and stinginess is religion. But once get the heart in God's flaming forge and it may be moulded at will.

"Come shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours,"

is a couplet that has "millions in it." The constraining love of Christ is the diamond drill that bores the ore beds, and engineers the shafts to bonanzas. The Philosopher's stone that turns everything into gold is

the new heart. When that is keeping house in a man's breast, every good cause receives hospitable treatment. The first work of a preacher, sent to a people that "give according to their meanness" rather than "their means," is to bring them to the mourner's seat. A New York preacher who had abandoned all altar-work, found the world getting away with his church. He went to Bishop Waugh for advice. The curt old Episcopos said, "Bench 'em, bench 'em, sir." Nothing could be said against the Church at Laodicea but that it was dead. But God can quicken again into life a dead church. Prophesy over the valley of dry bones. Don't try to rattle off the dance of death with a skeleton articulated with wire. Cry, "Come, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!" When they give signs of life, it is a sign that they will give money. The spiritual health of Zion depends on its liberality. The church is not allowed to covet but one thing, namely: "Covet earnestly the best gifts," but "the greatest of these is charity."

Let the preacher who tries and fails, have honor with those who succeed. Many work harder for a little than others who report much. Jesus could not do many mighty works in some cities. A man who could catch tribute-fish on Galilee circuit, would fail on Dead Sea mission. Out of nothing, nothing comes.

Set the children to work. As Hamilcar brought Hannibal to the altar and bade him touch the sacrifices and swear eternal hostility to Rome, so, let us

consecrate our children to Christ, and pledge them to an undying fealty to God, and an unfearing hostility to sin and Satan. "Bring them up in (not into) the nurture and admonition of the Lord"—in a state that is—not one that may or may not be. Engage them in the interest of missions, the Sabbath School, and education, not, primarily, for the money they can gather, but to train them in habits of liberality. Let them be taught to give money on principle. Do not bribe them with premiums. Rewarding them for duty with prizes, is raising up a pension class for the church. Bring the youth up to be cheerful givers. Let them realize that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Put the reward within the heart. Such nurture would result in regarding Church membership as a privilege to be desired, rather than in leading them to look on the Church as a hospital for the coddling of spiritual invalids. Babes in Christ are not christian babies. Let our sons be as "plants grown up in their youth," and our daughters be "as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace." Raise a single generation up to the Gospel standard, and the world will be saved before the oldest of it die.

Bring woman into co-operation. Christianity is the only system that has properly ensphered her. It was a woman, standing in the sun, crowned with stars, and trampling the burnt-out moon beneath her feet, that St. John saw in his vision. So lustrous was to be her mission, that "light, the shadow of God," was made the back-ground to display her queenly

influence. While the world continues to debate woman's suffrage, the Kingdom of God has enfranchised her. Skeptics scornfully upbraid the Church because of the great preponderance of women in her communion. We would remind them of the great preponderance of men in the penitentiary. Society proceeds from the family of which the wife is the living bond. The home and the harem are open to woman's missionary zeal. Deep down in childhood the roots of religious faith are struck, and on old associations do they feed. The swing of the cradle describes the arc of the world's destiny. Adult Pagans may perish Christless. Christiana is coming, bringing the children with her. Multiply the Hannahs, and Samuels will say, as the devout young man, "Put the collection plate lower, I want to step into it myself." Woman's smile is the sun-omen of success. As Cromwell saw, at Dunbar, the sun rising through the mist and pointed to it with his sword and said: "Arise, O friends of God, and let your enemies be scattered!"—so do we discern her helping smile making rosy the mist of doubt and difficulty, and hear our Captain's call to smite and scatter the hosts that confront our lines. What she has accomplished since she begun, gives no mean presage of what she will do with multiplying power. Impelled by gratitude to the Gospel which has broken her yoke, liberated her from the seraglio and the plow, and lifted her to a level with man; confronted in all non-christian lands with the servility and degradation of her sex, she will carry the sacred story

to the mother and her children and thus grow a generation free from the shackles of superstition, and in league with the law of perfect liberty. Moses grew up in Pharaoh's palace, but his mother was with him.

Get the committees to work. Do not do what you can get others to do. Christ made the Jews roll away the stone from the sepulchre. He is not the greatest pastor who can do the most work, but he *is* who can set the most people to work. When you get a man to do something for God, he finds out, that co-working with the Divine, causes God to do something for him. The sovereign preventive of apostasy is work. "Flying fowls are never caught in the fowler's snare."

May it not be a mistake to put only opulent men in the Steward's, Elder's, or Warden's office? The Divine life may be sacrificed to easy finances. Placing a miserly man into the stewardship is as opposed to "the eternal fitness of things" as putting a horned frog in a silken purse. He may keep things in a *stew*—but he is not "serving tables" in a lunch-house. The tables he is to serve are written over with lessons of liberality. A Church is not strong in proportion to the heavy men it carries, or that carry it, but by the consecration of its members. Mites are mighty. The widow gave two. It takes two pieces of money to make a collection. God makes us pay the expense of His Kingdom for our good, not because he needs us. He allows the miseries of some that the graces of others may find exercise in sympathy and relief. The evangelizing of the world

and the consecration of the church keep equal step. Christ stripped Himself and presented His poverty in His beggared poor that we may be enriched in mitigating their wants and woes. Pearls are the products of pain. Rainbows spring from showers. The jewels of character are the crystals of suffering. God is glorified and saints are sanctified by our compassion and brotherly care for the weak and woeful. "For the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant through many *thanksgivings* to God."

Let us not measure a brother simply by his collections. In physics the man who can lift the most pounds is the strongest man, but in psychics he who lifts all he can ranks with him who has lifted most. Be not discouraged withal, dutiful, but delinquent brother; for, if you have done what you could, ye shall not lose your reward.

I have heard of a girl who was married to her husband on the morning he went to war. With only a few hours instruction, he left her to look after all his business, and he had great estates. After the lapse of four years he returned. The greeting over, she could not rest until she rendered an account of her stewardship. When she had concluded her showing, he looked lovingly upon his faithful spouse and tenderly said: "Jennie, I could not have done it better myself." She threw her arms about his neck and wept for joy at this approval. Do your best and the Master will say, "I could not have done better than my best, myself." St. Paul was as truly Apostolic

when stoned by a mob at Lystra as when the Ephesian elders fell on his neck and kissed him a final farewell.

Christian brother; if you are a minister, feel that you are never more at the post of duty and faithful to your trust than when exhorting your people to give of their abundance and ability to promote the cause of God and humanity. You will make no mistake in teaching that more people will be damned for robbing God, than for any other crime. "Charity giveth itself rich, but covetousness hoards itself poor." Manna stored, rotted and bred worms; potted in the ark, it remained savory and sweet. What do our clean ledgers look like to that Eye which reads between the lines? What does heaven's "clearing-house" think of these neat balances? I'd rather be a mendicant monk than a miserly millionaire. I was, in my early ministry, at a missionary meeting in Arkansas. Dr. John B. McFerrin was there, representing the varied interests of the Southern Methodist Church. He pressed the claims of missions with the impetuosity of a cavalry charge. After one of his keenest thrusts, a man spoke out in meeting and said: "I heard tell that when you died they'd write on your tombstone, 'The beggar died.'" Those backwoodsmen laughed, as only they could when their humor was touched. But McFerrin did not smile. There he stood, drawn up to his full height, looking every inch like a Comanche chief. His broad bosom billowed as if an earthquake beneath was tossing restlessly on its lair of fire. Adown

his bronzed cheek stole a flow of tears, racing after each other like silvery bubbles on a mountain stream. His Indian-like eye kindled and glanced as if drawing a bead on the polished barrel of a rifle, ere he touched the trigger and sent the bullet whistling to its aim. His voice trembled like a split reed as he slowly asked, "And do you know what I told him?" The impressive attitude of the huge Tennesseean awed the audience into a profound hush, like that awful stillness which is the sure precursor of a coming storm, and which is more appalling than the dread reality it silently heralds. After another pause —a "silence that oppressed with too great weight"— he resumed: "I told them I would not care if they would write the whole sentence, 'And the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.'" You may imagine the effect. Money came in like a snow-storm, and a hundred stentors shouted, "Glory be to God," and all the people said "Amen." Oh, brother, at the judgment, when Jesus is telling you about his being sick, hungry, imprisoned, and you are bewildered when told, "ye ministered unto me," and you tremblingly ask "When Lord?"—he will answer, "Why, when you pressed those collections for my representatives—the pagan, the poor man, the ignorant, the freeman." "Alms go up as a memorial before God." You are looking for your stars in your crown of rejoicing to come out of the midst of your congregation. As the star arose out of Jacob they may come, many of them, out of India, and China, and Japan. God keeps on the track of every

dollar. His ledger is kept on the double-entry system. He will credit the cheerful giver and the cheerful collector.

> "These deeds shall thy memorial be,
> When to those skies He welcomes thee."

Some widow's prayer, some poor man's blessing, will be of more worth to you than a ribbon of knighthood now. Why, then, be ashamed to collect for Christ? If the elders and stewards see you shamefaced in asking for your Lord's taxes, the reflex influence on you will be bad. If you want them to gather your salary, show them how to do it by your efficiency and diligence in collecting what is committed to you. Be an example unto your flock. Give and you'll get. Give of "your poverty" that they may of "their abundance." When the pump doesn't work, you pour in a cupful of water to bring up more. The preacher who does not give himself, and of his means to Christ's cause, fires blank cartridges from his pulpit. "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," but don't always be drying your powder. Fire by file and flank, picket and platoon, battalion and battery, with shrapnel and shell, grenades and grape, chain and canister. Aim low. Strike the femoral artery. Bore the pocket-book, until it bleeds arterial blood. Wound to heal. Kill to make alive. Impoverish to enrich. Lose to save. Watch for opportunity. Bring the shivering niggards in out of the cold, to warm at the ruddy hearth of benevolence. Mine for mammoths in Siberia as well as hunt for elephants in equatorial forests. Use a boomerang.

Hit behind a tree. Let not the curving arrow return to wound the hand that cast it.

Let a preacher scorn to whimper when called to raise money for a good cause. Cower not before ignorant domination and blind unbelief. Do not cater to stinginess. Paul made Felix tremble on his tribune seat as he reasoned of "judgment to come." Disdain his black-mail. See that you do not tremble before Felix asleep in the pew. You are God's collecting steward. Show your sheriff staff. Take the miserly shirk by the throat and say, "Pay me that thou owest."

Lately Christendom grew indignant at England because she abandoned Gordon to his fate. Secretary Chandler suffered because of tardiness in the relief of Greely. Fitz-John Porter was cashiered for a single disobedience. The country became impatient at the delayed restoration of General Grant to his former military rank. And will we stand tamely by and hear suggestions to abandon our missionaries and our pioneers, or to recall them, on the very eve of great results? Shall the church be less mindful than the world of its heroes? Is there a brother timid in impleading these collections? What, willing to exhaust Heaven of its riches and unwilling to ask the purchase of Christ's blood for means with which to send the glad tidings to others! Will you hear your people pray in song,

"O, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace"—

and not ask them for dollars to set ten thousand tongues singing:

"All hail the power of Jesus's name."

Will you ask God to give the "heathen for an inheritance," etc., and timidly shrink from asking a Church shirk for the cost of a Bible to give an Idolator? The way to ask God for the heathen is with cash-down prayer. Do not allow the casuist to perplex you with the question, "Will the heathen be saved?" Hold him to this conscience probe, "Can you be saved if you refuse to send the Gospel to the heathen?" Bishop Marvin used to preach a sermon in which he compared some christians to an ear of corn, which, when husked, showed no perfect grain, though outwardly fair and fat. Dining with a farmer after preaching, his host said: "Bishop, I fear I'm like one of those ears of corn of which you spoke; but don't you think I may be saved?" The reply was, "*Would you crib such corn as that?*" Such nubbins do not "shell out."

To the younger brethren we would say, begin to perform all your duties at once. Let no man despise your youth. Early victories will secure a series of successes, while youthful defeats are apt to repeat themselves, and finally muster you out of service. Make duty your talisman. Wait not for future fields or friends. Make yourself conspicuously useful in a small place and you will be invited to a larger. As "nothing succeeds like success," so no man will have so many friends as he who shows his capacity to do without any. Go where sent. Nineveh is better

than the whale's belly. Be loyal to the Church. Tell your troubles to God. "Faint heart never won fair lady" nor anything else. Earn your salary. Do not be afraid of mistakes. "The man who never made a mistake, never made anything." Don't let insolence deter you from doing your best. If people get mad because pressed to do what the Church commands and they have promised to do, and leave the Church, let them go. Sometimes it is a revival when people leave, as when they join. Gideon was stronger when the cowards were mustered out than before. An army is no stronger than its fighting men. A pay roll is not a roster. Daniel was never safer than when in the lions' den. God needs no patrons. Church "bummers" are in the way. Weave no nets to catch silly flies. Raid the gardens if you would have honey in your hive. Spiders gather poison, where bees load their loins with golden sweets. The man that has done nothing at thirty will have nothing done for him. Jesus cried "it is finished" at thirty-three. Promotion in the militant church is won on the field. If you reach the "land of corn and wine" you must struggle through the Slough of Despond, and pass the castle of Giant Despair. Heaven's border-land lies this side of the River of Death. "Well done" will make you forget the trials by the way. As in the Tower of London battered armor is of more interest than the crown-jewels, so, in heaven, the spear-indented panoply will do you more honor than royal regalia. Be sure you are right—and then go ahead. Run over

no man unless he is in your way. Thread-bare knees need not mortify you. Run not all to brain. Develop your feet. Have a good understanding. A preacher must have it in his heels or head. Better have it in both. A big head needs a broad sole. Work and win. Fight and feast. Hold no parley with Sanballat. Be too busy doing the work on the wall to come down. Remember you must advance the standards. The mantles of the fathers will not fall on you. Your shoulders must be too broad to wear them. Spread yourselves.

> "Rouse to this work of high and holy love,
> And thou an angel's happiness shalt know:
> Shalt bless the world; while in the world above,
> The good begun by thee shall onward flow,
> In many a branching stream, and wider grow.
> The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
> Thy hands unsparing and unwearied sow,
> Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers
> And yield the fruits divine in heaven's immortal bowers."

The point is, that giving is a means of grace, and as such is entitled to a place in public worship, with equality of rank, as an element of *devotional* service, with praise and prayer and preaching. Fortunately the alliteration holds with the alignment—praying, praising, *paying*.

It has been the uniform testimony that those churches that have provided for their expenses by endowment have declined, while those that have relied upon voluntary contributions to pay current costs have prospered—even when placed side by side in the same community as rivals for pre-eminence. The author knows of a minister who, being rich, refused a salary, and only asked his people for money to pay the

incidental expenses of his parish, who, being called to another field, had the grief to witness the indisposition of a large and wealthy congregation to pay the Rector, while a comparatively small and indigent Methodist congregation on the next block found no difficulty in paying its preacher a salary twice as large. It does the people good to pay and give. Even if the necessities require no stated collections, they should be taken for disciplinary and gracious influence upon the congregation. In truth, *giving* is about the only religious act many people perform. All are familiar with the story of the wrecked mariners who, in prospect of impending death, wanted to perform some religious act. Neither of the party could pray, nor preach, nor praise, and they seemed in a dilemma, when one more devout than wise fellow proposed a collection. In prospect of eternity each gave his all, and to their credit, it is said, when rescued, they adhered to it as a thank-offering for their deliverance. Why should not a man expect and receive a blessing who is able to say as he gives his money. "O, Lord, here goes for Thy cause this bill. I could spend it for the gratification of my flesh, or hoard it as a solace to my covetousness; but I put my native avarice under foot, and give it, sacrificially, unto Thee. Wilt Thou receive and bless it, to the glory of Thy name, and my good, Thy unworthy servant who is so loth to return unto Thee that which is so clearly Thine own."

Such a man, giving and praying thus, *will* be "blessed in the deed." But prayer and love should go with every gift to make it a devout offering. It

must not be tendered to be seen of men, but to be blessed of God. Millions would pour into the church's treasury if money could purchase salvation. But there is no saving merit in giving. Yet there is duty, and there is no salvation where this is neglected. "A man should fear when he enjoys only what good he does publicly. Is it not the publicity rather than the charity that he loves?" Still the christian must be an example—let his light shine. Silver and gold shine. While he must not pray to be heard of men, men must hear him pray. While he does not give to be seen of men, men must see him give. The main thing is to secure the benevolent nature. It may be trusted for beneficent practice. Benevolence is based on love and is essential to christian character. A miserly christian is a misnomer. If a man is a christian he is not a miser; if he is a miser he is not a christian. God and Mammon are not at-one, and the two never walk together because they do not agree. As "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," so, out of the abundance of the heart the hand giveth.

A collection has always been a part of divine worship. The Sabbath and the thank-offering went together from time immemorial. Says one: "Giving is a part of natural religion; it has been held a duty from the beginning, and as such has been observed by men of all colors, and habits, and times, and in all quarters of the globe." It is not peculiar to the christian system, nor is it enjoyed alone under revelation. Classical writers tell us that it was the custom among

the people to consecrate thank-offerings to the gods. As soon as the harvest was gathered they offered their libations. They held their fields and cities as gifts from the gods, and they consecrated a part for temples and shrines, where they might worship them. Unclassical heathens, as the aborigines of this country, were not unschooled in the doctrine of offerings. Those who are troubled about the contribution plate need to cease to regard it as an impertinent intrusion and to look on giving as a gracious element of the service. If we give with a devout spirit we will get more out of the plate than we put in it. We are not to appear "empty before the Lord." "Of thine own have we given thee." "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" is the question of grateful love. Every one should come to the House of God with some offering "as God has prospered him," and not to meet the paltry demands of a penny collection. The sense of the meeting ought not to be taken in cents. There seems to be an incongruity in copper-bottoming silver plates. Many people select not only the smallest but the most imperfect coin to give. If there is one with a hole in it that is cast in, and the man who does it would put in the hole and keep the coin if he could. God requires the best for his altar. The following dialogue, though simple, is illustrative:

A little girl's brother said to her, "Where's your money? There will be a collection to-day."

She went to get her pocket-book. "I have two silver ten cents and a paper one."

Her brother said: "A tenth of that is three cents."

"But three cents is such a stingy little bit to give. I shall give this ten cents. You see I would have had more here only I spent some for myself last week; it would not be fair to take a tenth of what is left, after I have used all I wanted."

"Why don't you give the paper ten cents? The silver ones are prettier to keep."

"So they are prettier to give. Paper ten cents looks so dirty and shabby. No, I'll give good things."

So she put one dime in her pocket, when some one said: "I hope we can raise that three hundred dollars for home missions to-day." Then the little girl gave a groan, "Oh, is this home mission day? Then that other ten cents must go." And she went to get it with another doleful groan.

I said, "If you feel so distressed about it, why do you give it?" "Oh, because I made up my mind to always give twice as much to home missions as anything else, and I shall stick to what I made up my mind to."

From this some one drew the following deductions:

1. We should deal honestly with God in giving. "It is not fair," said the little girl, "to count your tenth after you have used all you wanted."

2. We should deal liberally in giving. If the fair tenth is a petty sum, let us go beyond it and give more.

3. Let us give our best things. That which is the nicest to keep is also the nicest to give away.

4. Let us give until we feel it.

Raise giving to the level of devotion, and let the amount be weekly according to the measure of every man's prosperity, and the world would be won for Christ in a single generation. Business and worship would be married. "What of my gains belong to the Lord?" would be a question to be determined as preliminary to public worship. God would be recognized as a partner—silent, but supplying the capital of the firm. Men would gladden in business successes because of the enlarged ability they gave for divine services. Then the rattle of money on the plate would be as rhythmic to the ear of devotion as the organ peal, or sacred hymn. Said one little girl to another, "When you put your money in the box at the Sunday School do you give it *as though you put it in Jesus' hand?*"

Hugh Miller wrote: "All mysteries meet in this, the deepest mystery of devotion is that mortal man can give to the Eternal Lord, and have his gift accepted."

It is "the altar that sanctifieth the gift." (Matt. 23: 19.)

Said Gœthe: "He is not half himself who has not seen the Juno in the Rondanini Palace at Rome." So, one who has never felt the luxury of giving to a noble object, from a motive of love to Christ, knows not to what race he belongs and his capacity to be happy.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd:
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
It is enthroned on the heart of Kings,
It is an attribute of God Himself."

CHAPTER V.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD WILL.

CHRISTIAN benevolence is a matter of moral obligation, and the performance of it is the test of christian character. "Ye shall know them by their fruits." A grasping, miserly man can no more be a christian than Christ could be a Savior if void of good-will toward men. Spots there are on the sun, but the proof that it is a luminous body is that it shines. Defects there may be in a christian character, but if the light shines the soul is not in darkness. Fragrance tells of the presence of flowers, even in the night. The aroma of good deeds is an unmistakable exponent of a gracious spirit. There is such a thing as financial piety. To honor God with our substance is great proof of our devotion. Giving puts us in harmony with God, angels and nature. Says Bishop Thomson, "God has made one thing to correspond with another, as sound to the ear, and the ear to sound. When a proper relation subsists between corresponding objects, there is order, and if the parts be sensitive, happiness. Providence has made intelligence for ignorance, and wealth for poverty, and health for sickness, and cheerfulness for discouragement; and in this world it is only when they are brought together that we have harmony. Moreover, nature is made upon a certain plan, and it is only by putting ourselves in the channels of her laws that we

can glide smoothly through the world. And what is the plan of nature? *Giving!* The sun gives its rays constantly, generously, joyously; the ocean gives its vapors to the skies; the skies give their rain to the earth; the earth warms and waters each seed within her bosom, and sends it up in greenness and richness, and nourishes and cherishes it, that it may give bread to the eater. The animals give their strength and swiftness to man, or lay down their lives for his sake. If the sun, or ocean, or air, or earth, were to turn miser, universal death would ensue. Salvation, too, is upon the plan of giving. God gives His Son, Christ gives His life, and saints give themselves; and thus opposite characters are brought together and made mutual benefactors; for, while the sinner is saved, the saint has a new diadem placed upon his brow, and a new joy planted in his breast. The parts of a physical universe are held together by a series of attractions, cohering similar particles; chemical affinity, dissimilar ones; and gravitation holding the planets in their spheres. If any one of these attractions were to fail, the world would crumble down, the universe fall to pieces. The disorders of the human race are all owing to the loss of moral attractions to each other and to God; the harmony and happiness of the race can be restored only by the recovery of the lost attractions."

For the exquisite beauty of its language, at the risk of repeating the idea, we quote the Rev. H. C. Morrison, D. D.: "Nature's unselfishness is beautiful and divine. Not a sunbeam that burns of itself, a

rain-drop that falls, a flower that blooms, a bird that sings, a streamlet that flows, or even so much as a dew-drop that distills for itself, in all the vast realm. Nor is there a single reserve in the entire sphere, but one perpetual and happy effort of everything to give itself away.

"So, the one great work of life, the one enterprise of the soul, in this world, is to succeed in giving itself away. And God is trying to teach us this great lesson every day—trying to shine it into the soul with sunbeams, and sing it in with bird-songs, and breathe it in with the breath of the flowers; and happy is he who learns the lesson. The happiest man you ever saw was the man who was giving himself most completely away. The happy pair are those wholly given to each other. The happiest home is that in which every member of the circle is wholly given away to all the rest. And the happiest church on earth (would that we might find it) is the one in which every member is loving and seeking the good of all the rest. There is no true happiness until we get free from self. And the best way, and about the only way, to get clear of self is to give it away, or work it to death for others. And the man who reaches this enviable position, shown us in nature, in which he is wholly given to God and his fellow men, loving God supremely, and his neighbor as himself, with no reverses whatever."

Money is latent force. Good and evil seek to develop and apply it. It is a homely adage, "Money makes the mare go." It makes everything *go*. It

sends evil on its errand. It wings the angels of mercy. It makes the gospel "go into all the world." The song of Celestial Choristers is, "Worthy is the lamb that was slain to receive power and *riches*," etc.

The Cross is the magnet designed to draw out all the forces of life. Touched by its subtile power men feel inclined to be "workers together with him"—Christ. In European morgues a delicate electric instrument is so applied to a human body as to give the signal, by ringing a bell, if in it the slightest life should linger. The soul is hopelessly dead when the magnetism of the Cross can strike no signal of life. When this motive fails, it is the expression of the exhaustion of moral motor power.

When a man, touched and thrilled by the attraction of the Cross, lays his money on the altar as an offering of responsive love, he puts there, with it, that which money can command. *There* are education, talent, genius, devotion, waiting for means. Until these are furnished, they *must* wait. Money cuts the cord and sends the evangel a-flying. It is a sublime thing, an exalted privilege, to be able to change money into educated intelligence, into divinized natures. One of the finest generalizations of science finds its technical expression in such terms as the "correlation, or transmutation, of forces." Motion is transformed into heat, light into electricity. These forces are transmuted into one or all of the others. Men take money, made by brawn and muscle, and convert it into machinery, vastly increasing the power of labor, and of monetary returns. So men take

gold, and put it into education, and ignorance and superstition fly as mists before a rising sun; they put it into philanthropy, and the wants and woes of society are mitigated and frowns are turned into smiles, lamentation into laughter, pain into ease, and despair into hope; they put it into religious endeavor, and moral wastes that breed only contagion and death, become fruitful and blossom as the rose, while peace and plenty smile on homes and hearts. You are not an orator, but your money voices the silver-tongue of some Whitefield, or opens the golden mouth of some Chrysostom. You are not gifted with the graces that fit you for a representative philanthropist, but your gifts wing the feet of missionaries of mercy on their embassies of love. You are no scholar, but the fruit of your toil throws the light of genius and grace on the sacred page, or raises up and supports some son of learning to buttress the defenses of our holy faith. You are tethered to your occupation and locality, but your means spread the sails of the missionary ship.

Giving your money for christian education, you are as surely teaching as if you were the oracular Professor from whose lips, on listening pupils, fall the words of wisdom. Giving for foreign missions, you are as certainly preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ on the banks of the Ganges, or in the valley of the Congo, as if you were a Thoburn or a Taylor.

The Church is a society organized for the conversion of the world. If you are a dutiful member of it, doing cheerfully of your ability, whatever is done by

it is done by *you*. The Church goes into all the world preaching the Gospel, and you, as a member of the body of Christ, are with it wherever it unfurls its banner of the Cross, and proclaims the message of salvation.

American citizenship is represented in the humblest man as well as in the President. The republic would go to war, and spend its treasure of money, and valor of men, to the exhaustion of both, to vindicate your rights if invaded by a foreign power. He who is enfranchised by faith, so as to become a fellow-citizen with the saints and of the household of God, shares in all the dignities and honors of the kingdom. The smallest deed he does of duty, if it be the most he can do, entitles him to all the privileges and graces of the Society as much as if he were endowed with miraculous gifts. The mere fact of spiritual membership crowns the humblest a King and consecrates him as a Priest. What he suffers is the entail of all. Wherein he is honored is the heritage of the whole and of each. It is Christ's merits that have made him priestly and royal. The mind that is in him is the mind that was in Christ. He is a partaker of the Divine nature and nothing can minify the godly. He knows he has passed from death unto life by the token of brotherly love that burns in and blazons on his breast. His possessions are all held subject to the common call of the needs of the brotherhood. As all hold the sun and air without the possibility of a preemption, so all possess a coparcenary, community interest in the stock of the

Company—of the assembly (*ecclesia*),—of the Church. In every necessitous brother he sees a representative of the adorable Savior, and to aid him, is to minister to the blessed Lord. Now what is the object of this christian, close corporation? It must have an object commensurate with the sacred nature of its ties and obligations. Jesus died for the sole purpose of redeeming souls from sin and death. To publish this fact is the only motive adequate to an organization so sublime as to be the Body of Christ. Becoming a member of the Church is not, therefore, for the sole and selfish purpose of securing personal salvation; but the grand object is to demonstrate the validity of saving grace on the individual soul, by making it a loving impulse and heroic consecration for the salvation of others. "The first drop of grace let fall upon a human heart makes it a witnessing heart; it cries out, 'draw near, all ye that love God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul;' and the next drop makes it a missionary heart, crying out, 'I have a great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh;' and the third drop, methinks, makes it a martyr heart, crying out, 'I could wish myself accursed for Christ—I could be crucified as was Christ, if by dying I could lead my fellowmen to God.' But the christian need not open his heart; let him but open his mouth, and forth will come the proof of his high calling; for he will, if he pray according to the Savior's model, say, 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven,' and then do

something to make it come. He will testify that he is apprehended to emulate the angels, to endeavor to spread around the globe the happiness, the obedience, and the anthems of the skies." (Dr. Edward Thomson.)

Now comes in that higher law of proprietorship than rests, merely, on Creation and Preservation—namely: Redemption. The bond is now a triple one. But the red seals on it give it the greatest significance. "What, know ye not your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not *your own?* For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." (I Cor. vi: 19, 20.) Bought with the precious blood of Christ, there is no service too great to perform in grateful love for Him who "loved me and gave Himself for me." As Christ made no reservation in His redemption, but "emptied Himself," so the disciple is to hold back nothing. He must be willing to forsake all that he hath for Christ, if it is required of him. The Apostle, in enjoining liberality on the Corinthian Church, says: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." (2 Cor. viii: 9.) The grand motive does not spring from mere sympathy for the spiritually ignorant, or physically afflicted, and has no source in the mere feelings. It has its seat in Christ's mastership over us. He commands. Our duty is prompt and cheerful obedience. Nothing

we can do is great when compared with what He has done for us. No matter how rich we may be, or we may impoverish ourselves to make others rich, what is our sacrifice when compared with His pauperizing Himself that we might have everlasting life?

> "I gave my life for thee;
> What hast thou done for Me?"

All we may have done, though all we could do, seems so small that if we were to try to tell it the tongue would falter and fail. "A consecrated heart is a motor for all christian work. Your gun is well enough, but your gun-carriage is rickety, and so unfit for the Lord's battery. The Lord give us all a higher, deeper, broader life! We cannot do much towards saving others until we ourselves are most surely saved. We are enchristing as we are Christly. We cannot pull others out of the surf when our own feet are slipping on the rock. More purity, more faith, more consecration, will be more momentum."

Says Charnock, "The more believers love God, the more they love one another; and, as the lines of a circle, the nearer they come to the centre the nearer they come to each other." Doing right is sometimes a great help in getting and keeping right. As Miss Mulock observes, "When faith and hope fail as they do sometimes, we must try charity, which is love in action. We must speculate no more on our duty, but simply do it. When we have done it, however blindly, perhaps heaven will show us why."

"There is a very just impatience with that sort of religion which employs itself exclusively with personal salvation and declines to lift a finger for the salvation of others."

> 'Help us to help each other, Lord;
> Each other's cross to bear.
> Let each his friendly aid afford,
> And feel his brother's care.
> Help us to build each other up,
> Our little stock improve.
> Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
> And perfect us in love."

No test of the genuineness of our religion is truer than the good-will we find ourselves cherishing for others—the debt we feel that we owe to every good cause—the feeling that we are stewards of God, and, in that, trustees for our needy neighbors. Once get the *principle* of Divine ownership and human stewardship anchored in the heart and the particular application of it, to specific cases, can be trusted to the individual. "It is the motive that makes the gift precious, in the grateful love that lays it at the Lord's feet once pierced to save us; in the wondering joy that thrills through the heart that God should accept anything at our hands." (Therold.)

Here are the two great facts—1. God owns everything, and in requiring of us only exacts what belongs to him.

2. We are stewards of God's treasury and almoners of His bounty, as we are dependents of His grace; and when giving to promote the cause of religion and benevolence, we are simply performing a duty. But it has pleased God to connect with these

facts a gracious provision, namely—the more we give the more we will get, the more we do the more we will be able to do. The surest way to prosperity is conformity to the divine law of *giving*. In this respect to lose is to find, to scatter abroad is to increase, to withhold more than is meet tendeth to poverty. The last meal baked for a hungry prophet filled Sarepta's barrel. The waning oil put into his cake resupplied her cruse. When Christ fed the hungry multitude the remnant fragments were much more than the original stock. If He requires your five loaves and two little fishes, it is to restore more than he took. Many a man's liberality has contributed to his prosperity; many a man has recovered from bankruptcy by reason of previous generosity. "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have showed towards his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister." (Heb. vi: 10.) "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord;and that which he hath given will He pay him again." (Prov. xix: 17.) "Blessed is he than *considereth* the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." (Ps. xli: 1.) A New York broker gave, in the days of his prosperity, to the South in its adversity. By reason of the defalcation of another he lost his fortune. The new industrial South remembered his munificence and put its stocks into his hands for sale, and his commissions on large transactions put him, in the space of three years, firmly on his feet again. "Good will to men" secures the good will of men.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SUPPORT OF THE MINISTRY.

It is mournfully apparent that many regard the support of the ministry as based upon charity, and not upon obligation, and, hence, they *give* as inclined, instead of *paying* as their duty. Such a view puts the minister in the attitude of a mendicant, and the contributor, of a gracious alms-giver. The minister must be grateful to the voluntary donor for *alms* bestowed, and the member assumes the self-satisfied air of a condescending patron. It is common to hear people boast of what they *give* to the minister, and berating others for their failure to be generous. Financial officers will go around collecting, with the question—"How much will you *give* the preacher?" If words are the signs of ideas, then our speech betrays the popular notion—namely, the ministry is supported by the alms of the community.

The support of the ministry rests upon the highest grounds of obligation— (1) natural right and (2) Divine enactment. It is a principle in political economy that whoever performs a useful labor is entitled to pay. "The laborer is worthy of his *hire*," not of alms. He is to be compensated for services rendered, and not patronized as a mendicant, or object of charity. No right-feeling man will despise a gift which is prompted by appreciation, and that is over and

above, or outside of obligation; neither will he take one in lieu of the right. Wages, not alms, is the right of the preacher. On the economic basis which determines the law of obligation in the distribution of labor, the Preacher stands with the Lawyer, the Doctor, the Mechanic and the Laborer. But his claim rests upon the higher ground of special divine prescription. "And is this the rule of man, or is it not also the law of God?" "For it is written in the law of Moses, Thou shalt not muzzle the mouth of the ox that treadeth out the corn. Doth God take care for oxen? Or saith he it altogether for our sakes? For *our sakes*, no doubt, this is written." (I Cor. ix: 9.)

If dumb brutes earn their provender, under the dictation and demands of a natural law, is the minister to be denied his food, under a like obligation, and only to receive support on the ground of an elective charity? Nay: verily, he is to receive his pay upon this ground, and the superadded one of specific, divine law. His claim is not left to rest solely upon economic equities, but is strengthened by buttressing it with a divine law. In this respect it has its analogy in the constitutional provision made for the payment of the salary of a public officer, which even the legislature cannot annul, or abate. The State owes its servant a debt. He is not a pensioner upon the public bounty. He is called by the supreme power to office.

The preacher's claim rests upon the organic law of God, which custom nor churches can repeal nor

diminish. Among the Jews, living under a Theocratic government, "they which ministered about holy things" were supported by a systematic and definite assessment upon the income of the people—the tenth of the products of herd and fold, of vineyard and field. Nor could a Jew select his sprained and knock-kneed cattle and sheep, his tainted meats, his sour preserves, and his gnarled wood, or even make a conglomerate of his good and bad animals, and fruits and fuel, but he was required to pay his levy in the best that he had. "All the best of the oil, of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord, them have I given thee." (Num. xviii: 12.)

They were not to wait until the market was glutted and when prices were depressed, to turn in what they could not sell, but the "first fruits" belonged to the Temple. Their ability, in the case, was what the Lord had given them, and out of this, as stewards of the divine bounty, they were to pay their ministry. "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel." The salary of a minister is often properly spoken of as a claim,—"to be entitled to anything as a right." To discharge this, each member is required to pay according to his or her ability. There is laxity of discipline when a church is allowed to shirk the claim of its pastor. Such looseness is protested by natural right, and by the divine law. A few are left to bear the burdens while the great majority of the members figure merely in the numerical statistics, and to the

shame of the financial exhibits. Whatever liberality there may be in a few is credited to the whole, and the liberality of a few is discounted by pro-rating the gross amount to the many. It is a bad thing for a Church to depend upon a few "heavy men" to support the minister. Every one should have a share in this. Some churches enjoy the reputation of being liberal, when the truth is they get it through the liberality of a few wealthy members. They pay and give enough to lift the *per capita* up to an imposing amount, while the great bulk of the membership give but little or nothing. Let everybody pay something to the preacher. He works for *all*, let *all* support him—the rich with their shekels, the poor with their mites. All have a "claim" on the preacher. There should be no temptation for the few that pay, to feel that they have acquired the right to rule everything; or, on the other hand, that, having paid, there is nothing else for them to do. Men owe service as well as money. The cause of Christ will have gained much when all church-members acknowledge the duty to show as much consecration in their several spheres as they expect of their pastor. Let every one learn to exert himself to pay, give, and do everything for Christ that he can. Samuel Coley said: "If God made you for half-a-crown and He only gets a shilling out of you, He loses eighteen pence." The one talent must be made dividend-paying for the Lord, as well as the five or ten talents. Christians should regard every need in all the world as taking the shape of a personal appeal to them. Unused

talent is buried, and buried will rust, and rust will eat the spiritual life out of the soul. "At ease in Zion" sometimes means being willing for others to pay the bills. It is the man faithful to little duties, as opportunity offers, that yields the vital example of human character, and gets for himself a fuller blessing than many an ostentatious and shouting professor of religion. If you grudge the mite you *owe* to the support of religion, you are as guilty of covetousness as if your debt were hundreds of shekels. Wishing well will not avail if you have the ability to do *something* and fail to perform your duty. Says Dr. South: "God never accepts a good inclination instead of a good action, where that action may be done; nay, so much the contrary, that if a good inclination be not seconded by a good action, the want of that action is made so much the more criminal and inexcusable."

When a few rich people are allowed to do all the paying, and a few poor people to do all the praying, and a large number of well-to-do people are allowed to do nothing, demoralization results in every direction in which the lines of christian obligation run; the authority of the church is flouted, religion is brought into contempt, and the "dead-heads" finally become church vagrants and tramps. Duty to the recreant requires the enforcement of the Bible rule that if any will not work neither shall they eat. The command is, "Go work to-day in my vineyard." Work, or the price of it, is required of every one.

To neglect paying is to cease working. The missionary must have money with which to go. "How shall they preach except they be sent?" The minister must be provided with "the sinews of war." "Who goeth a warfare at his own charges?"

A man does not value that which costs him nothing. Open your eyes and see if the busy workers in any Church are not those that are scrupulous concerning their obligations to support the institutions of religion. The liberal are the healthy. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "There is that which witholdeth more than is mete, but it tendeth to poverty." Who are the lean and lank souls of our Churches but they who withhold more than is mete? The strength of an army is often weakened by its camp-followers; the carrying power of a ship is often diminished by the barnacles that cling to its hull. The Church needs a rear guard to look after "bummers." It would be well for the "Old ship of Zion" to occasionally go into dock and scrape the cumbering parasites from her keel and sides. Vessels have struck and been wrecked by reason of shell-fish clustered on their keels. But for these cumbers weighing down, the bark would have ridden the rock or reef in safety. Churches have pined or perished by reason of non-paying members. Get the church down to a cash basis and there will be but little danger of spiritual bankruptcy. Despise not the laborer's penny, nor the widow's mite. Whoever does the best he or she can do has done best. "If there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that

a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." (II Cor. viii: 12.)

Let the mites be carefully collected for the spiritual effect upon the donors, that all may feel that they have common stock in the concern. There is an intimate connection between paying and the enjoyment of religion. God cursed Israel for robbing him of tithes and offerings—for not supporting the priests (Deut. xxviii: 15); and it was only on condition that they returned to duty and brought their assessments into the storehouse, that the windows of heaven were to be opened and the Divine blessing outpoured. (Mal. iii: 10.) Water if you would be watered again. As the rivers and the seas give back to the clouds, and these great water-carriers of the skies drop refreshing showers on all the earth and swell the floods of stream and sea, so does liberality go *up* before God and is returned, *poured* back upon the payer and giver in blessings so great as to overflow the channels and basins of grace. "Sow sparingly, reap sparingly; sow bountifully, reap bountifully." "Take heed to thyself that thou forsake not the Levite (the preacher) as long as thou livest upon the earth." (Deut. xii: 19.)

Those who make excuses for an inadequate support of the ministry say (1) "The ministry should not be a lucrative calling." It is not likely to be. There is in the prospect of a decent livelihood no temptation to cupidity. The best salaries paid our preachers, when every thing is considered, do not furnish margin for the accumulation of wealth. If

the minister, by wise providence and skillful financiering, is able to save and lay up a reserve fund "for a rainy day," for a possible season of infirmity, for the period of superannuation, who has a right to object? Would you have ministers objects of charity when no longer able to work, or when the grasshopper is a burden? Men who are ambitious for fortune are not likely to seek it by pursuing a vocation which, at its best estate, promises only a respectable subsistence, and requires the necessity of a studied frugality.

(2.) They say "The minister has other resources." Is it equitable to require him to pay for the privilege of serving you? He is responsible to God for the use he makes of the means he has inherited, or obtained from other sources. Men do not refuse to pay their Doctor, Lawyer, or Teacher, because he may happen to have an income independent of their profession. The merchant and the artizan are not subjected to any such privatory exactions. Why should the preacher be made an exception? His family has the same claim to inherit as yours. Christ directed his Disciples to take with them on their journey neither purse nor scrip. They were not required to pay the cost of their evangelistic travels. They were to be provided for by the hospitality of those whom they served. If you pay the minister his due, he must determine, under his measure and sense of responsibility, how he will dispose of any surplus at his command. "Thou shalt not defraud thy neighbor, neither rob him: the wages of him

that is hired shall not abide with thee all night until the morning." (Lev. xix: 13.) The minister is a *hired* man. "The laborer is worthy of (is entitled to) his hire." "The hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth." (Jas. v: 4.) "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel"—should live on the pay they receive for preaching—as the Levitical priesthood lived upon "the things of the temple," and were "partakers with the Altar." (I Cor. ix: 4, 14.) "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto Him that teacheth in all good things." (Gal. vi: 6.). The minister is to share in the good things of his people. Among the people having abundance he is not to be put off with a bare subsistence, but they are to divide with him.

(3.) Says another, "The minister lives better than I do." If there were any merit in this he could, upon the same ground, be required to live on the level with the most impoverished in his charge. The minister must be an example of hospitality. He must have raiment suited to his calling, books and periodicals, and these costs may not be entailed by your business. The only question worthy of those who enjoy his services is "Does he, by diligence in his vocation, earn what the equities in the case require should be paid?" How many ministers have you known who have lived extravagantly?

(4.) "The minister has but little to do except to preach on Sundays." No man has to serve a more privatory apprenticeship, or endure more laborious, body and mind-taxing lives than faithful pastors. Look at the years of study, entailing heavy costs, required to fit them for the pulpit and pastorate. Think of the mental resources, inventiveness and industry required to prepare several sermons and lectures, weekly, for delivery before an intelligent congregation, demanding versatility of genius, variety of theme, vivacity of style, beauty of imagery, wealth of illustration, tenderness of sympathy, strength of argument, closeness of analysis, pertinency of quotation, and the nicest discretion in the use of language. What scholarship is needed, what familiarity with literature, history and current events, nature and men is required, "that the man of God may be thoroughly furnished to every good word and work!" Reflect upon the ceaseless round of visits demanded, that he may cultivate the acquaintance of his people, the hours of weary watching he spends beside the beds of affliction, the racking anxiety he feels in the sick chamber that he may not hurt with a blundering good will when he means to heal, the tact demanded in communicating with, and in counseling the dying, the sympathy exacted of him for the bereaved, and, into whose sorrows he cannot help entering, with what graciousness he must bear himself toward children, and with what suavity of manner he must present himself to the public, how he must look after the poor, receive innumerable calls,

attend Boards and Committees and Prayer-meetings, Sabbath School, and social gatherings, and often, too, meet engagements on the platform in the interest of philanthrophy and religion, and write for the public press. Consider, further, what spotlessness of character, what purity and discretion of conduct are required of him. Can you candidly consider these outlines of a minister's endowments, duties and cares, and continue to berate his calling by ranking him with idlers of the market place, or with, even, gentlemen of leisure? No; the true minister is a hard worker, and earns, and is worthy of the wage paid him.

(5.) "The minister must be kept humble." This means, most often, that he must be kept abject in circumstances and spirit. Who commissioned you to the cultivation of this grace in your preacher? If he is not duly humble from higher considerations, parsimony, on your part will not aid him to humility. It will more likely fill him with a sense of resistance to, and of resentment of your injustice, and thus tend to discount his gracious disposition and efficiency. Let the preacher be pinched with poverty as the result of miserliness upon your part, and his just sense of indignation will result in a painful solicitude that will alloy and abate his best efforts. If God sees that he needs humiliation, he will not achieve it at the expense of your injustice. The very idea of humiliating the minister through your niggardliness, will not only work damage to him, but to you. Your business is to satisfy the claim of divine justice.

To do this you must contribute until this, his equitable claim, is fully met, so far as God giveth you ability.

(6.) "The ministers who planted our churches were poor and self-sacrificing." Yes, but then the church was poor; yet does this argue, now that it has grown rich, that the preacher should be kept depressed to the standard of its pioneer poverty? Your increased prosperity has enlarged the wants of the preacher. Your improved condition, and the civilization that attends it, require larger expenditures by your minister than were entailed upon the Fathers. Many of the Fathers in Israel, in the days of their poverty, walked to their appointments. Do you require them now to walk when all the world is flying by steam, and you are abundantly able to provide them with the means of rapid and comfortable transit by carriage or car? Then, they wore homespun. Must they now wear jeans, while you dress in broadcloths and diagonals? Then, a few books answered the intellectual demands of the times. Must they now be denied adequate literature while you are craving and demanding the highest culture and most comprehensive learning in the pulpit? But, in truth, when everything is taken into the account, were not the preachers as well paid in the pioneer days as they are now in our changed circumstances and civilization?

(7.) "The preachers elsewhere are paid no better," And is the dereliction of others to measure your responsibility? Are you to be no better than others,

whom you know, are willing to be? Is duty to be determined by vote? Because others are derelict, you should be led to a more scrupulous discharge of your obligations that you may be an example to them, and that you may lessen your preacher's burden when, in turn, he may be assigned to serve the recreant.

(8.) "*We* did not want him." But your brethren did. You were out-voted in "the call," or he was sent to you by the Bishop. Maybe he did not *want* to come. He may have come out of a sense of duty, or out of respect to authority over him, or because of the pressure of circumstances. If you want a better Preacher, the best way to get one is to do justice towards the one you have. Love and honor your minister for "his work's sake." If your present preacher does not measure up to your standard of excellence you will not make him better, but worse, by treating him with indifference or neglect. Appreciation is a mighty spur to aspiration and achievement.

Be certain these paltry excuses are as debilitating to your piety as, when operative, they are depressing to your minister.

A few words to ministers. Strive to be a man of one work. Any expedient, consumptive of time and talent, to make money outside of the legitimate work of the ministry will detract from your usefulness and the dignity of your sacred office. People cannot feel that a minister, grasping after money, absorbed in secular schemes and affairs, can be

warmly sympathetic and spiritual. They realize the hardening influence of worldly business upon themselves and think its tendency is to make the minister's heart callous. Show that your office and its duties absorb you and require your most diligent attention. If the great scientist, Agassiz, could say, when proffered a large sum for services outside his legitimate studies, "I have not time to make money," what ought a Steward of the mysteries of the Faith be able to say when invited to turn aside to get gain? Circumstances may arise in which it is justifiable to work in some secular pursuit for a support while using an opportunity to preach the Gospel, as Paul did at one period of his Apostleship; but have a care that such unrequited services are given to the poor because of their necessity, and not as a gratuity to the rich because of their miserly meanness. No matter though the salary may not be needed, take it. It is your right. Give it away yourself and do not permit selfish cupidity to keep it to the hurt of the possessor. Then, one may come after you, without private income, whose necessites require it, and your people will not be trained in the habit of paying it and he will suffer. "A church grows richer by giving its wealth. It grows stronger by the expenditure of its strength, just as the blacksmith's arm strengthens with every sturdy blow." If you want your debtors to respect you, make them pay you. More people will regard you for what they do for you than for what you do for them. Exact your salary as if conscious that it was due as a debt and not begged

as a charity. Stand up for your rights if you would most certainly secure the respect of men. It is a bad thing for a minister to be a candidate for donations. Let him take no *gift* in lieu of pay. The financial officers should collect his salary and pay it over to him through their treasurer. It helps amazingly to fix the obligation of members to treat the whole subject of church finances in a business way. Gifts can only come from those who have paid their dues.

Allow no "entertainments" to be given for your benefit. Be an example unto the flock by being liberal yourself. Give something to every good cause.

Be not ashamed to present the Gospel motives for every good cause promoted by money. Lay down the Scriptural principles upon which the ministry is supported. Ye are bound to "declare the whole counsel of God." Make it uncomfortable for church tramps who make free dormitories of the church. Shake every shirk until he brings his gift to the altar, or pays up the score charged against him. Allow no stingy saints to sing, "I'm glad Salvation's free," in the sense that they can be mean and miserly and be saved. Give nobody a chance to shut their eyes in ecstasy and sing while a collection is being taken. Read from the word of God. Let the organ play, give the congregation at that time nothing to do, but to pay, or give. Turn a pure speech upon Zion. Do not let them confound paying and giving. Make sharp discriminations. They *pay* the preacher, the sexton, for the fuel, lights, etc.; they *give* to the poor.

Thus instructing the people of your charge, they will come to a religious understanding of the virtue of paying, and the grace that waits on it with blessing, and you will be able rejoicingly to say, as did the disciples, when Jesus asked, "When I sent you without purse, and scrip, and shoes, lacked ye anything? And they said, Nothing." (Luke. xxii: 35.)

CHAPTER VII.

THE CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

CHRISTIANITY is a system of propagandism. The initial word of its commission is "Go." Nor is any limit prescribed for its going. "The world is its parish." It is to make learners (disciples) of the nations. Wherever there is intelligence to be taught *there* is a pupil of its pedagogy. To learn of Christ was its injunction. The Gospel was to be an itinerant teaching of the nations of the Earth—of the World.

"Our Lord meant no absurdly impracticable project when he said, 'Disciple all nations.' It would be easy for a consecrated Church promptly to carry the banner of the cross to the ends of the earth, or to furnish all the workers needful and to make the missionary treasuries overflow. If one christian woman can herself disburse $2,000,000 in benevolence, if a congregational deacon can appropriate $1,000,000 to missions, if twenty persons in one year can together give nearly $4,000,000, what might not 100,000,000 of Protestants give if only a tithe were honestly and systematically laid on God's altar?" (Crisis of Missions.)

The mission of the Church was to be to the end of time, discipling. Christ was the Great Teacher from Heaven. To make known His truths was the

office of the Church. Bees may as well expect to thrive by living on the honey they have hived without raiding the flowers for more, as for the Church to hope to live by feeding on the sweets of divine truth without learning more of God and Christ, by teaching and being taught of the new converts—for, every soul converted, is a phase of divine grace.

In a word, Christianity is, primarily, a missionary system. Christ was sent of the Father. He came on a heavenly errand to earth. He "*went about* doing good." His meat and drink was to do the will of His Father in Heaven. He sent out the seventy disciples, in pairs, to teach what He had taught them. He gave the Great Commission—"Go ye therefore, and teach (make disciples or christians of) all nations, baptizing, etc." (Matt. xxviii: 19.) Christ says, "Come!" to every lost sinner; to every redeemed soul "Go!"

Every saved soul holds salvation only by exertion for the salvation of others.

"Now, the moment God blesses a man he wants to do something for Him in return. You may detect it in his testimony, in his prayer, in his song, or in his shout. But if God has really blessed him, you will find the most convincing proof of it in the bottom of the collection plate. He will want to do something for God. He will reach out for that collection plate as a thirsty child will reach out for a drink of water. Nothing will satisfy him but giving, giving grandly and giving often. Fast as grace runs into the heart good will run out of his hand."

Whenever a just conception of the great, tender, compassionate heart of God has dawned upon any soul, anywhere, its first impulse has been to sacrifice before Him. Surely as the echo answers along the hills to the human voice, so surely will the response of giving be made to the act of blessing. Make your tribute the offering of a grateful heart. The moment Zaccheus heard the voice of pitying love he cried out, "I give!"—"the half of my goods I give to the poor." When, at the touch of the finger of God, the heart of John Wesley was "strangely warmed," he laid down all the splendid powers of his redeemed manhood at His feet.

Our part of the great mission work at home, then, must be to come ourselves, and lead the people into closer communion with God—into the valley of blessing.

"Not a cloud must arise
To darken the skies
Or hide for a moment
The Lord from our eyes,"

REV. ALFRED HOUGH.

In the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem, under Nehemiah, every one was required to build over against himself. One, who was a mere lodger, built over against his chamber window. So, every christian is required to save the world exactly where he touches it. The temple altar cried, "Come!" The cross cries, "Go!" The religion of the Jews was stationary and provincial. The religion of Christ is itinerant and ecumenical. Go, or send; or die and

burn, are the imperative alternatives. The Cherubim bended over the Ark of the Covenant, gazing at the sacred relics; the Angel of the Gospel flies on errands of mercy. Contemplation is succeeded by work. If Christ calls some to go, all others are under a divine call to send. The commission was given to the Church and not exclusively to the Apostles. It is the Church that is to "go." Says Canon Liddon: "Properly speaking, the Church of Christ is the one great missionary society. Over her gates we read, from age to age, the inscription which was traced by her great Founder in almost His parting words: 'Go make disciples of all the nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'"

If the Church of Christ should cease to be missionary she would be utterly untrue to the plainest commands of her Lord. And the missionary spirit is not, by any means, only, the spirit of official missionaries—it is the spirit of all true christians who have the truth in mind, who have their Lord's honor at heart. Every serious christian is a missionary, in intention, and within the limits that his providential work makes possible, though he may never have looked upon the face of a heathen in his life, just as every serious christian bears, within his heart, the spirit of the martyrs, though he may never be called upon to witness his faith with blood; for, the wish to spread the knowledge of the love of Jesus Christ is, if I may so speak, a strong, overmastering impulse in every man, in every woman, who really

knows and loves Him. . . . . The man who knows the happiness of peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ, cannot but desire that other men should share it; and this desire, in its higher, its stronger, its more heroic forms, is one of the greatest gifts of God to His Church. It is that divine enthusiasm of which our Lord Jesus Christ spoke in the words, "I am come to send fire on the earth."

The Church is catholic and missionary. The promise is to the Church. While it keeps a-going, divine power will attend it—Christ will be with it unto the end of the world. A non-missionary church is a dying church. Everything that does not go and give is doomed to death. The universe is made on that plan. Movement is the first exponent of vital energies. Living forces work from the centre outward. The sap and blood circulate. Coagulation is strangulation. When extension ceases decay sets in. A stagnant pool is a distillery of death. Dismal swamps brew contagion, and every wind that wafts bears on its wings the mephitic poison. It is the running stream, clear as crystal, that carries a benediction to the thirsty meadow. It gives refreshing drink to the flowers that droop to kiss its waters with grateful lips and fragrant breath. Even the willows bend their branches, as if reverently acknowledging the blessing it brings to their hidden roots. A tree must retain power to burgeon and blossom, and banner itself with foliage, or its leaf must wither and its branches die. The sun must keep a hospitable fireside for its family of worlds, or perish. It must

shine and warm, and light on their way the worlds that wheel around it, or be consumed by its own ardors. The vegetable world cannot store energy. It must constantly elaborate from soil, sunshine and shower the elements of repair, or waste away with a shriveling atrophy. When nature goes into winter quarters, life retreats to the roots and there nurses its forces, beneath the frost, for fresh motherly cares when the spring comes with its Easter rising. Men die daily, but rise again. If the apparatus of repair is inadequate to replace the waste, a funeral is at hand. We must eat to live, if we would live to eat. "In the midst of life we are in death," but in the midst of death we are in life. Everything begins to die at the extremities. Life retreats from the front to the central fortress. It is like an army cut to pieces on the retreat, or dying of exhaustion in its castle, as soon as it passes the moat.

So, the undertaker of churches smiles at the prospect of a funeral the moment he learns that missionary zeal begins to cool. There is vigor in the heart when there is warmth in the toes and finger-tips. Church extension is an infallible sign of deep-seated spirituality at the parent centres. As forests are planted to woo moisture to arid wastes, so do spiritual harvest spring up wherever the tree of life extends its roots and spreads its branches. New York must preserve the Adirondacks or perish for water.

A class of anti-missionary Baptists, thoroughly repudiated by that great body of christian propa-

gandists known as "Baptists," and designated "Hard-Shell Baptists," have died out because their armor was too thick to feel celestial fire on their backs to make them move. Retiring to the water, they have left their eggs buried in the sand, a prey to pelicans. Presbyterianism lives, because it was decreed it should go to the salvation of men. Thus it makes its "calling and election sure." Missionary Baptists would have rotted in the dry docks had not they put to sea. They can live on water so long as they touch the coaling stations. Romanism would perish if it were not forever on the run—just as the dogs of Egypt drink on the gallop for fear of the crocodiles that infest the Nile. Methodism—that great original tramp—has marched around the world giving, not begging, bread. They have God for Father, mankind for brothers, and the world for a home. Wherever souls were hungering for righteousness, there these Gospel bread-bearers have found welcome. On their banners they inscribed for a legend, "To spread christian holiness over all these lands." No flag, floating such a banner-text, worthily borne and supported, can ever go down in the dust of defeat. "It is christianity on horse-back;" give it an insulated saddle and it will ride the lightning with spurs. It is a revival, and, like the brands tied to the tails of Samson's foxes, it kindles a conflagration in all the fields of the Philistines. It must run or burn. To dally in Delilah's seductive lap is to be shorn of its locks of strength. With unshorn locks it can hew its way to victory, even with the jawbone

of an ass, or bear away on its broad shoulders the brazen gates of cities. Nobody doubts its *going*, pioneer power. All churches acknowledge an indebtedness to it as the great scout of christianity in the American wilds. The debate is long and loud within its own borders as to its capacity to hold what it gains. A settled pastorate is demanded by many who do not fail to recognize the missionary power of its itinerancy. Methodists may require a settled pastorate. Let *them* settle that question. What all other churches have to consider is the itinerant, *going* power. *They must go or die.* The church thrives by extension. There is honey hived for it in the dead lion in the wilderness. Commissary ravens fly by the Brook Cherith. If it pitches its tent towards Sodom, it will soon be templed in it, and lingering like Lot, when it should be fleeing, a moral palsy will seize its limbs, and when it warns will be "as one who mocked," and its sons and daughters will be consumed with the doomed cities. A spiritual canker will gnaw at its vitals, and though saved, it will be "as by fire." She may say, as David in his prosperity: "I shall not be moved." She *must move* or mourn. The fine gold will become dim if it is not rubbed. Currency will keep it bright. Methodism must keep her locks streaming in the wind. If it submit to the scissors, it must grind grist for her enemies in the mills of Gaza. "Up! get ye out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city." She must pasture her sheep in the green fields of the

country, or there will be no mutton for her in the city market.

Yes, "the Gospel *must go.*" To be sure it must go—"Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." That commission is as the Iron Duke designated it—our Great Captain's "marching orders." The Bible must go—go with the soldiers of the cross—our "Manual of Tactics," our "Army Regulations." It must go into the souls of men. Is not the steam press of the Bible Society, throwing off a copy of the New Testament every quarter of a minute, the veritable angel St. John saw in the Apocalyptic vision, flying through the Heavens, having the everlasting Gospel to preach, and dropping with every vibration of its wafting wings, "the leaves for the healing of the nations?" Unbind the blessed Evangel. Cut the links of gold that tether it to our chancel-rails and bid it speed on its blessed errand!

The tract must "go"—go with the thundering train—go with the swimming steamer. The day may not be distant when colporteurs of the American Bible Society will drop, from air-ships, leaves of Gospel light upon the Pagodas of China, the valleys of the Himalayas, and the delta of the Congo. Pagan nations will read them as celestial messages.

You smile as if incredulous. Why not, when cultured Greeks looked on Anacreon's lyre as descending from Elysium? Why not, when God rained the bread of heaven upon the tents of Israel? Why not, when celestial fire consumed the sacrifice

of the altar on Carmel! Many an infidel will be disturbed by these missiles of mercy falling around him "thick as leaves in Alhambrosa." Let us have snow-storms of them, drifts of sacred truth, piled up against every sinner's door!

Christian education must "go"—go to the haunts of ignorance, and the caverns of superstition—go to the hovels of the freedmen. Whatever may be thought of the policy of conferring suffrage on the negro, the only safety, now, is in preparing him to cast a virtuous vote. A republic rests on ballots—a monarchy on bayonets. "An uneducated ballot is the winding sheet of liberty—the urn of fate." Educated men govern nations, and educated nations govern the world. The ruling power is always an educated power. An ignorant people can be governed by force, directed by despotic thrones, but none but an educated people can govern themselves. In this country every man is born a king. To educate the masses is to educate the sovereign power. Those who made him free must help him to demonstrate to the incredulous his capacity to wield the fearful power of the ballot. Those among whom he dwells must consent and contribute to his elevation, or be reduced to his level. The higher, or at least more favored race, must lift the lower or less favored to its level, or the inferior will pull down to its plane. As the moon lifts the tides until the rivers are full, so must a power, planted in the heavens, draw up and distribute the forces resident in the freedmen, invigorating by their tonic flow, or there

will be mental and moral stagnation whose symbol is the undrained morass. Ebb-tide floats no cargo into port. Our "Brother in Black" must cast a white ballot, or our black brother will cast a black ball against liberty—which means a vote for licentiousness and anarchy. All leveling, in this country, must be up. Pure air floats over the table-lands. Putrescent population is as detrimental to the constitution of the country as malaria to the human body. We must dyke, with intelligent virtue the South, or it will become a marsh of political mud, breeding bad airs for liberty to breathe, and touching and tainting every fibre of freedom with deadly miasm. The Dutch must take Holland. We must polish God's image in ebony until he shines, or he will absorb every ray of light and every beam of love. Grace must conquer and constrain the heart of the Afric-American, or disgrace will drape our starry flag in weeds of a national grief. The negro must be made comformable to a pure national life, or he will gangrene the body politic. As "self-preservation is the first law of nature," we must save the negro, or he will damn us. Freedmen's aid means self-help. We are interested to extirpate the Canada thistles in our neighbor's field, for if their seeds are ripened, they are winged for distant flight. The cesspool, over the fence, unless disinfected, will waft death to our household. We are bound up in such network of relationships in this republic, that if one suffer all suffer. Brains are something more than batteries; hearts are something more than blood-pumps. We

must honey-comb minds with truth, and store breasts with love, or mental moths will make havoc of the one, and hoard hate, like the poison of asps, in the other. Do not think meanly of the education and evangelization of the negro; for if he increase during the next century as he has in the last decade, he will muster ninety million strong. Liberty holds out its cap for money to send the schoolmaster abroad. "Education is the cheap defense of nations." It is the spelling-book or needle-guns—the virtuous voter or the police of a standing army. The ballot-box must silently, as the snow-flake, express the will of God, or the feathered and fired lightnings will shiver the Charter Oak of the republic. Should the sacred ark ever totter, no profane hand can stay it without inviting the bolt of vengeance. Bibles are better than bayonets and batteries. They buttress the bulwarks of the nation. The freedman must be a freeman, or the whites must become slaves of ignorance and corruption. To save Sambo is to save Uncle Sam. The eagle must fly sunward, or the vulture will prey upon the victim bound to the rock. Liberty must lift and spread her shield, or the bow is bent that will send the shaft of shame speeding to her vitals. Did not philanthropy implead the cause of the freedmen, patriotism would still be hoarse with importunity. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." The Hebrew nationality perished when the incendiary soldier of Titus seized a flaming fagot from the altar of burnt offering and fired the temple on Mount Zion. As the lurid flames leaped

up and licked the sky, they wrote the inscription in letters of fire, that told of the final fall of Israel. Our altar of liberty lacks not for votive-offerings, nor for sweet-scented fuel to consume the unblemished sacrifice; but should we falter in our labor of love, and allow ignorance and corruption to fester—the time may come when out of the neglected masses will spring the brutes and brands to whom nothing is sacred, and the torch of arson may light the conflagration which will lay the fane of freedom in ashes without a Phœnix power in the smouldering ruins to raise again the fair fabric built by our patriot sires, and thus posterity may be left without a shrine, and America remain only a blackened ruin. I would paint no forbidding picture. Fain would I rather believe that, duly admonished, the future may be wisely forecasted and its destinies provided for in advance; that, the dependent freedmen, faithfully taught and divinely renovated, may become pillared supports of the republic—and that ere the cylinder of the century has completed its revolution, there may not only be occasion here for chanting still

"Hail Columbia; happy land,"

—but that the leaven of liberty shall have so spread that universal humanity may exultingly hymn:

"Take, Freedom, take thy radiant round;
When dimmed, revive—when lost, return;
And not a shrine on earth be found
In which thy glories do not burn."

I thought to dismiss this feature with a poetical climax. On reflection I cannot. It is quite too practical to be left with a quotation.

The American people owe a debt to the ignorant Africans, and to posterity, they cannot discharge with a mere sentiment of philanthropy. It will help them to compose themselves to their obligation if they will but reflect that slavery was not an evil without compensation.

The wretched creature that was brought from Africa is not the typical freedman that elicits so much interest, to-day, throughout christendom.

Let the fact stand for all it is worth. Through American slavery more Africans have been brought to Christ than by all the missionary efforts that have been expended upon Africa. It is admitted to be an instance of God's providential power for good overruling the avarice and wrath of men. It is a signal instance in which He has neutralized the poison and brought a great good out of human evil.

Southern christianity deserves recognition for its splendid work of evangelism during the era of slavery. The civil war found the negro slave under the domination of elementary christian ideas. The South builded better than they knew. The slaves knew the fundamental doctrines of our holy religion and were influenced by them as no pagan population in Europe had ever been. It has been quite the custom of a class of philanthropists to represent that all truth was shut out from the slave-mind that would tend to the creation of the idea of liberty. But the *fact* that most of the negroes of the South were christians at the close of the war, is an effectual answer to the statement. As in the days of Christ and his apostles,

when slavery was universal, christianity worked its legitimate fruits, and established relations between master and slaves, and found beautiful illustrations in the observance of mutual relations; so, in our own country, the blessed Gospel of Christ made just masters and faithful slaves, and innumerable instances existed of such relations as were prescribed by the Apostle and particularly, as in the case of Philemon and Onesimus.

The fact is too apparent for other than a fanatic or fool to deny, that while all slavery is contrary to christian brotherhood, God has overruled the American servitude of the negro race to the very best interest of black men. The exalted position they now occupy is not the product of twenty-five years of freedom, but of their two hundred years contact with christian civilization.

The negro race in America to-day is to be accepted as a trust of Providence. The Northern people are not to exhaust their interest in the feeling that they have been the instruments of their freedom. They are partners to the crime of slavery, and must, in common with the South, do everything they can to atone for the crime entailed upon them by their fathers and measurably accepted by them with quite too much complacency to bear the complexion of virtue. At the beginning, most of the colonies were slave territory. Abolition obeyed an isothermal line. It moved South as interest prompted—as the problems of soil and climate indicated.

The North was most interested in the slave trade and the slowest to abandon it. Time is nothing in

the view of God. Our fathers were slaveholders. The American nation is guilty of the great and inexcusable crime of slavery. The good that has come of it, by the overruling of the wrath, the cupidity, the tyranny of men, is no palliation for the offence. The awful libation of blood, paid in the civil war, is the exponent of the common guilt of the Republic. Neither side meant to abolish slavery, if, by its preservation the Union and the commercial interests of the country could be preserved. The Emancipation Proclamation was a war measure. *God abolished slavery.* That is the eternal truth. Let it stand. Let us feel that in consequence of our complicity, North and South, with slavery and divine intervention to overrule our cupidity, that we now owe a great obligation not only to these suddenly freed men, but to the South as suddenly surprised and convulsed by freedom.

When the sons of Noah saw their father's drunkenness, they advanced backwards, and cast their mantles over his shame, and then retreated. It behooves us, North and South, to imitate their example, and to retire from the spectacle of national degradation, refusing to look on the object of our common shame.

Our ancestors brought slaves here. They bought and sold them from New England to the Gulf. Time does not outlaw a crime. The wealth of the nation was partly made by their sweat and toil. Let not the North, like Pilate, wash its hands of the blood of slavery. Like the murder-stain on Lady

Macbeth's hand, "the damned spot will not out" at the bidding. Redress of wrongs will alone bleach it. To unchain their menagerie of ignorance and passions and leave them, proscribed by color, ranked with the gorilla, bought with corruption money, doomed by circumstances more tyrannical than chattel slave-laws, is to increase the perils of the republic. Eight millions strong to-day, they have only to increase in the ratio of the last twenty years to be one hundred and ninety-two millions strong in A. D., 2,000. A declinature on our part to aid those whom we have injured will be a blot on the national escutcheon and will give the lie to all our professions of liberty. They are now as docile as dependent; but let them grow, neglected, and pile up their traditions of wrong, and they, leagued with other elements of disturbance, will repeat the horrors of Saint Domingo, on our fair fields, and make our sewers run red with vengeance. The obelisk in Central Park stood for centuries unscathed on the sands of the Libyan Desert, and in the harbor of Alexandria. Brought to this cold climate, it shows decay, which, unarrested by scientific preventives, will go on until it will macadamize the spot it monuments.

So, work done in Africa by Livingstone, Stanley, and Bishops Hannington and Taylor may stand forever unimpaired, while the unacclimated, unassimilated Americo-African, fallen to decay by neglect, may become the merest human shale, trampled under foot, or may, like the blind and infuriated

Samson, in the temple of Dagon, pull down ruin on multitudes and himself.

Refuse to forecast the future. Say as the infatuated people of Pompeii, "After us the ruin," and posterity, inheriting our folly, will laugh at the cheat, and nations born with a higher birth-right will ridicule the farce of the war that broke the chains of slavery, only to forge the fetters of ignorance and superstition left fastened on a race, heir only to a legacy of shame and deserted of a guardian.

There are but few directions in which money can be put to better use than in the education and elevation of our brother in black.

It is not as a charity, simply, that we educate the negroes; but the colored man, having been invested with the elective franchise, it is as equally necessary to make him intelligent and virtuous as it is the white voter. A vote in the hands of a black citizen is quite as potent as in the hands of a white one. While we had, before the adoption of the constitutional amendment, conferring, by wholesale, on the freedmen the electorate, an alarming ignorant white vote, we have added to it, thereby, an appalling number with no independent ability to acquaint themselves with the fundamental law, and the great questions that currently agitate the public mind, and upon which candidates contest the places of political preferment and power. While it is granted that an ignorant people can be governed by autocratic power, supported by bayonets, it is equally true that none but an intelligent people can govern

themselves. Illiterate masses are but pliant tools in the hands of artful demagogues, and neither life, property, nor happiness can be regarded as secure while vicious ignorance holds the reins of power, and drives the chariot of State. Republican governments are built upon treacherous quicksands that rest their foundations upon a majority which can be easily deluded by traitors to liberty and brokers in the peace and prosperity of a people. Our census of ignorance is already sufficiently appalling; and to rapidly diminish this baleful power is alike the duty, as it should be esteemed the priceless privilege, of both the patriot and the philanthropist.

Whatever view we may have entertained of the propriety of the amendment to the Federal Constitution, which conferred the dignity of the voter upon the negro, it confronts us as a fact, and necessitates that we should deal with it as a practical problem, pressing upon us for a safe solution. If education, in a republic, be the basis of the civil order, then to elevate the ignorant Africans, who are clothed with the tremendous power of suffrage, becomes, at once, an imperative duty.

So, to return to the main point, or principle, let all our benevolent agencies "go," complementing the power of the pulpit—wherever there is sin to rebuke, minds to enlighten, or souls to save. Shake out the folds of the Gospel banner! Let the bandying breezes of heaven fan the flying flag, and every ensign hear the command of our Great Captain:

"Onward, christian soldiers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus going on before.
Christ the Royal Master, leads against the foe;
Forward into battle, see his banners go!"

Drummond tells us how the Hermit Crab, becoming too lazy to make its own shell, invaded that of the whelk, devouring the tenant and appropriating the ready-made house to his own occupation. When it became vagrant, degeneration set in, until, at last, it lost its natural protection and all power to recover it. It became limited in its sphere of movement and an arrant coward, in continual fear of assault. Hermit monks have had a like history. Forswearing the world, they have retreated to the desert, or to caverns, and, in solitude, become the prey of the vices they fled. Fellowship is rewarded with mental and moral growth, and spirituality is strengthened by the necessity of virtue and valor. Cravenly flying instead of fighting, monks have found they could not escape from themselves, and have sunk in imbecility and inward lust, and, finally perished by self-immolation. While the kingdom of God is not of the world, it is in the world. Christian heroism only shows itself by valorously confronting the triple-leagued enemy—the world, the flesh and the devil. Sin is *in* the man. He cannot be pruned into virtue. The worm is boring at the roots of being. Cutting off dead branches does no good when the coccus is gnawing at the vital centers. "Create in me a clean heart," is the prayer that recognizes the source and seat of sin. The dead rocks display elective affinities, and like leaps to like in beautiful crystallizations, but all

organic life springs and spreads from within. When the mole took to tunneling he lost his eyes. The sightless fish of the Mammoth Cave "chose darkness rather than light"—left the sun-lit, star-kissed, zephyr-swept waters of Green River, and paid the penalty nature always exacts when her blessings are despised. Invalids, who essayed to live in the cave, hoping, by breathing its highly nitrogenized air and living in its even temperature, to be restored, rapidly declined and lost their vision. Sunlight was found to be essential. So, the soul must live in the light of the Sun of Righteousness and feel its invigorating warmth, or spiritual blindness and torpor will ensue. The soul's health is dependent on light and love. Activity is a prime requisite of strength. Suspend an arm in a sling and the hand will soon lose its cunning. Refuse to speak and the tongue will cleave to the roof of the mouth and the brain will soften. Imbecility will ensue.

* * * * "Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fires,
Brightens for ornament and whets for use."

Nations locked up in exclusiveness, have steadily degenerated. Look at the cast-iron mind of China, under the hermit policy of the Tartar dynasty, the badge of loyalty to which is the cue. Get a Chinaman to part with his "pig-tail" and he immediately begins to grow ideas instead of hair. Look at Spain, bound in the chains of tradition, and compare her with the free kingdoms of Europe.

Italy has grown in power every year since the dispossession of the Papacy. Omissionary churches are either dying or dead, while the missionary churches are flourishing like the cedars on Lebanon.

*The Methodist Church builds four chapels a day, and she grows in all the elements of ecclesiastical strength. She has no dearth of ministers or congregations, because no "pent up Utica confines her powers." Choosing "the world for her parish," she is vital in every part, and is sending out her lines to the ends of the earth. Like the Banyan tree of the East Indies, it is rooting its branches in every fertile soil. Like the vine God "brought of Egypt: he prepared room for it and did cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills are covered with the shadow of it, and the boughs thereof are like the goodly cedars." Itinerancy may be a great iron wheel, turning many wheels within; but while the wheels turn there will be no rusting axles. It was the sound of a *going* that David heard, as a token of triumph in the tops of the mulberry trees. It was a vision of wheels that Ezekiel saw as the symbolry of a Divine Providence. "They four had one likeness, as if a wheel had been in the midst of a wheel. * * They went upon their four sides; they turned not as they went"—*they went straight forward.* "The glory of the God of Israel was over them above." An army in camp

*This church is mentioned only to illustrate the growth that waits on GOING, and to provoke other churches to imitate it in its progagation power, while holding on to the conserving influence of a settled pastorate.

rots. March it; fight it; cheer it with victory; crown it with glory, if you would maintain an *esprit du corps*, prevent desertion and secure enlistments. An army falling back wins no recruits. "Going to the front!" is the rallying cry of the recruiting sergeant. Nations that keep standing armies have provoked foreign war to avoid internecine strife.

An admiral, commanding a fleet, found himself at sea in time of war, with a mutinous crew. He learned the nature of the conspiracy and the watch-word, "Buff the cue!" He could have hung them to the boom. He steered alongside the enemy, trained his guns, and when ready to fire a broadside he pointed to his country's colors and said, "Now, my braves, buff the cue!" Mutiny gave place to loyalty and never did sailors and marines fight more heroically. Nothing contributes more to union in the home churches, the suppression of heresy and sedition, than to enlist all their surplus energies in domestic philanthropy and foreign evangelism. Is there trouble? Sail the ship into the thick of the fight; display her red-cross ensign. Never put the flag-ship in dock except to scrape the barnacles off her hull. Launch out into the deep. Safety is beyond the bar. It is death or deep water. Spread all her canvas. Head her direct for the enemy. As the Petrel is ever in sight of a storm, so, keep her in sailing distance of battle. The phantom-ship of Coleridge—becalmed on a brazen sea—nothing living but the ill-omening albatross, perched upon her shrouds, or scudding about her spars—

symbolizes a Church that has a name to live, but is dead. Let the Boatswain whistle up the crew and put the old Ship of Zion out on the rolling wave, with "a wet sheet and a flowing sea and a wind that gathers fast;"

> "Nail to the mast her holy flag,
> Set every threadbare sail
> And give her to the God of storms,
> The lightning and the gale."

He is aboard, who, when the wave is wroth, can speak to the troubled elements: "Peace, be still!" He calms the sea and rebukes the winds. "Be not afraid!" The gale is but driving the vessel on its way. At ease in Zion is as "a painted ship on a painted sea." Let the christian understand there are no ninety-day-troops in this Holy War; it is victory or death. Does some scout report the enemy's arrows so thick that they eclipse the sun? Be it ours to answer, "then we will fight in the shade." Does some soldier limp, let him say as the club-footed Greek, "I came to fight, not to run." Does some statistician suggest the overwhelming numbers of the foe, heroically reply, "show us not how many the enemy are, but where they are!" Remember the resources of our Leader. Antigonus was about to engage the Armada of Ptolemy. The timid marines murmured, declaring it madness to meet in battle so many more than they. The undaunted king rebuked their cowardice, saying, "But how many have ye counted me for?" O, ye of little faith! Do you grow disheartened as you compare the hosts of Satan

with the Army of the Cross? Shake off thy doubts and fears, and reckon how much the great Captain of our Salvation can be counted for, who has said: "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

When Cortez landed in Mexico he destroyed his ships. There he was, confronted by enemies, the ocean between him and Spain, without a keel to ferry him home. His troops saw it was victory, captivity, or death. When Warwick, the King-maker, was pushed to defeat, he drew up his steed in front of the faltering columns, calmly dismounted, threw back the neck of his charger, drew his sword, and drove it to the hilt in the heart of his horse. Thus he proved to his troops that he could not escape if he would, and that he would not desert them in defeat if he could. Our ships are burned, our horses are dead, and there is no alternative for the Church but conquest. "Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."

The troops of Henry of Navarre always felt assured of victory so long as they could discern the floating feathers of their chieftain's plume. Christ's command is, "Follow Me!" And our response should be,

> "Only Thou our Leader be
> And we still will follow Thee:"

Whatever the cause, no man has ever wrought or fought mightily who has not caught an inspiration from the far-above and the far-away, even as Moses

"endured, as seeing Him who is invisible." Who would not rather be Moses, taking a dying look at the Promised Land, than Aaron down on his knees before a golden calf?

A religion that constrains no sacrificial cost is worthless. The fact of holding on, and advancing, counting not life dear, if it be required, is the soul's proclamation of the majesty of the movement, and the sublimity of the stake. If to save a nation from disruption could induce our American Chieftain to say, "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," cannot the Sons of Christendom, impelled by the grandeur of their cause, cry out, "The world for Christ and Christ for the world," and endure hardness as good soldiers, wage the war and conquer a universal peace,

> "When one song shall employ all nations
> Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us!
> The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other; and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy—
> 'Till nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous hosannah 'round!"

If the apathy of the Athenians filled the golden mouth of Demosthenes, until, breathing patriotic appeals, he roused the sluggard to shout, "Let us march against Philip!"—shall not a world lying in wickedness produce Heralds of the Cross, who will not hold their peace until all Christendom becomes instinct with heroism, and resolved to do or die, rather than that remorseless invader of earth's Eden shall hold a single parapet on the planet? There can

be no looking back, much less turning back. Think of our own American hero, who, when mortally wounded in his twentieth battle, and gasping in death, asked to be turned over that he might have the privilege to die with his face towards the enemy.

Nothing is worthy of a christian hero but Paul's antithesis—"For me to live is Christ, to die is gain." Let the word fail perish; Christ *must* reign until He hath put all enemies under His feet. This is the spirit which will aid a man to the end, and make him triumphant; whereas, the possibility of failure confessed, breeds the expectation of defeat—acts as a traitor's bribe on imbecility, and prostrates the warrior sulking in his tent, when his sword should be cleaving the way to victory. Nothing so weakens an army as for a general to speak hesitatingly of the fate of an impending battle. Next to the treachery of Arnold, was the ignoble retreat of Charles Lee from Monmouth, when he should have been supporting Washington. Let not your lips sing the drivelling verse,

"Hold the fort."

No, oh no! Christianity is not beleaguered. No starving garrison like that of Lucknow, no hotspur challenge like that of the Percys, of Northumberland, with banners swung to the outer wall—symbolize the militant Church. The Church is aggressive and in the field. Ours is a march to the sea. Armageddon will be our Appomattox. We are not playing soldier. We are fighting no sham battle. We are indulging in no vain prance in the

tilt-yard. We are engaged in a war of conquest. Sin's hosts are not advancing, nor is Satan leading on. There is even now a wavering line, and soon there will be a retreat and a rout. "If God be for us, who can be against us?"

"God has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
Be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet,
For God is marching on."

"Much of the religion of our times lacks fibre. It is soft and flabby. It is given to enjoying itself. It is full of songs—especially of the sentimental and emotional type. It gushes on all possible occasions. It is nervous, excitable, inflammatory, explosive. But much of it is as powerless as purposeless. It lacks militancy and the spirit of martyrdom. It is timid where there is real danger; it is braver on dress parade than in the deadly breach.

"All over this continent and across the sea we sing,

'Hold the fort.'

"The Church is not sent into this world to 'hold the fort.' It is not on the defensive; it is not keeping a garrison; it is not resisting a siege. Let us change word and tune, and sing awhile—

'Storm the fort.'

"Think of Paul and Silas singing 'Hold the fort' in Philippi!"

God is preparing for His final charge, and will take the last fortress. Before the heights of Chapultepec the American army was drawn up in line, blistering beneath a Mexican sun. An impatient soldier

said to his comrade, "Why don't General Scott order the charge, and not keep us broiling here?" The better soldier answered, "General Scott is getting ready, and when he completes the distribution of his troops he'll take the fort in a hurry." God is getting ready. He will take this world in a hurry. "Behold I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me; and the Lord whom ye seek shall *suddenly* come to His temple."

A bishop of a Southern church expressed a fear that his church would not, unless it hurried up, get to Japan in time to share in the glory of its conversion. The air, like the clouds in the pictures of Fra Angelica, is thick with legions of angels. The thunder-footsteps of God make the earth to quake and the mountains to smoke. God is shaking all nations. Learn to labor and to wait. "God is not slack concerning His promises." He sees the end from the beginning. With Him, prophecy is history. Christ on the cross "saw the travail of His soul and was satisfied." All that ought to be will be. As the weaver of Arras cloth works on the rough side of the fabric wrought by his cunning hand, so the christian workman must not expect to see the beauty of his work until it is finished. The old chime-player of St. Nicholas, Amsterdam, heard not the music of the bells he struck, but from the tower floated the sweet strains that gladdened the toiler in the fields, and the sailor on the sea. You can no more compass the plans of infinite wisdom than you can wind up the mechanism of the universe with your watch-key.

"It is my deep conviction, and I say it again and again, that if the Church of Christ were what she ought to be, twenty years would not pass away till the story of the Cross would be uttered in the ears of every living man." (Dying words of Dr. S. C. Calhoun.)

If the church of the nineteenth century were instinct with the aggressive spirit that characterized the apostolic labors and lay liberality of the first—the year of jubilee would come before our ministerial neophytes are old enough to superannuate. When the church worshipped in caves and dells—was literally in the field, marching by day and bivouacing by night, it was incincible. When Israel encamped, her apostasies occurred. The rock of Horeb followed, in the wilderness, with its refreshing waters. It was beside the bitter waters of Marah that the Israelites murmured. The pillar of the moving cloud told of a hot sun on the heavenward side and earthward cool sand for the pilgrims' sandals. It is a rolling stone, accreting like a snow-ball with every revolution, that is to fill the whole world. It is the handful of corn scattered on the mountain-top that is to yield the abundant harvest; stored in the bin it will sweat and sprout, but will grow no harvest. The leaven of the kingdom spreads. The mustard seed growing, gives grateful shade and nests for the birds of heaven. Talents turned over—put to usury—double themselves. It's new wood that fruits. A tree cannot live on last year's sap. Nothing can warm at a bank of leached ashes. The crackling flames make warm

fire-stones. The Gospel cannot stay unless it goes. Brisk breezes, winnowing winds, make pure atmosphere. Bandying billows filter the seas. Floating clouds refresh the earth, and replenish the rivers. Christianity in circulation gives tonic vigor to the Body of Christ. We "whose souls are lighted with wisdom from on high" must bear the lamp of the Gospel to earth's benighted. The arithmetic of the Gospel is that of progression. Add and multiply and divide are its three rudiments. Subtraction is Satan's sole principle. If I wanted to light up the world, I would not depute a man to go with a torch to light a candle held in the hand of each man of earth's vast population. I would decree that when the first man's candle was lighted he should turn and light that of his neighbor, and he the next one to him, supposing them distributed within reaching distance —and thus multiplying the centres in an increasing ratio—the whole world might be lighted up before the first man's candle had burned out. So, as each soul is lighted, if it would turn and light the souls of those nearest, and they, in turn, were to engage in the illuminating work, it would not be long until the whole world would shine with the lustre of salvation. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light." Put God's truth into the souls of men and their faces will shine, like that of Moses, coming down from the mount, with the glory of God. Their bodies would be full of light, and, as through the diaphanous windows of a cathedral streams a mellow splendor, their light would be seen of men.

It is a law of dynamics that bodies moving under the impulse of any persistent power traverse space, increasing each moment, as 1, 3, 5, 7, etc., odd numbers, and the entire space is as the square of the time. This is equally true in morals and religion. We must progress or fall behind. We must press forward or fall by the wayside. Each step gives ability to quicken our pace. Ease is a mark of perfection. What a man can do easily he has done often. "He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might He increaseth strength. They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary." The unbent bow renews its strength to spring its next arrow. The eagle's greatest difficulty is in rising from the ground; the higher it flies the swifter it soars, the easier it sails. It must mount to get momentum for its quarry. Racers husband strength at the start that they may have strength to speed at the last. Diligent working and patient waiting mutually complement each other—just as a battery at one central point discharges two opposite forces, positive and negative, yet completing a perfect force. Watch and pray, work and wait, are Gospel twins. Paradoxes, but powers. A slight shift of the earth's polarity would transform the globe. A little more consecration and a "nation will be born to God in a day." It takes a hundred years of patient elaboration of the elements of its growth, from soil, sunshine and shower, to blossom the century plant. If God has set in the

heart of nature that lesson of patience, cannot God grow century plants of grace in our hearts? Confucius impressed himself on the mind of myriads of Mongolians. Deep-sea-dredging has brought up from the sunless depth of the sea cilicious life, which, when exposed to the light, displayed all the irridescent splendors of the rainbow. In the depths of Pagan darkness some converted Mandarin or Pundit may arise who will, in a generation, transform the thoughts of an entire race. Christianity may take on the form of a contagion. God can make spiritual health catching, and the great restoration may come in a single century. Already colossal charity is sporadic. It is the age of Peabodys, Cornells, Slaters, Seneys, Richs, Vanderbilts, DePauws, Coopers, Drews, Woffords, Warrens and Bostwicks. Men are becoming their own executors. Christian causes are heiring large fortunes. Millions and mites are getting converted. Alexander the coppersmith's craft is in peril, as was that of the Ephesian shrine-makers. Dagon totters before the Ark of the Lord. The streams of Siloa's fount run, as the fabled Pactolus, over golden sands. It is the age of philanthropy. Oberlins, Wilberforces, Howards, Frys, Nightingales, Dixs, multiply. The pool of Bethesda is troubled. It is the age of exploration, Livingstones, Stanleys, DuChailli, Franklins, Greeleys. The universal Yankee will not be content until he lights our cities with the Aurora Borealis, and nails his patriot flag to the North Pole. It is the age of rapid transit. Commerce is shortening its highways and the world

is being brought into neighborhood conditions. Man has bottled the lightning, and made it polyglotic. Cloven tongues of fire are speaking the language of Zion. International courts will take the place of war. The arbitrament of the sword will yield to the decision of reason and righteousness. The anvil waits to turn bayonets into pruning hooks, swords into ploughshares, and cannons into chimes of church-going bells. Apocalyptic thunder peals as the angels unstop the vials of God's treasured power. The dimpled hand of the child toys with the mane of the lion. The leopard and the lamb lie down together. Beneath my parsonage lot* the rattling trains speed through tunnelled rock. Faith has moved mountains. Over my head a great telegraphic lyre sings, and the matin of the Atlantic and the vespers of the Pacific blend. I hear the whirr of electric wings. The chariots of God are rumbling beneath our feet, and the air above our heads is tremulous with the wave of angelic plumage. "Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

> "We are living, we are dwelling,
> In a grand and awful time,
> In an age on ages telling
> To be living is sublime."

The Cross stands at the crossing of all the highways. Athwart the bosom of every cloud stretches the sacred symbol, and tens of thousands of constantines read the legend, "In this sign conquer." The star of love makes its transit of the sun. As in the

*Jersey City, N. J.

Southern heavens, no traveler, looking up, cannot fail to see the splendid constellation of the Southern Cross, so, no one can fail to discern "brightest in night's diadem," "light of every pagan sky," the ascending star of Bethlehem. The herald of the coming daybreak hangs twinkling on the eastern horizon. Rosy fingers are reaching up to unlock the gates of day. The mountains begin to glow. The transfiguration of the earth and sky is at hand. "Sing with us, ye heavens!" earth's minstrels shout: "The morning cometh, the darkness is past, the shadows flee away, the true light shineth now." Angels answer the summons, and like an antiphonal chorus, send the cheering assurance back: "Thy sun shall no more go down; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEASURE OF DUTY.

To what extent are we to honor God with our substance? We answer; *according to our ability*, but with not *less* than one-tenth. Christian beneficence does not fix a *maximum* limit. It holds all possessions and incomes in trust for the Lord. It gives from a principle enthroned in the heart, and not from a mere rule imposed from without. The Gospel does not reassert the tithe principle, but suggests one of a nobler character of which the "grace of our Lord Jesus Christ" is the type—and love to Him and His cause the inspiring motive. It does not refer to patriarchal precedents, or extinct Jewish institutions. It knows nothing of a calculating religion, like that exhibited by Jacob in his vow: "If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on; of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee." (Gen. xxviii. 20.)

The hymn of the consecrated heart is:

> "To Thee our Covenant God,
> We'll our whole selves resign,
> And count that not our tenth alone
> But all we have is thine."

John Wesley advised: "Make all you can, save all you can, give all you can." Certainly if Christ

commended the poor widow who gave the two mites, "all the living she had," the rich, of their abundance, must give more than a tenth of their income to expect His approbation. The law of tithes has no just application to the rich. No fixed standard can control their contributions. Their gifts must be according to the "ability" they have, and must proceed from spontaneous generosity, or rather from a divinely-prompted feeling of liberality.

But it would greatly assist us to understand what the Lord would have us to do by familiarizing ourselves with what God did, under the Jewish theocracy, require of Israel.

The fact that Abram gave tithes to the priest of the most high God (Gen. xiv: 19, 20.) and that Jacob at Bethel vowed, "of all that Thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto Thee"—clearly indicates that the doctrine of "*the tenth is the Lord's*"—existed prior to the giving of the Mosaic law.

Indeed, the doctrine of divine ownership and human stewardship, and the custom based on it, seems to be a dictate of natural religion. Xenophon gives us an inscription upon a pillar standing near the Temple of Diana, admonishing the people to offer annually the tenth of their revenues to the Goddess. The Romans offered a tenth of the spoils of war to their gods. Festus affirms that the ancients gave a tithe of everything to their gods. Cæsar records that the Gauls offered a tenth to their "god of battles." It is not questioned that the custom was practiced in the patriarchal ages, and that God raised it to the

dignity of a law, and laid its observance on Israel. A failure to pay it was regarded as a robbery of God. (Mal. iii: 8.) The tithe is the Lord's, "the possessor of heaven and earth." (Gen. xiv: 19, 22.)

David made the devout confession, "All things *come* of thee, and of thine own have we given thee."

The Gospel is the enlargement of the spirit and practice of religion. It abolishes the burdensome ceremonial rites of the Levitical Dispensation, but it expands all the great principles of piety. Christians are not, therefore, to do less, but more than was required of the Jews. All—both rich and poor—are to act under the direction of the benevolent spirit of Christ. The Holy Ghost writes on every regenerate heart,—"none liveth unto himself." A divine charity is, by grace, planted in the heart. The native roots of selfishness are plucked up. "For me to live is Christ" is the formula of consecration. We are to give not only money, but time, talents, influence, example. Some devote to purposes of piety and deeds of charity much more than a tenth of their time, talents and labor, and hence, the available income in dollars and cents is made so small as to render the giving of a tenth of that well nigh impossible. Personal services are, when well employed, equivalent to money, and a mere mathematical application of the tithe-law would work an injustice, in some cases, where these are rendered. Did not Jesus give the highest commendation when he said of the woman, "She hath done what she could!"? The christian principle is thoroughly stated when it

is said, *we are to do all we can in the fear of God and out of love to Christ.* The measure of our gifts must be estimated on the basis of the necessities of the cause and the ability to help in view of the incentives.

There are those who object to church assessments, but the tithe system was a divinely legislated plan of assessment. The Jews were assessed the tenth of all they produced, as you will perceive by referring to Lev. xxvii: 30, 33; Num. xviii: 21, 24; Deut. xiv: 22. The tax included a tenth of everyone's income, of his cattle, sheep, kids, grain, vegetables, fruits, wine, oil, and even the mint by the garden wall. Everything was *assessed* for the support of the Jewish Church. And the church-part had to be of the *best.* No sobby wood, weevil-eaten wheat, tainted meat, or frost-bitten fruits. "All the best of the oil, and all the best of the wine, and of the wheat, the first fruits of them which they shall offer unto the Lord —them have I (Aaron) given Thee." (Num. xviii: 12.) Even the first born male children had to be redeemed from the priest (a poll tax paid on them) of five shekels of silver. Field, garden, fold and herd, were assessed. If the pagan idolators gave a tenth at their shrines—the Jew, in an inferior dispensation of God's mercy, was required to offer a tenth—shall we, who live in the fullness of time, and enjoy the blessed Gospel of saving and supporting grace, think that we ought to do less? But the Jews, when they paid their assessment, added to it numerous gifts. They gave a portion of their first fruits, wheat, barley, grapes, figs, pomegranates, olives and honey

(Deut. xviii: 4.) The quantity was not fixed by statute, but each donor gave as his generosity prompted. They also gave of the first articles manufactured. (Deut. xxii: 29; Lev. xxii: 14.) Indeed, to meet the fixed assessments and the perquisites it is calculated that every Israelite paid of his income one-fifth.

When the "sons of Jacob" apostatized from this liberality, and expended their resources upon their own lusts, God accused them of downright robbery and cursed them with a curse for withholding their "tithes and *offerings*." (Mal. iii: 8, 12.) The prosperity of Israel was suspended on the liberality of Israel. God cursed them for neglecting their priests and the altar, (Deut. xxviii: 15.) and blessed them when they repented and returned and brought tithes into the storehouse.

If history be "philosophy teaching by example," we cannot be at a loss to learn from God's dealings with His ancient people that which may profit us. Though we have changed the day of our Sabbath, we yet observe for sacred use one-seventh of our time. We do not infer that we shall give God no more than one-seventh, but that we can give him no less. We observe days of prayer and fasting and thanksgiving. So, under the Gospel we act under an expansive principle of benevolence. We cannot conclude that we can do less than give one-tenth of our income to the Lord's treasury. We are not to overlook the fact that christianity has passed into State institutions, forms of charity that are supported by taxation,

such as public schools, almshouses, reformatories, insane asylums, schools and hospitals for the deaf and dumb and blind and imbecile. Christian wealth flows through these channels. The christian must cultivate the feeling of cheerfulness with reference to such taxation for humane purposes, and not pay his taxes with a reluctant spirit. Covetousness may find vent in the shape of grudging objections to these benefactions of society. The payment of such taxes with a "willing mind," a cheerful disposition, because of the good the money does the ignorant and unfortunate, may be made a means of grace to christian tax-payers. When questions of taxation for eleemosynary purposes are submitted at the polls, the christian voter must see that covetousness does not determine the casting of his ballot. Taxation enforced by the will of others may do society good, but, unless there be a cheerful assent, upon the part of the tax-payer, it will not do him any good. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not *charity*, it profiteth *me* nothing."

Dean Swift said: "Whoever can make two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before deserves better of mankind, and does more essential service to his country than the whole parliament of politicians put together." This is true only of a parliament of selfists and corruptionists. A legislature may be a great power for philanthropy, and the christian man has the power in it for great good. There are coarse utilitarian natures always crying out "what good?" Why was not this ointment sold and the money given

to the poor, instead of wasted on the dusty feet of this travel-stained stranger? Why was not this appropriation made to dig a canal, to open a mine, to grade a railroad, or withheld altogether, to lighten the burden of taxation, instead of being expended on this herd of unremunerative beneficiaries? Society does not exist in governmental forms merely for gross material ends. In our christian land and age no man is worthy of being dignified as a statesman who does not include the highest practicable education of the people, and the greatest possible mitigation of the wants and woes of a suffering humanity, within the compass of his civil policy. He may be silver-voiced in the Senate and trumpet-tongued upon the hustings, and have a knowledge of all the diplomatic arts and the shrewdness of parliamentary *finesse*; but unless he speaks, schemes and sweats for the elevation of his constituency, in mind and morals, and an abatement of the wretchedness of those who are the victims of hereditary or accidental misfortunes, he cannot rightfully wear the toga and title of an American statesman. When the loftier impulses of an unselfish patriotism and philanthropy desert the breasts of our publicists, then the Senates of the Republic will be transformed from an Areopagus of wise and honorable men into a gladiatorial ring. There are multitudes now, alas, crying out against every charity of the State, and it is the voice of a mob insane with vicious propensities and deaf to the entreaties of those who voice the plea of mercy. Aye, my readers, lay your ear to the ground, and

see if you cannot hear the heavy thud of the pick-axes of the sappers and miners at work on the foundations of the Temple of Liberty!

Why should the legislator degrade his high office to that of a mere money-changer, trafficking in the very portico of that temple dedicated, by christian civilization, to purposes of the most sacred character? Why should he consent to be a mere prison warden, a whipman and an executioner, when it is his prerogative to conserve all that is true and beautiful in society? Why, wearing a Gorgon's head and bearing the knout or the sword in his avenging hand, should he appear before the people as a mere sheriff or turn-key of justice, and not as the advocate and fearless friend of all that is good in the sight of God and the pure? If terror of offended law, and the great dividends of bloated corporations, measure the altitude of his aspirations and the breadth of his attributes, then his station is no more dignified than the constable who whips, the sheriff who ties the fatal noose, or the actuary who counts up, and divides, and pays the coupons of covetousness. A legislator, deserving of the title, should covet honor and renown by marking the pathway of his public career with sculptured monuments of mercy, rather than parading through his career as some Apollyon of fear, brandishing his dart from his mailed and punitive hand. Blessed be the legislator of charity! Blessed be the statesmen who have struck their names into the rock because of the music of Advent night and the sentiment of the angel's song and

the shining choristers on which the Star of Bethlehem shone!

In the vatican at Rome there is a fresco, unmarred by the three hundred years that have passed since it was painted, which is Raphæl's grandest picture—the Transfiguration. Standing in the midst of the wondering group, with transformed countenance and shining raiment, is the Savior,—Moses and Elias, the Celestial embassadors, occupying positions at His right; while prostrate in adoring awe and astonishment, beneath the over-canopying cloud, are James, John and Peter, gazing at their transfigured Master, with hands over their eyes to shelter their dazed vision from the direct rays of the God-glory. With that wonderful conceptive power which made the painter a master of the pencil, he portrays another group waiting for Jesus at the foot of the hill. Among the skeptical scribes, the baffled lawyers, the puzzled physicians, is a poor possessed boy, writhing, foaming and gnashing his teeth, while his demoniac eyes, in their wild, rolling agony, already catch a glimpse of Christ in His glory on the summit of the mount. Peter wanted to build permanent tabernacles and abide there. Suppose Jesus had stayed there with this select company, and refused to suffering humanity His example of sorrow, agony and death, what would have been the fate of the world? Where would have been the poor stricken children of earth? But He came down from the mountain, and here we are, and cold and callous is the heart and deaf the ear that does not hear Him say: "Inasmuch

as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." No longer is He here to heal with a touch the blind, to bid the lame leap for joy, and to dispossess the soul of the demons of ignorance, imbecility or madness. But *we* are here to represent Him. The era of miraculous power being gone, Christian benevolence, inspiring the intellect to fresh energies, has come in to occupy the place; and though no zeal of charity, no charm of science, can, as the Great Physician, heal disordered minds, they, nevertheless, abate sin's pain-giving prerogatives, and startle its drear empire with a message and mission of cheer.

It is a distinguished characteristic of our civilization, that society includes within its humane care every unfortunate subject of want and woe. In all savage lands, physical power is the supreme, dominating influence, cruelly neglecting all who can not care for themselves; and, if the strong permit the weak to live, they are tolerated only that they may be *made* to contribute to their wants or passions.

Among a Pagan people but little concern is felt for the victims of infirmity and helplessness. Woman is yoked to the plow, locked up in the harem, outlawed her husband's board and denied the boon of immortality. Female children are regarded as curses, treated as pests, reared for the slave market, bartered to lust, or gaoled in the seraglios. Even culture, unleavened by christian grace, proved inadequate to the suppression of cruelty, and to order the practice of benevolence, in the palmiest days of Greece and Rome. The names of Tiberius, Caligula, Nero,

Caracalla, start a shiver of repulsion through the blood. Such was the cruelty of the Romans to their aged slaves that it was not uncommon to banish them to an island in the Tiber to perish by neglect, and it was not infrequent that their flesh was fed to the fishes in the piscatories of the Princes. Gladiatorial shows, in which the captives of war fought with wild beasts, and were crushed by their ravenous jaws, or torn and mangled by their claws, were the favorite arena-performances in the crowded amphitheatre.

Even among the classic Athenians, the abandonment of one's child to starvation or to ferocious beasts was tolerated without criticism or censure. Solon gave the law permitting parents to kill their children when poverty or infirmity made them a burden. Plato and Aristotle approved and commended the bloody code. Enterprises looking to the beneficent care of the old, the widowed, the orphaned, the unfortunate, the paupered, were totally unknown to the age of Alcibiades and Pericles, when Greece was literally garlanded with the products of genius, and to the age of Augustus Cæsar, the patron of art and letters, whose court was crowded with poets, orators, philosophers, artists and warriors. Corinth, Athens, Rome, were embellished with temples for the gods—Pantheons and Parthenons; giant statues, wrought by the chisels of Praxiteles and Phidias, in ivory, marble and gold, stood among their fanes; city gates, sculptured over with allegorical scenes, whose artistic excellence is admired to this day, were the

portals of their mural defences; triumphal arches, all decorated with costly carvings and inlay of pearls and precious stones, spanned the streets; the Acropolis and Capitoline hills were crowned and crowded with the products of taste and refinement—but no summit or vale was blessed with a hospital, asylum, infirmary, or a school for the mute, blind and imbecile. Public charities were unknown. Benevolence mixed no colors for the painter's canvas, quarried no marble for the sculptor's chisel, strung no lyre for the muse's thrill, cut no ashlers for humanity's temple, wove no garlands for rhetoric's periods, formulated no logic for the schoolman's subtlety, forged no armor for the warrior's breast, furnished no fagots for Vesta's fires, brought no tears to Venus' eyes, and pleaded no cause in Themis' court.

But what a transition Christ wrought when he traced the paths of love with the footprints of mercy from the cradle to the cross, from Bethlehem to bliss! What a transfiguration of misery His transforming spirit worked! His Gospel was glad tidings to the poor, the sick, the stranger, the orphan, the widow, the old and the unfortunate—no matter what the mark of misery. It connected the offertory with the communion, and made the giving of alms a means of grace. It made a welcome for the sandaled stranger and a bath for his bare and blistered feet; it built orphanages for the fatherless, homes for the widowed, alms-houses for the poor; it was eyes to the blind, ears to the deaf, a staff to the lame, balm to the wounded, medicine to the sick, freedom for the slave,

reason for the demoniac, mercy for the Magdalen, forgiveness for the thief, pity for the apostate, Salvation for the Sinner. When Christ came, the lame leaped for joy, the eyes of the blind were couched, the sick were healed of their maladies, little children were exalted by his blessing, the possessed and demented felt his demon-expelling and mind-restoring power, the bier gave up its dead, and the grave became a cradle of life. No matter now, how weak and warped the child, or how bent and battered the old, mercy is the nurse of the helpless, at either extreme of life. The prisoner of war no longer sates the ravening appetite of the Numidian lion, but compassion steals to the captive's side, kisses his chains, and melts their rivets. Woman has been emancipated from her servitude to lust and her slavery to appetite, and sphered amid the higher lights of our civilization, like the Apocalyptic Angel standing in the sun. Pestilence no longer, unchallenged, stalks with stealthy step through the slums of vice, and leaves her swollen victims to fester where they fell; but, the light of love descends upon the path of the plague, disinfects its feculent breath, and gives gentle quarantine to the fugitive from its fury.

Little children, since He blessed them, and said, despise them not, gambol in innocent glee on the sunny slopes of youth, while a protection stronger than the shield of law is spread over their heads; old age enjoys "light at the eventide," and puts on its noblest crown when the almond tree flourishes, and "the grasshopper is a burden;" palatial homes and

schools crown the verdant summits for the blind and mute; and poor idiot children are gathered up, and borne in the arms of a gracious and generous State to a refuge, where learning and love combine to fan into a flame the vital spark that smolders amid the ashes of impaired intellect. Benevolence, all stranger to the classic capitals of antiquity, is now the welcome guest of every society; aye, is domiciled and has gone to housekeeping in every city.

The Great Teacher taught those heavenly-descended lessons that now underlie and overtop the institutions of all enlightened nations. His doctrines have not only regenerated sinners, but States. Through the benign influence of His lessons of wisdom and love, the dependent classes of society have been elevated from that condition of ignorance, tyranny and contempt, which history chronicles, to a plane of privileges with any and all; while education sheds its light, even as the sun, through the window of the thatched cottage as brightly as though the oriel of the lordly mansion, and religion, catches up the torch of salvation, and, threading the night of gloom, seeks the lost, and leads them recovered, redeemed and regenerated out into the abounding air and the open sunshine. The fruits of christianity certainly justify the confession of the infidel Bolingbroke: "No religion ever appeared in the world whose natural tendency was so much directed to promote the peace and happiness of mankind. It makes *right reason* a law in every sense of the word. And, therefore, even supposing it to have

been a purely human invention, it has been the most amiable and most useful invention that was ever imposed on mankind for their good."

The State, catching the spirit of christian benevolence, is fast becoming a corporate benefactor of the afflicted.

Love is, to the gift, what color and fragrance are to the flower,—what incense was to the temple sacrifice. Like the philosopher's stone, which turned all it touched into gold, it imparts new grace and quality to every act. It adds incalculable value, in the estimate of God, to the widow's mite, or the cup of cold water given a disciple in the spirit of Christ-love. The Gospel conducts its disciples to Calvary and there bids them view the cross, and to be quickened into generosity by the faith and feeling it inspires. When St. Paul would exhort the Philippians to "look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others," he tells them of the mind which was in "Christ Jesus: who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men: and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." (Phil. ii: 7, 8.) "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." (Phil. ii: 5.)

Except your righteousness shall *exceed* the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. (Math. v: 20.)

At a negro meeting three resolutions were adopted:

1. We will all give.
2. We will all give according to our ability.
3. We will all give cheerfully.

One who came up with his gift, but not proportioned to his ability, was not allowed to put it down. Presently, he came up with the amount, but in a surly manner, and again the chairman would not permit him to deposit. He resumed his seat, reflected on his course, was warmed by the happy singing, and with full amount and a beaming face he marched up to the table with his subscription. "There," said the chairman, "that is now according to the three resolutions."

The gift is mean unless it is all required. "Unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." (Luke xii: 48.)

The gift is not of the kind that does the giver good, unless it be gracefully, cheerfully done. "As there was a readiness to *will*, so there may be a performance also out of that which ye have. For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." (II Cor. viii: 11, 12.) Until a man can give cheerfully, he has not measured up to the Gospel standard. His gift is the salad, his cheerfulness the condiment with which it is dressed and made palatable. The Apostolic rule for doing "all to the glory of God" will contribute to a happy spirit. "A rich man should do with his wealth what the poor man should do with his wages—*get the good of it.*" (Dr. Deems.) A

christian ought to get a great deal of good out of giving. It ought to make him happy to get because of the joy attending the giving it away.

The fact is that it is not one-tenth that belongs unto the Lord, but ten-tenths. What portion belongs to the Lord? All! Even that which we use ourselves is His. "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do *all* to the glory of God." (I Cor. x: 31.) Zaccheus said, "the half of my goods I give to the poor." Zaccheus was half right. Disabuse the mind of ownership. Use it to stewardship. Study to place your money where it will do the most good. "Blessed is the man that *considereth* the poor."

To talk about what we owe to the Lord seems a blasphemy. How much is meant in the hymn!—

> "But drops of grief can ne'er repay,
> The debt of love I owe,
> Here Lord, I give myself away,
> 'Tis all that I can do."

Christ points to his Cross—and then to his cause; and says to believers, trying to calculate what they must pay by reckoning up the cost of selfish gratifications, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Oh, brother, are you puzzled about how much you must give away? Go to the source of light, wearing the cross on your breast; "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God." The answer from a throne of grace will tell you how much. In all our reading we have never seen anything more sensible than the

ideas of * Rev. Wm. Arthur, D. D., from which we condense the following:

"1. All persons having equal incomes are not bound to give equal sums, however their other circumstances vary. Size of family, expense of living in different localities, difference in station or office, may decide the proportion.

"2. All persons are not required to give the same proportion of their incomes, however its gross amount may vary. One may give a tenth and feel it because of an income barely at the living point. Another, by reasons of prosperity, may give a half and then be puzzled to spend the other half.

"3. Persons are not bound to give away all their income so as to *admit* of no increase of capital, or extension of business. To be honestly rich is no crime. Trusting in 'uncertain riches,' high-mindedness is sinful. A man may enjoy the fruits of his labor which the Lord has blessed. With capital and skill he may make money with which to do more good. 'Rich in good works,' if he is 'ready to distribute,' 'willing to communicate,' in the degree in which the Lord prospers, then he may get, 'richly enjoy,' and give. A man may not innocently make the costs of the pride of life, houses, furniture, pictures, parks, servants, travel, an excuse for withholding from the Lord. Job was upright, fearing God, eschewing evil, when the richest man in all the

* A small book entitled "The Duty of Giving Away a Stated Part of Our Income," has been reprinted in America by the Presbyterian Board of Publication. Philadelphia, 1857.

East; but note, that while his children were holding family feasts and the joy of abundance was in their homes, he was 'continually' rising early, going to the altar of God, and offering up offerings in large number. And how did he live among his neighbors, while thus honoring God? "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me: *because* I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me: and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. . . . I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame. I was a father to the poor: and the cause which I knew not I searched out." (Job. xxix: 11-15.) Thus continually and liberally offer unto God; thus bountifully distribute to man; and so long as we see you so doing, may your "garners be full, affording all manner of store." May the Lord "bless the work of your hands, and may your substance be increased in the land." Thus observing a cheerful liberality, it is legitimate to let "riches increase," but the truth has fair statement in the following principles:

"That not to give away any part of our income is unlawful.

"That to leave what we shall give to be determined by impulse or chance, without any principle to guide us, is unlawful.

"That to fix a principle for our guidance, by our own disposition, or by prevalent usage, without seeking light in the word of God, is unlawful.

"That when we search the scriptures for a principle, the very lowest portion of our income for which we can find any show of justification, is a tenth of the whole.

"That, therefore, it is our duty to give away statedly, for the service and honor of our God, at the very least, one-tenth of all which he commits to our stewardship."

Is it lawful for a christian to be more selfish than was permitted a Jew?

Is the gospel enlarging in every other respect and minifying with respect to money? Giving is an essential characteristic of the christian religion. God *gave* his son. (Jno. iii: 16.) "Thanks be to God for the unspeakable *gift.*" (II Cor. ix: 15.) Christ gave his life. He "loved me and *gave* himself for me." (Gal. ii: 20.) The Holy Spirit is a free gift. "And when Simon saw that through laying on of the apostles' hands the Holy Ghost was *given*, he offered them money. . . But Peter said unto him, Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the *gift of God* may be purchased with money." (Acts viii: 18, 19.) Do we lack wisdom? We have but to "ask it of God that *giveth* unto all men liberally and upbraideth not; and it shall be *given* him." (Jas. i: 5.) It is at the basis of philanthropy: "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days. *Give* a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth." (Ec. xi: 1, 2.) The rice sower sees his seed sink and disappear. So with many a philan-

thropic enterprise. It finds little favor in its day; it seems to fail of lodgment in an adequate number of minds; the sower desponds; but a divine germ was in the love-grain, it dies to live, and ere the husbandman is aware the subsiding water discloses it green and growing, and after a long waiting it yields a glorious harvest.. God's word always has vitality at its heart and never returns unto him void. The conversion of the world is to be a *present* ensuing prayer. "Ask of me, and I shall *give* thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." (Psalm ii: 8.) He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap. In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they shall be alike good." (Ec. xl: 4, 6.) Sow beside all waters, sow in tears. God's waft is on the wind, his moisture beside the river and in your eyes. Do the right deed, speak the fit word. Do it in faith; prayerfully commit and commend it to God. Wafted beyond your ken, the All-seeing Eye follows it; and whether on a time or eternal shore, the reaper will bind his sheaves.

Then scatter the seed-corn
While ye may,
Old time is fast a-fleeting,
And the golden grain
Ye sow to-day,
To-morrow ye'll be greeting.

The harvest shall answer to the sowing; scant seed-scattering, then small sheaves and shocks. Bountifully, cheerfully, and not from "necessity," from pressure,

shame, pride, "grudgingly," and the Lord of the Harvest will give back an hundred-fold. "Faith working by love" disdains arithmetic. Talk of tithes! Just as well speak of one-tenth interest in Christ's blood. The atonement is not divisible. We sing, "had I a thousand hearts, Lord, they should all be thine," and then calculate having a thousand dollars above food and raiment wherewith to be content to put nine hundred into our hoard, or spend it in self-gratification. A salvation that is to the "uttermost," requires an *uttermost* consecration. Jesus did not redeem ten per cent. of you; neither can you give him ten per cent. of your service and money. Is your fortune locked up in stocks, houses and lands so that you have nothing to give? Then "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old,—a treasure in the heavens" beyond the cunning of thieves, and the gnawing of moth, "for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Do you want your treasure in "old bags?" They will rot. Your unused money will rust, and its "rust shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire." But you have saved for your children. Within reasonable limits this is commendable and you are a public benefactor, "for he who starts in life a competitor in the labor market, and leaves it in a condition to employ others, does a general service." But may you not be disquieting yourself in vain, heaping up riches, knowing not who shall gather them. What if your daughter marries a spendthrift, and

your son be a prodigal, wasting his substance upon harlots and in riotous living? What if all your skill and sweat and saving go to enrich the courtesan and saloon-keeper? What if your thrift be turned into a curse to consume your children, and blight, instead of bless, humanity? Had you not better put a goodly portion of your wealth where it will bless the world when you are in the world above, and let the rivulet you started widen and deepen until it becomes an Amazon of good? Would it not be wise to save something for yourself by laying up treasure above, putting in a good foundation against the time to come? "As with our life, so with our money; he that saveth his money shall lose it; and he who, for the Lord's sake and the Gospel's sake, loses his wealth shall find it. The only money we save for ourselves is what we give to the Lord." (Dr. Arthur.)

On a crumbling monument in the parish Church of Leek, Staffordshire, England, is this quaint epitaph:

"As I was, so be ye;
As I am, ye shall be;
That I gave, that I have;
What I spent, that I had;
Thus I end all my cost;
What I left, that I lost."

When God requires thy soul "then whose shall these things (much goods and riches) be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not *rich towards God.*" (Luke xii:20, 21.) Lazarus died rich; Dives poor. "WHO DIES RICH? He who, whether he leaves much or little, or nothing

behind him, has treasure laid up in heaven. *He dies rich.* WHO DIES POOR? He who, whatever he leaves behind him, has nothing laid up before him. *He dies poor.*" (Dr. Arthur.) Make certain of the "unsearchable riches of Christ." Get a good bank account in heaven.

But let not the poor think they are exempt from giving. "He who delights in mercy has never yet denied the poor the joy of giving." Did the stable-born, homeless Jesus "think it a pity that the widow should give away her two mites? Or did he tell Mary that the costly box of spikenard was too much for one of her means? Would he have listened to the lad if he had begged to keep his lunch instead of giving it up to feed the multitude?" The boy had left, more than he contributed. And when the prophet heard from the widow of whom he had begged a little bread, that she was so poor as to say, "I have not a cake," did he think it would be a loss to her to give, for the Lord's sake, a little of her meal? St. Paul plainly contemplates giving as the immediate result of labor in the case of one recovered from a clan of thieves. "Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, *that he may have to give to him that needeth.*" (Eph. iv: 28.) If then, a reformed thief, just beginning to earn his own bread, is at once to set before him the joy of giving away a share of his earnings; who dare degrade the working men of Christendom, by telling them they are to look on themselves as meant only to feed their own wants?

O, what a blessing had it been to many a poor working man, what a saving to his means, what a comfort to his home, had his father trained him to honor the Lord with the first fruits of all his increase!

"'*But there are those whom we do not call the poor, who yet are in more straits than they—persons of small means and respectable position.*' I should be the last man on earth to press hard on that class. There are no sorrows I would hold more sacred than theirs, who unite in themselves the feeling of the rich and the fortunes of the poor. Poverty is a cold wind, and the higher your situation, the colder it blows. But this is to be said: However sacred may be the claims of respectability, or the desire to honor your family, and keep up appearances, more sacred still are the claims of gratitude, piety and goodness. Nor will it ever prove that what you painfully spare your own respectability for the purpose of honoring your God, will fail to bring back its reward. 'Those that honor Me will I honor.'" (Dr. Arthur.)

CHAPTER IX.

SYSTEMATIC BENEVOLENCE.

THE PLAN.—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." (I Cor. xvi: 2.)

THE PRINCIPLE.—According to ability—"as God hath prospered him." Prosperity depends upon dutiful giving. To give is to get. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." Why should a christian be afraid to try that promise more than "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved?" The one is not a rotten plank and the other a bridge of iron. Both will carry the pressure trust can put upon them.

It is also made an assurance of spiritual blessing, and rests on the divine ability to reward liberality with grace. Christ "is able to save to the uttermost" all that come unto God by him. So is he able to make a lean soul fat. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work; . . . being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness." To be stingy is to stint the soul. If God gives his Son, and Christ gives his life, ought not you to give as you are able, to confer the bless-

ing of the gospel on others? Was Christ to empty himself to save you, and shall not his love constrain you to try and save others? "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that ye, through his poverty, might be rich." On this Dr. W. M. Taylor remarks: "The bringing of such a motive to bear on so simple a thing as the making of a contribution for the poor saints of Jerusalem, seems like cracking a nut with a mammoth steam-hammer. But Paul knew what he was about when he dictated these words. He wanted to exalt and consecrate all christian beneficence by having it done from the most powerful christian motive. And after the presentation of such a motive there is no more to be said. For when men know the grace of Christ they will never feel that they have given him enough; and till they know it they will never give him anything. They may contribute to keep up appearances, or to be like other people, or to gain a reputation, but they will never give to him until they know his grace. This is the very pith and marrow of the matter. Before men give to Christ they must receive from him; and when they receive Christ himself unto their hearts, they will be impelled to give—*impelled*, not compelled—for the delight and the duty will coincide, or, rather, the duty will be merged in the delight. So we come around to the point at which we set out—a revived church will become a giving church. And a giving church is the fore-herald of a converted world."

Enriched by Christ's blood, you are under bond to make his condescending love known to others:

"I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be
And quickened from the dead.
I gave My life for thee;
What hast thou done for me?"

Dare you answer that question and tighten your purse-strings? If your pocket-book is not regenerated, question the regeneration of your heart.

WHO MUST GIVE.—"Every one." There are no privileged classes in this matter. Parents and children must give. As you cannot save your children by attorneyship, neither can you give for them. Give to them that they may give and enjoy the blessing attached to this grace, and be "brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," in the principle and practice of liberality, as in faith and hope, in prayer and praise. Standing before the sacred treasury be able to say, "Here, Lord, am I, and the children thou hast given me."

WHEN TO GIVE.—Periodically—regularly. Cultivate the habit of giving. "Man is a bundle of habits." Doing a thing often makes it easy. The stated time is the holy Sabbath—"on the first day of the week." Nothing ought to be done on the Sabbath that is not religious. The Bible commands that giving should be done on the Sabbath; therefore, it is an act of worship. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." Remember to give on the Lord's day, for giving is an element of

holiness. "It is lawful to do good on the Sabbath day." A Fiji convert offered to give in advance the entire sum he proposed to contribute at one time. The wise pastor said, "No; pay in weekly installments. If you only open a door once a year, the hinges will get rusty."

Take an account of stock and strike a conscientious balance, deducting the debt you owe the Lord for the prosperity granted you; "lay by in store" for the Sabbath collection. As well go to the house of God prayerless, as praiseless and purseless. As oft as ye take the sacrament you do it in remembrance of the Savior. Do it often that duty may be habitually performed, and "that you may be blessed in the deed." Let not the collection plate be to you "a stone of offense." Let it be an Ebenezer.

THE SPIRIT.—"He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Seed and harvest stand in the relation to each other as cause and consequence. Be niggardly in the use of grain and your shocks will be wide apart. Some sow so sparingly that the grain does not stand thick enough to reap. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Look to the motive. The quality of an action resides in the intention. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver;" and a cheerful giver loves God. The points are: (1.) All must give. (2.) All must give period-

ically. (3.) All must give according to ability. (4.) All must give cheerfully.

God's will is that you should give, and that you should do it as his will is done in heaven. "Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven." "I delight to do Thy will, O, my God; yea, thy law is within my heart."

THE REWARD.—(1.) It is temporal. If you give honestly God will so prosper you as to increase your ability to do more. "For he that hath, to him shall be given." God's measure is to you as your measure is to others.

Homeless Jacob, thrust out of his father's house, after his Bethel vision, vowed to give to God one-tenth. His subsequent prosperity need not be recited. The very habit of looking weekly into one's affairs, with a view of ascertaining the amount duty requires should be given, tends to the formation of business habits that carry with them thrift. "Short settlements make long friends." Not to frequently look into one's business is to be like the silly ostrich —sticking its head in the sand and fancying itself hidden and secure. Make up your log often if you would know how fast you are sailing. "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." The sea cannot dry up as long as the clouds return what it gives.

(2.) It has already been shown that giving is a means of grace. Short rations make limp bodies. Withholding from God makes souls shrink. Giving is to the heart what yeast is to the bread. If you want to "make a raise," leaven your life with liber-

ality. "Therefore, as ye abound in everything, in faith, and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, and in your love to us, see that ye abound in this grace (of giving) also."

(3.) It carries with it an eternal compensation. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life." Money laid up in heaven is in a security bank, one that will pay you dividends after death. Lay up treasure in it, and you need not fear that the cashier will run away with the money, nor burglars rifle the vault. "It is not what one leaves behind that makes him rich, but what he sends before."

THE END.—"That there be no gatherings when I come." You will not have to send for the elder or secretary of one of the boards to "lift" your collections with an oratorical derrick. Beneficence will flow in a steady stream, or descend in silent dews. There are some countries in which it never rains, but the nightly dews are so refreshing that nature responds with generous harvests. Where the dew descends like that on Hermon, God commands his blessing. Geysers come from central fires, and turn surface ice into limpid and life-making streams.

Such a plan will render impossible some niggardly braggart proposing to be one of the twenty to give twenty-five dollars when he knows that only five can respond to that proposition. "Every tub will stand upon its own bottom." "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself." Marching through Immanuel's land is by Indian file. No man's duty is made dependent on what another will do. The narrow road must be traveled singly. But one camel can go through the eye of a needle at the same time. Then he must be stripped of his pack and squeeze through on his knees. Traveling on the knees is not pleasant, but it is the way to get in.

THE RESULT.—The mites will be gathered. "Many mickles make a muckle." So, many nickels make much. The poor widow casting all her living into the treasury, will get Christ's approval, and the rich Pharisee will be rebuked for the fewness of his shekels. The power of pennies will be manifest. The poor can put in their dimes and take away God's blessing by eagles. All can have stock in the church. The aggregate will show the might of mites as well as the shirk of shekels. The ocean is but the result of many confluent rivulets. The mountains are built of "little grains of sand." The fruitful isles of the Pacific are reared with the shells of tiny coral insects. The finest marbles are but mausoleums of infinitesimal crustacea. Many thousands of type clicked into columns are embodying these ideas into print. Line upon line and precept upon precept make up the learning of the sage.

Small duties done, if the measure of ability, bring the largest blessing God can give. A mite, when it is the gauge of capacity, leads a million, when a million falls short of expressing the ability of the donor. When one does all he can for Jesus, He will do all He can for him. A farthing may look very lonely in God's money-box, but a running-over blessing in the heart causes it to cry for a larger treasury of grace. The little cake of the impoverished widow of Zarephath gave her an ever-replenishing meal-barrel. Would that men might know on "which side their bread is buttered!" Many are living on crusts who might be feasting on plenty, because they have withheld the prophet's cake. "He that withholdeth corn, the people shall curse him." "Where no vapors ascend no dew descends." "He that watereth shall be watered." It is not mites or millions that pass current in the kingdom of heaven. It is means and motives. "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." A wish and will, with nothing to give, go for more with God than much given "grudgingly and of necessity,"—and short of ability. You are not to give to help God, but to help yourself. Because you cannot pray a great prayer will you refuse to offer a little one? The God-man that made five loaves feed as many thousands can make your stuttered prayer shake the throne of Omnipotence. As the Jordan runs through the lake of Galilee, and the Gulf Stream is a river in the ocean, so are rills

of charity in the sea of benevolence. "Every little helps."

There are no "deadheads" on the highway of salvation. Pay as you go, and go as you pay. Jesus is not begging your patronage. Salvation is free. You can get it without money or price, but you cannot keep it without helping the needy. "Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" (I John iii: 17.) That's a poser. Give it up. And without the love of God how can you be holy and happy? It cost nothing to be born, but it costs something to keep alive. Christ only asks for hearts, but Christly hearts ask, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" —and make obedience the proof of love.

If you are "nothing but leaves," the Holy Spirit will leave you. But if the boughs of your being bend with fruit, angel harvesters will be busy bearing the golden apples to the heavenly bin. "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." "By their fruits ye shall know them." Siberian crabs will do for trees rooted in ice, but palms must bear bread because anchored in a fertile soil, and their broad leaves beg and get much of the sun's liquid gold. Hold all thou hast for Christ and he will give you more to hold. A clenched hand catches no blessing.

I beg you not to "rob God." He is an infallible detective, a discerner of the intents and purposes of the heart. Jesus pardoned a dying thief, do not

presume he will pardon a living one. "For I, the Lord, love judgment. I hate robbery for burnt offerings." Ask thyself "how much *owest* thou unto thy Lord?" If you pay less than you *owe* you are dishonest. "The debt of love" is a big one. One look at the cross will dispose you to make an assignment for the benefit of your creditor. "A pardoned penitent cannot stop to calculate the value of his alabaster box of precious ointment—that is an act to which only a Judas can stoop—its chief and sole regret is that the unction was not a richer perfume and a higher value." (Dr. John Harris.) "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits?"

General Remarks.—"The impulsive method compares with the systematic precisely as the stage-coach era of locomotion compares with that of steam. In the former the gain comes by superceding the intervention of vegetable and animal chemistry in liberating latent forces, and in the latter by dispensing more or less with the mediation of human sympathies. As in the former case the force comes more immediately from nature's great reservoir, so in the latter the spiritual comes more directly from the one infinite and only source, the Lord Jesus Christ. As a method of liberating and applying spiritual force the deliberative system has fuller efficiency." (Alfred Yeomans, D. D., in the Presbyterian Review.)

Systematic storing and stated giving keep this feature of religion steadily before the mind; and as regular seasons for prayer contribute to the spirit-

life and growth of the believer, so will the recurring, periodical times for estimating ability and discharging a covenanted debt, minister to his growth in beneficence, and hence in grace. When christians thus give, the cultivation of the spirit of benevolence is not left to great occasions and "moving appeals," to the sight of human want exciting a spasmodic sympathy; but is based on the principle and works steadily. A habit of giving, like a habit of prayer, will make it easy. Systematic giving is an habitual discharge of current obligations in return for benefits received. "The Lord is their creditor. He makes the appeal, supplies the motive, bestows the ability, keeps the account and holds out his hand for the tribute. Stopping the thoughts upon anything intermediate is welcoming a dear friend with a gloved hand."

"Giving on 'the first day of the week,' monumental of the resurrection of our Lord, we will connect with our gifts a recollection of the great love and cost by which we have been redeemed. It will promote attendance upon the Sabbath worship. People will go up to the house of our Lord to deliver their offerings. Where the envelope system has been tried a marked increase in the size of the congregation has been observed. It gives a definite amount for payment of expenses. The church is too often a dilatory debtor. She should be an example of punctuality in this respect as in all other christian graces. But when bills are left over to be paid at some favorable time for 'coming before the

people' to whip up a languid generosity and an unsteady interest, those to whom they are due become impatient, and sometimes impeach the honor of the Church, while those so importunely and oftentimes indiscreetly appealed to become petulant, and though the money, by dint of dunning, is raised, a general feeling of *malaise* pervades the minds of the people. Except in the case of a few phenomenally wealthy churches the custom of weekly contribution has proved most effective. It will be found that the scriptural method rests upon a business basis, and that all efforts to substitute it entail embarrassments and oftentimes are futile. When this weekly storage principle is attended to, christians are always 'ready to distribute'—the money is on hand. They do it ungrudgingly, because they have laid up a sum *for* the Lord. They do it conscientiously, because it is according to the prosperity with which God has immediately blessed them.

"If there be specific times set for the collection for General Church Charities, for Missions, the Bible, etc., then let a proportion be stored to meet these occasions. There will then be no need to send off for some famous 'beggar,' some orator for an occasion, some Board Secretary, in order to meet the demands. The people will be found 'willing to communicate;' and with their cheerful gifts in hand, and with good will to all men, they will bring their prepared offerings to the altar. The Corinthian Church was not to wait until the Apostle came to them to stir their languid hearts and laggard zeal with

his eloquence, and excite all their pity by a vivid picture of Macedonian miseries, but his directions were that they should weekly attend to this 'that there be no gatheringswhen I come.'"

The poor are often deterred from giving on great occasions where the collection is started by "who will be one of five to give one hundred dollars each?" When this is filled, then who will be one of ten to give fifty dollars each, and so on, running down to five dollars. And then, when everybody's patience is exhausted, those of small means are called upon, and but little time is spent in "gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost." Those of small ability to give are mortified,and often think that what they can contribute is so small an amount that it were more creditable not to give at all.

By all means let the system of church finance provide for all members joining in the payment of the pastor's salary, and the various church benevolences. People who only give to "the penny collection" get to feel as though they were only helping to pay the sexton, or for fuel and lights, and do not feel that they are full partners with others in the minister and the enterprises of the church.

EXAMPLES.—A gentleman in Dublin informed the Rev. Wm. Arthur, D. D., as follows: "By years of experience I know, after making allowance for bad debts, and so on, what *percentage* of my gross returns come to me, on the average, as *clear* profit. Every week I know what my sales have been. If, therefore, I take that percentage on the week's sales,

it represents my increase for the week, and hereafter I will draw a tenth of that weekly and put it to a benevolent fund."

A gentleman writes to his minister: "After prayerfully committing my plans to the Lord, and imploring his blessing upon them, I changed my position from that of an employe to an employer. In doing so I had in view, among other objects, to be able more largely to contribute to the funds. The Lord greatly blessed my endeavors. I now give nine times what I gave a few years ago. In this our gracious Lord has been teaching me that the more one gives the more one gets to give."

An Assurance.—"For this thing the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all thou puttest thy hand unto." "The administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God; while by the experiment of this ministration they glorify God for your professed subjection unto the Gospel of Christ, and for your liberal distribution unto them and to all men."

Giving grace is growing grace. "Loved, and loving, be liberal and you will be changed into the image of Christ and abound in all the fruits of the spirit; and all that you cast into the treasury shall certainly precede your arrival in heaven, and there be converted for you into incorruptible treasures "to the praise of the glory of his grace." (Dr. John Harris.)

Particular Principles.—Every christian beneficence should be proportionate:

1. To the totality of his means;

2. To his prosperity—weekly;

3. To the wages of his diligence and skill in business;

4. To what he can economize and spare by judicious self-denial;

5. To the grace and glory promised cheerful liberality.

CHAPTER X.

WRONG METHODS OF MONEY RAISING.

Objection is not altogether made against church entertainments, as such, but against them as a means of raising money to pay the legitimate expenses of the kingdom of Christ. All the money that can be had can be obtained without resorting to such expedients. The awakened and quick consciences of men are the best tax-payers in the kingdom of God. Making a place of merchandise of the church is to desecrate it. It reduces it from the high plane of a "house of prayer" to the low level of "a den of thieves." The righteous indignation that seized Christ when he saw the temple perverted to the gains of traders and brokers, should possess every godly soul when the church is turned into a scene of speculation and extortion. Business men have a right to complain when the church undertakes to compete with them in trade. We have known poor people who have laid in a stock of Christmas goods to be entirely "swamped"—bankrupted—by the opening of a church fair. Going about soliciting goods as presents, or at rates that justify under-selling, is a species of black-mailing. It means give or sell to us at reduced rates, or our church will "boycott" your business. Such entreaties from soliciting—"begging"—committees lower the respect of business men for the church.

Besides, as a rule, those who buy contribute the goods, hence, give twice. The cost falls mostly on the men and women who pay the ordinary expenses of the church. The giving wears a commercial aspect when it should wear a religious one. The process by which a church fair pays church debts has been thus described: "Now, brethren, let us get up a supper and eat ourselves rich. Buy your food, then give it to the church; then go and buy it back again. Then eat it up, and then—your church debt is paid."

The most destructive jealousies, too, originate in these entertainments. The friends of rival singers try to crown their favorite with flowers and applause and the grossest jealousies and hottest heart-burnings ensue. Feuds and factions find the competition of fairs in voting for articles to be presented to the winning competitor, the very agency for the venting of their spleen or the showing of their preferences. The "race" involves the very worst features of a political campaign and many of the most objectionable features of turf competition. Who, that has not known a church disturbed, or divided by such contests to so great an extent that no amount of money made thereby is a compensation for the damage done? In the long run such schemes do not pay financially. They create a sudden swell of the treasury, but forestall future finance in every legitimate direction of church revenue. The "grab-bag," the "cake-cutting," the "raffle," all involve the same principle condemned in a lottery. The post-office is

a means for encouraging silly flirtations. The various "sells" would cashier the proprietor of a dime museum. No oyster-stand could stand a week which served its customers with such a sea of thin soup floating one poor little drowned oyster. "Pound parties," as usually conducted, would shame a Bowery Peter Funk auctioneer. Such things are lowering to the tone of all pure morals, not to say of religious sensibility and sentiment! A humorist describes a church festival for raising money as an operation wherein one-half the church buys berries at fifteen cents a quart and sells them to the other half for a dollar. In vain will the church protest against theaters while it sets up a rival stage in the name of religion and produces a drama under the specious and beguiling names of "Dialogues," "Charades," "Cantatas," "*Tableaux Vivantes*," etc., that for their sheer stupidity and dismal acting would be hissed from the boards of a *Vaudeville* show. The minstrel show is respectable compared with the majority of concerts given under the sanction and management of churches. Elocutionary readings and recitations, for the most part, are but a shallow and sham transportation of the low comedy of "After-pieces" to the church stage. Pulpits are used to advertise these frauds. Religious services are frequently postponed or abandoned to give them right of way. The whole working force of the church is employed to sell tickets; and energies are expended, which, if turned in the right channels, would wheel forward the chariot of the gospel, and throw gold from

the revolving strakes along the whole pathway of church progress.

Children are employed to collect money for missionary and other causes with the promise of a premium to the largest collection returned. Several hundred Sunday-school pupils are turned loose on the community, and an indiscriminate and oft-repeated solicitation ensues, that degenerates into a chronic bore. The regular missionary collection suffers to an unknown degree. The cause of Christ is made a street beggar more importunate than the entreaty of the blind, and palsied and professional mendicant. The children are demoralized. Rivalry engenders a hurtful ambition and jealousy. Christ's work is done for reward, or honor. If it goes on as it now promises, the church will soon be offering chromos as a premium for attendance upon her service, as, in fact, she is now doing in her Sunday schools. A teacher gave her pupils a cent for each attendance. One Sunday they were all absent. She hunted them up and inquired the reason. She found them on a strike, demanding *two* cents.

That all these things are wrong is apparent when stated. Every candid person inside and outside the church admits it. Baptizing a hog does not make it a sheep. Putting a halter on an ox does not make it a horse. Things evil in themselves, are not sanctified because the church does them. Then, down with the iniquity! Let the church get right, and stay right, and the prosperity that always waits on well-doing will not fail to attend her.

At least, let "the Mammon of Unrighteousness" go to the trustees—the secular board—and not to support of the ministry, or the benevolences. Do not grind gospel grist "with the Devil's water." Let money made by fairs and entertainments go to current expenses. Free gifts alone belong in God's treasury. Let all patch-work go to pay for repairs. Crazy quilts are poor missionary maps. "Thou shalt not bring the price of a dog into the house of the Lord thy God."

Recognize "Aid Societies" as outside the church-pale. The church cannot afford to be responsible for competition at the polls, the chances of grab-bags, and the cheats of pound parties and Peter Funk auctions. The gospel knows but two methods of raising money,—1. Pay! "The laborer is worthy of his hire." 2. Giving! "Freely ye have received; freely give."

By every consideration of sacredness and dignity the minister should refuse to be a showman.

Alas, many churches are now looking for successful nurses, supple flatterers, scented courtiers, clerical dudes, skillful stage-managers—adepts in the use of magic lanterns and marionettes, rather than preachers and pastors.

The conscience of the world can never be brought up to the gospel standard to meet the necessities of evangelization at home, and missions abroad, by any such debilitating expedients. Christ has put the work upon us because his purpose is that through its right performance we may be disciplined. If we

mingle mere pleasure-seeking with that of duty-doing, we can never fairly discriminate whether we spend our money for our own delight, or to promote the cause of religion.

Money raised by wrong means may promote the cause among others, but it will demote it among those who resort to such expedients.

It is not suggested that entertainments given for the cultivation of social relations and acquaintanceship, nor innocent amusements for the young, provided by societies connected with the church, are wrong. On the other hand, wisely planned and controlled, they may be made efficient auxiliaries for the promotion of church growth. It is the undertaking of such things, as have been reprobated in this chapter for the purpose of raising money with which to support the cause of Christ, that is wrong.

Gospel support should rest upon the one principle of duty inspired by love for God and the good.

CHAPTER XI.

MISSIONS PAY.

THE meek inherit the earth. God has been giving the most fertile soil, the best climates, the richest mines, to christian nations. As soon as the church got fairly to work it began to possess. The heathen *have* been given "for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." As christianity advanced, the eagle standard was supplanted by the banner of the cross, and around it civilization has rallied its forces. It stands for "an ensign of the people." To it *is*, and *shall be*, the "gathering of the nations." The church, revived and harnessed for missionary enterprise, the long withheld gold of Australia and California enriched her coffers. The gospel plow cuts a deep furrow. Driven through Asia and Africa, "the solitary places" are being "made glad." The husbandry of christianity transforms the wilderness into a garden and the desert is made to "blossom as the rose." Paradise is to be regained and restored by christian civilization. The missionary enterprise has already surprised mankind by developing correlate interests and resources. Its future explorations will transcend the highest expectations of the optimist, as the youthful efforts of Apollo were overshadowed by the god-like achievements of his maturity. Golden flowers rose from

the earth to brooch the breast of Delos; and the stones in the quarry, enchanted by the music of his Mercury-strung and goddess-given lyre, took comely shape and waltzed to their places in the walls of Crissa, while his well-aimed arrow laid low in death the devouring dragon. But the fabled flowers were not so sweet as the wilderness of blossoms that blow, in waste places, beneath the evoking touch of missionary endeavor. Nor have the arrows shot from the gospel bow merely pierced a single monster, but whole broods of hissing, slimy Pythons have fallen beneath its shafts. Not the walls of one fane merely have celestial chords upreared; but the harp of Zion trembling to the notes of love, have built of hearts—"living stones"—crimson-veined marble—temples for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, asylums for suffering humanity, and majestic minsters vocal with the strains of thanksgiving, and ringing with the sweet minstrelsy of praise. And the transfiguration, prototypical of "the bridal of the earth and sky," is but the fulfilling of the era of predicting song: "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off."

"They who have strewn the violets reap the corn,
And having reaped and garnered bring the plough,
And draw fresh furrows 'neath the healthy morn,
And plant the great hereafter in the now."

Missions *pay*. Not only in souls, but in earthly riches. Wherever christianity finds lodgment, a new market is opened for the products of God's faithful stewards. A few regiments of British soldiers subjugated the supine millions of India, and "the land of the Vedas" has enriched the failing exchequer of Great Britain and promoted a Queen to an Empress.

A flock of birds flying to the Southward turned the caravels of Columbus; and this simple, providential incident threw North America into the hands of a protestant power.

Liberty travels in the track of the gospel, and commerce gathers gold as it follows in the wake of the old ship Zion.

(God is gathering the wealth of the world into the hands of christian nations. A recent publication gives the following as a part of the vast resources of the United States: Aggregate deposits in banks, $3,000,000,000; annual agricultural products, $2,000,000,000; annual profit in coal, iron and manufactures, $500,000,000; annual products of gold and silver mines, $400,000,000; railroad earnings, $250,000,000; making an aggregate of $6,100,000,000, for these great leading industries of the nation. Were all the other industries of the nation added, it would vastly swell this amount. Dr. Dorchester, who is recognized as an authority in religious statistics, estimates that the evangelical population of the United States embraces one-fifth of the entire population. If so, one-fifth of this vast income, or $1,220,000,000 is within the control of the evangel-

ical population. Yet the aggregate gifts of all the Protestant churches for home and foreign missions is only $5,500,000. Scribner's Statistical Atlas for 1880 says the wealth of the United States is increasing at the rate of $6,800,000 daily. This is $2,482,000,000 every year. One-fifth of this gives to the christian population an annual increase in wealth, $496,400,000; yet, out of this enormous increase of wealth, it only consecrates $5,500,000 to the work to which Christ gave his life. Our expenditures keep pace with the increase of our wealth. From the census of 1880 and other sources, the following figures have been gathered: We expend as a people every year for kid gloves, $25,000,000; for public education, $85,000,000; for dress goods, $125,000,000; boots and shoes, $196,000,000; cotton goods, $210,000,000; woolen goods, $237,000,000; meat, $303,000,000; bread, $505,000,000; tobacco, $600,000,000; liquor, $900,000,000, making an aggregate of $3,186,000,000; and yet this great nation which expends each year $900,000,000 for liquor, has only $5,500,000 to give to Christ for the spread of the gospel among the nations.) Are we not exposing ourselves to the terrible arraignment Malachi brought against Israel: "Will a man rob God?" How stand the christians with one-fifth of the wealth of the nation at their command? May not our Master say:

"I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?"

The Sandwich Islands, converted at the cost of a two-hundredth part of a single rich American's

fortune, have poured their wealth into the lap of the nation that bore to them the gospel. Missionary engineering has disclosed the long hidden sources of the Nile and Niger, and laid open to exploration and colonization the rich delta of the Congo. The brakes of the "dark continent," hitherto regarded as the jungle of wild beasts, are now known to be crowded with a vast population of human beings. Ethiopia stretches forth her hands and the gospel is filling them with blessings. Africa has received notice to surrender, and William Taylor is there to receive her sword.

World-wide sowing is inviting christian sickles to reap the rich harvests that are springing up beside all waters.

The late Earl Cairns, stated in a recent address in London, that of the 37,000 native population of Sierra Leone, 32,000 were professing christians; and of the 44,000 Maoris in New Zealand, 25,000 were professing christians.

The first Malagassy who ever learned the alphabet died January 1883, at the age of 72. He had lived to see 50,000 of his countrymen taught to read, and over 70,000 profess their faith in Christ.

"Fifty years ago," said Earl Cairns at a meeting of the Church Missionary Society, "if a man had been shipwrecked on some of the islands of the Pacific, he would have been killed, cooked and eaten; whereas, if a man were shipwrecked there now, he would receive christian hospitality." Miss Gordon Cumming, who is not a missionary, and who

did not write for the purpose of crying up missions, declared that, while in 1835 the people of Feejee were cannibals, there are now 400 churches and 1,400 schools there. Lady Brassey writes that any body who wants to see the last traces of heathenism in Japan had better go soon, as they are rapidly giving place to christianity.

The isles of the sea are no longer waiting for the gospel, but rejoicing in its light and liberty, and sending the glad tidings to "the regions beyond."

(One of the most noticeable things about the churches in missionary lands is their liberality. From Southern India Mr. Randall reports to the Missionary Herald, that most of the 2,501 church members connected with the Madura Mission "are from the lowest castes, and are day laborers, earning not more than ten cents a day. Yet most of them give something, and they are giving more and more liberally each year." Mr. Howland speaks of certain christians in this region who live on six dollars a year, who yet contribute of what they have—possibly at times only a handful of rice from their scanty store.

The Fiji islands are about 225 in number. Great Fiji is 90 miles by 50; population 50,000. When first found by missionaries the Fijians were the most savage, cruel and dangerous beings known. Their cannibalism, human sacrifices, infanticide and burying alive, were the most horrible in manner and amount of which heathenism furnishes any record. Humanity had sunk to its lowest depths. Now, Sir Arthur Gordon, governor of the British Colony of

Fiji, can say, "It is impossible to speak in too strong terms of the wonderful results, both religious and social, which have attended the Wesleyan Mission in Fiji." They are now a christian people; their churches number 900; church-members, 23,000; Sabbath sacredly observed; 42,000 children in the 1,500 schools; family worship almost universal. And it is an interesting fact that the first mission-work in Fiji was by converts from the native missionary society of the Friendly Islands.)

Christianity, like a shaft of light, lies athwart "the dark places of the earth full of the habitations of cruelty." It has warmed with maternal love the breast of the Hindoo mother, and the crocodiles, hungry for infant flesh, go unfed. As the mother of Coriolanus, prostrate before the wheels of his chariot, delivered Rome from the vengeance of the Volsci, so the body of Christ, thrown a-front the car of Juggernaut, made the wheels of the ponderous idol rest and rust on their bloody axles. Men, who have fed on human flesh, are pleading, "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that you present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God." The bread of life is the antidote of cannibal hunger. Godliness carries with it cleanliness. The antiseptic power of christianity is disinfecting the plague-loaded air of the East, and thus lifting the quarantine against pestilence in the West. A pure heart creates a demand for clean linen. We are saving the Occident from pestilential contagion, by saving the Orient from physical filth and moral corrup-

tion. Science, by securing larger generalizations, is turning the bolts of many of the combination locks of nature. Concealed mysteries are being brought from nature's arcana, as offerings upon the altar of human intelligence.

"There is no literature fuller and richer than the missionary literature of our age. Nor is it a heavy mass of unattractive dates and statistics. It is leavened all through with the most thrilling and instructive incidents of human life. It is full of history, geography, philosophy, ethnology, zoology, botany, mineralogy, painting and sculpture, architecture and civil engineering, music and fashion, political economy and international law. A large portion of the missionary literature of the church is stranger than romance; it is divine poetry, equaled only by that within the sacred volume: nay, it is supreme reality, lifting the reader above the low levels of secular affairs, where things are so often not what they seem, into the clear light of perfect observation.

"Missionary literature is commanding to-day the services of many of the most accomplished authors, the most successful editors, the most skilled artists, and the most enterprising publishers. The most attractive geographical work we have ever seen is that new and sixth edition of the Atlas, published by the English Church Missionary Society. The fourteenth edition of the Jubilee Year Report of the Free Church of Scotland upon its fifty years of foreign missions, the American Presbyterian and Baptist magazines, the Easter cards of the Episcopal

church, the last annual report of the American Board, the volume of papers presented at the Mildmay Conference, The Religious Outlook in Mexico, by a late Methodist Bishop, and many other contributions to our missionary literature we might mention, all the way from leaflets to volumes, showing that in this department the church is employing many minds of the highest talent and culture, taste, and adaptability." (Dr. William F. Brainbridge's "Around-the-World Tour of Christian Missions.")

Missionaries are the most competent reporters of scientific facts. Karl Ritter said that he could not have written his works on geography without the knowledge contributed by missionaries. Mr. Cotton, the cartographer, makes a similar acknowledgment. The Ethnological society rarely meets without a paper from a missionary. The best paper written on Africa was written by a missionary. Agassiz said: "Few of us are aware how much we owe to the missionaries. We must look to them for aid in all our efforts to advance science."

"There are many who attack even more acrimoniously than Kotzebue both the missionaries, their system, and the effects produced by it. Such reasoners never compare the present state with that of the island only twenty years ago, nor even that of Europe at the present day; but they compare it with the high standard of gospel perfection. They expect the missionaries to effect that which the apostles themselves failed to do. Inasmuch as the condition of the people falls short of this high stand-

ard, blame is attached to the missionaries instead of credit for that which he has effected. They forget, or will not remember, that human sacrifices and the power of an idolatrous priesthood; a system of profligacy unparalleled in any other part of the world; infanticide, a consequence of that system; bloody wars where the conquerors spared neither women nor children—that all these have been abolished, and that dishonesty, intemperance and licentiousness have been greatly reduced by the introduction of christianity. For a voyager to forget these things is base ingratitude; for should he chance to be at the point of shipwreck on some unknown coast, he will most devoutly pray that the lesson of the missionary may have extended thus far. . . . But it is useless to argue against such reasoners. I believe that, disappointed in not finding the field of licentiousness quite so open as formerly, they will not give credit to a morality which they do not wish to practice, or to a religion which they undervalue, if not despise."—(Voyage of a Naturalist Around the World, by Charles Darwin.)

Heretofore naturalists have been reading through shattered prisms. Soon missionary explorations will furnish them the pure white light of Universal Truth. The Evangel runs—and, as the fair Atalanta, throws down golden apples on the path, and civilization and science follow, picking up the precious fruit. "Many shall run to and fro,and knowledge shall be increased." The steam whistle is already sounding on the rivers of Africa; and ere long the iron horse will

shame Mazeppa and his steed, as it plunges through the tangled thickets. The great dragon, with heart of fire and breath of steam, will hang out the warning placard: "Look out for the locomotive when the bell rings!" Over the chequered highways will be strung the great electric harp of civilization, quivering with the music of the mart, and Job's question put in the infancy of the world will be answered, "Can'st thou send the lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, here we are?" The telegraphic cross follows the Cross of Calvary.

Christian David went to Greenland, carrying the magic lamp of the gospel; and, now the ice-floes are sending us glossy seals to warm our shivering bodies. Cary went to India, and lo! her coral strands load our argosies with untold wealth. Afric's sunny fountains will, ere long, be no rhythm of romance, no myth of the muse; but will send their golden streams and equatorial warmth trailing, like the enlivening Gulf stream, around insular shores, that otherwise would shiver with inhospitable chill. The wall is down in China and the gospel has leaped through the breach. The missionary prepares the way of the Lord and all "his paths drop fatness."

(A missionary, laboring in Africa, reports that on going to the coast recently he was saluted by a trader with the remark: "There must have been a lot of heathen people joining your church lately." "Yes, it is so," he was answered; "but how did you come to know it?" "Oh, because there have been a lot

of heathen people here buying dresses, shawls, etc." This is another illustration of the way in which the spread of christianity promotes commerce.)

Mission collections are exhibiting the spirit of self-sacrifice at home, and missionary laborers are exhibiting a moral heroism in foreign fields. Faith is proving its power. No Cornelia or Volumnia ever showed a finer spirit than the mother of Lyman, who, when informed of his death at the hands of cannibals, and that his body had been devoured by his murderers, lifted her streaming eyes toward heaven, and amid intermingled sobs, said: "Praise the Lord that he ever gave me so good a son! Had I another like him, I would send him to preach salvation to the savages that feasted on his flesh." It has been said that "graves are needed in the mission fields." They are billowed with them—"the green mountain tops of a far distant world." The rounded hillock over the pulseless breast of Bishop Wiley rises higher in the eye of faith than Himalayan peaks. "Let the dead missionaries hold the ground for us as silent sentinels until the living come." "Wiley is holding China, waiting and listening with upturned face for the coming of the legions of the Cross; Melville B. Cox is holding Liberia, with his dead hand on her living heart; Kingsley is keeping guard for us on the sacred shores of the Mediterranean sea; Downey lies in India, waiting for the redemption of her millions; William Taylor is strewing sacred dust in his triumphal march across the valleys of Africa."

If we cannot build churches we can build tombs, and above the dust of the dead the living temples shall rise. Our God has built up his great universe on sacrifice. His mountains of everlasting glory rise up out of his valleys of death. He waters his gardens of spiritual beauty with the tears of souls. He enriches with heart-dust the desert places of the world until they blossom as the rose. He sprinkles every foundation stone of power with blood as he lays it in its place. His own great white throne of blinding glory is upheld by a rude cross of sacrifice; and our God is a great God; we must work on his lines.

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."'

(JULIA WARD HOWE.)

The courage of Gordon is eclipsed by the exploits of Livingstone; and the march of William Taylor and his little band of missionaries into the heart of Africa, is the sublimest spectacle of modern times. Suppose they do fall. So fell the 300 at Thermopylae, but they survived in the freshened patriotism of ten thousand Greeks. The daring deeds of Achilles made the heroes of Marathon and Platea. Should Wm. Taylor and his company fall beneath savage arms or fatal fevers ere a single tribe of Ham is won to Christ, the church will chant in epic pentameters their vicarious heroism, and become instinct with the same noble revenge that filled the soul of Lyman's

mother. Africa redeemed would avenge the church for her "noble army of martyrs."

> "They never fail who die
> In a good cause; the block may soak their gore,
> Their heads may sodden in the sun, their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls;
> But still their spirit walks abroad."

Every missionary who has lost his life in Pagan lands has saved it. It can scarcely be said a man loses that he instantaneously finds. One moment a martyr in blood or flame—the next an immortal crying beneath the altar, "How long?" "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church." A tuning fork sings no song, but it gives the pitch that harmonizes a congregation of voices. A martyred missionary may voice no anthem of triumph, but the low sweet cadence of his expiring breath may be sweet as a cygnet's dying song, and give key to the march-music to which the church keeps step.

Missions have given some of the grandest chapters of heroism to history.

Think of the spirit that led missionaries to consent to reduce themselves from freemen to slavery, that working by slaves in the sugar-cane fields they might teach them the religion of Christ! Think of that hero who became the Pastor* of a leprous colony in the Sandwich Islands, and finally died a martyr to the loathsome disease. Think of the gifted Hannington leaving the refinement of British life to preach the gospel to African savages who cruelly put him to death, and the score of heroic spirits that

*Damien.

rose up to avenge his death by preaching the gospel to the savages that drank his blood! Think of the converts of this godly Bishop shouting hosannas in the midst of cruel tortures and refusing to purchase life at the cost of denouncing their christian faith!

Behold Christian David and the Stach brothers embarking for inhospitable Greenland, without the backing of money, or the influence of a home church, and in total ignorance of the native language, and without an interpreter, or the slightest welcome! Their sole means of support is a fishing yawl, and their subsistence sea-weeds and the blubber of seals. They are mocked in their devotions. Their songs and prayers are drowned with yells and drums. They are pelted with stones. Finally their fishing boat is turned adrift and they are menaced with starvation. What did they do? They resolved to "endure as seeing Him who is invisible."

> "Fired with a peculiar zeal, they defy
> The rage and rigor of a Greenland sky,
> And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
> On icy fields, and 'mid eternal snows."

Can the church contemplate such heroism and fail to requite it by all the support required for those who, counting not their own lives dear, advanced the outposts of christianity, and gave notice, though dying, of the coming conquest of the cross?

Such exhibitions of sacrificial devotion to the cause of Christ, are the vital exponents of the power of faith, and prove to a gainsaying world that martyr-stuff is yet the possession of the church. The biog-

raphies of missionaries read like the "Acts of the Apostles." Says Dr. Pierson:

"All argument in favor of missions is needless to those who feel the force of the scripture appeal for world-wide evangelism. Our Lord's last words are the marching orders of the church, to be promptly and implicitly obeyed. But when the scriptural precept is buttressed up by consideration of every sort, personal and social, temporal and spiritual; when the logic of events adds its unanswerable argument, the whole mind and heart of a true disciple feel the inspiration of conviction and enthusiasm in the work of witnessing to a lost world. Facts are the fingers of God. Knowledge does not always kindle zeal, but there will be little zeal without knowledge; and so, if we would awaken a deep passion for the universal and immediate spread of gospel tidings, believers must be brought face to face with those startling facts which make the whole march of modern missions the marvel and miracle of these latter days."

The epitaph inscribed on the tomb of Æschylus at Athens was, "He was a soldier and fought on the field of Marathon." It was of his own dictation. No note is made of his fame as a poet, no reference to his marvellous tragedies. In that heroic age the greatest claim a man had to immortality was patriotic devotion proven by military daring. We live in an age of moral heroism, in which the epitaphs of our highest braves are written in much variant language from that of the tragic bard of Athens. The soldier

of the cross, pushing the conquest of his standard in fields foreign to his faith, and falling without an epic, without a christian grave, is a hero for whom heaven brightens its crowns and greens its fadeless palms. As was said of a martyr missionary: "His name might not be written on the bead-roll of fame, but—

> 'His album is the savage breast,
> Where darkness broods and demons rest,
> Without a ray of light;
> To write the name of Jesus there,
> And point to worlds both bright and fair,
> Is his supreme delight.'"

Apostolic christianity derives its force from the fertilizing blood of martyrs. John the Baptist, the gospel herald, was a martyr. All the apostles but John were martyrs. Fifty bishops of Rome in succession laid down their lives for the faith. There have, too, been, perhaps, more martyrdoms in the last century than in any equal period since the first persecution of christians. Sixteen thousand martyrs expired in nine months in 1861—in the Empire of Anam alone. The history of heathen evangelization everywhere has been a martyrology. The vocation of the apostolate demands the highest moral courage known to men. As the missionary enters upon it he must exclaim, "Henceforth we know no man according to the flesh." After years of suffering, in prospect of the martyr's crown, it is his to say: "Let no man trouble me; I bear in my body *the marks of the Lord Jesus*." The path of the true missionary, like that of the Master, is a track of

blood, and if he would resemble the Crucified he must be clothed with "dyed garments"—raiment crimsoned, like the seamless robe of the Great Exemplar, with his own blood.

"When the Batavia was crossing the Atlantic in a terrific storm, and there was sighted in the evening twilight a wreck, with several men clinging to the shrouds, when it was a question of life and death to man a boat and pull to the rescue, Capt. Mouland's call for volunteers was instantly responded to by twice the number needed for the service; and out of this number he commissioned the picked men, who hastened to their critical trust, and in due time joyfully returned, bringing in nine rescued souls amid the hearty cheers of their comrades, who generously envied them the honor of which they themselves had been deprived. When shall the time come that twice the number of men needed shall be always volunteering for the most advanced and perilous posts of aggressive missionary service, and our only care shall be to select the strongest and the best? God speed the day!"—(Alden.)

When it is remembered that Dr. Robert Morrison baptized his first Chinese convert in 1814, and we consider the vast change in China in the last twenty years, the opening of the Empire to christian civilization, the freedom enjoyed by missionaries and commerce, we cannot doubt the final evangelization of the Mongolian race.

Japan bids fair to be a christian nation in the next quarter of a century, and, to-day, is more closely

allied with America than with her Chinese neighbor. In fact, it looks as if the time were near at hand for the removal of every barrier to the propagation of the gospel. All the old and false systems of religion are giving way. There can be but one new candidate for the suffrage of mankind. With the fall of Paganism, Mohammedanism and Judaism, the alternative will be no religion or Christ's. The cross, finally, will challenge the credulity and acceptance of all men.

The christian religion is now the only propaganda. The vast systems that dominate the Eastern mind have left no sufficient energy for propagation—while, "The world for Christ" is the rallying cry of His church, and to win the nations to the cross is the high ambition and aim of Christendom. Christian commerce, acting as a leavening influence, is making neighbors of nations heretofore distant and alien. The era is at hand when wars shall cease. The great costs of armies, the destruction wrought by them, will be saved. The money saved by peace and a tithe of the men employed in war will, if turned to the world's evangelization, bring its races and tribes into loyal and loving relations to Jesus in a half of a century.

In the meanwhile the call on christian wealth and devotion for missionary means and men is great. The prayer for harvesters has been answered. A thousand young men now in American colleges have laid themselves upon the altar of consecration. Nothing is lacking but the money to send a thousand bright and brave young men, annually, into the

field. Women, too, are waiting by the hundreds to go. The wealth of christian men and women must be as free to send the young and vigorous recruits to the front and field as they are to go. Thousands of single churches are able to sustain a missionary, and many more thousands to support helpers. "A million for missions" making the air discordant with its cry, coming from a church with two millions of members, is grotesquely absurd.

Fifty cents apiece only for christian people to send the gospel to those who have never heard of a Savior's love! It is enough to make a tombstone smile in derision.

We are the product of missionary toil. The primitive church sent the gospel to our savage sires. Dr. Robert Young says: "Two foreign missionaries, responsive to the Macedonian cry for help—Paul and Silas—opened the baptismal registry of Europe with the names of a respectable shop-keeper and her family and a jailor and his household. Our ancestors were English—the best blood in the world. Was the gospel brought to England by foreign missionaries? How could it get there, or anywhere else, by other means? The history is substantially this: The Pope saw some fair and handsome people on the streets of Rome. 'Who are these?' said his holiness. 'Angles from distant Angle-land,' was the reply. 'I would to God they were angels,' said his holiness, and forthwith despatched Augustine and forty monks to introduce the work of christianity among the English. This same Augustine became the first

Archbishop of Canterbury, A. D. 597. The church has been gathering strength and glory in the famous island from that day to this. England has been a center whence have irradiated streams of gospel light for all lands.

"America is a christian country. Who brought the gospel here? 'An heroic young missionary'—the Rev. Robert Hunt, of the Established Church of England. When the Jamestown colony landed, 1607, they went on shore, and he administered the holy communion to the entire company. A church was the first house built, which they decorated with wild flowers of the country. The young Englishman was not allowed to marry the Indian princess—Pocahontas—until she had been instructed and baptized. This was the beginning of Protestant missionary labor for the conversion of the 'infidel savages.' The good ship Mayflower brought over no minister, but when she landed at Plymouth Rock, 1620, there were already in Virginia eleven parishes and five hard-working clergymen."

So the history of all the past testifies that the entrance of christianity in all the continents and kingdoms has been made by the foreign missionary.

Common gratitude requires that we who have been raised from brutal barbarism and horrid Pagan rites by "the light of the glorious gospel," should in turn use the wealth it has made for us in giving it to the benighted of earth.

"Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name."

Hark! prophetic poetry: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion: Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing; for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion. Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem. The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God." (Isa.)

"The Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
And glory attends Him along His bright way;
The news of His grace on the breezes is gliding,
And the nations are owning His sway."

When the charter of the American Board was pending in the Massachusetts legislature, it was facetiously suggested that, "we have no surplus religion to export." We have learned that the more we send abroad the more we have at home, and that the import of benefit far exceeds that which we send abroad. High tariff on religion would be no protection to home manufacture. On this subject, at least,

we require free trade. We are just beginning to reap the rich harvest of our seemingly costly seed-sowing.

The greatest cost of missions, when compared with speedy returns, is necessarily at the start. All first things are expensive. A few ounces of a new seed will cost perhaps as many dimes as there are grains. Sow the product in a selected soil carefully prepared, and then you have seed-corn for broadcasting, and may hope for abundant harvests. "There shall be a handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." (Ps. lxxii: 16.) Every wind that wafts shall bear the winged grain abroad and finally the earth shall be filled with harvests. The fruit of the country shall feed the cities.

The little stone quarried from the mountain may have been cut out at a great cost, and a deal of strength was necessary to start it rolling, but it will gain momentum and gather volume at every revolution, and thus accreting it will finally fill the whole earth. The kingdom of heaven is like the leaven the woman hid in measures of meal. It will spread until the whole mass is leavened. All that is required are the hunger and faith of Elijah, and God will see to it that the barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail, and yet the prophet will be fed, and the church, as the widow of Zarephath, will have plenty, "according to the word of the Lord." (I Kings xvii: 8, 16.)

To dislodge a handful of Modoc Indians from the lava beds cost the nation thirty millions of dollars. Had missions thus extravagantly used money we should never hear the end of the changes blind unbelief would ring on our prodigality. The whole sum contributed in America for missions, during the year of the Modoc war, was not one-fourth of the amount expended in the subjection of Capt. Jack and his "red devils." The United States expended on the civil war over one billion of dollars in paying the stipend of the officers and privates engaged in its prosecution. This money would pay the salary of all engaged in American foreign missions for five hundred years. The men and money employed by Russia, for war purposes, converted into missionaries, would furnish the gospel to the Pagan world. If a single country of Christendom can thus engage men, at such a cost, to do nothing in time of peace but to afford military pageants to gratify the pride of a Czar, and a love of parade to the people, and in time of war to hurl the missiles of malignity, what ought the entire christian world be able to do to take the world for Christ? Every man employed as a soldier is a consumer, living on the industry of civilians. Every man killed in war is the loss of so much productive labor, could it be employed in husbandry and the mechanic arts. Missions mean peace; universal peace means production; production means happiness and prosperity. Undoubtedly missions, when first planted, are costly when results are compared with agencies and their

expense. It costs more fuel to get up steam than it does to run fifty miles when once it is generated. It took years of the toil of thousands of men and millions of money to tunnel the Alps, but once bored the expense of transportation is amazingly lessened. The Suez canal was an expensive undertaking, but look at the time and money now saved by the use of this channel of commerce. The Keely motor experiments have cost a million of dollars, yet should they solve the problem of hydraulic power, a giant propeller would so cheapen manufacturing and transportation that the enigma of poverty would be half solved. To establish missionary stations and win a few converts as starting material costs an amount appalling to mathematical cupidity, and statistical pessimists; but once let the number of centers and converts reach a certain point toward which missionary enterprise is rapidly forging, and the momentum of power and progress will so increase that the work of the world's evangelization will be speedily accomplished. Years of drilling the hidden reef of Hell-gate was necessary in order to honeycomb the perilous rock to receive its charges of dynamite; but the mine once loaded, the tiny hand of a little child touched the key and the electric spark leaped in an instant to the magazine, and the crystallization of years was shattered and splintered into innumerable fragments, and soon the dredging machine had lifted the obstruction and a safe path was opened for the keel of commerce. Paganism is a rock, but the missionary drills are at work, the

gospel is filling the cavities with truth to explode hoary errors, and in such an hour as we wot not, a spark of divine fire will spring the mine, and the Old Ship of Zion will find free way for its commerce. Suppose the bed of the Mississippi, lowered by dredging, such as Capt. Eads proposed, and the mighty waters could find ample drainage to the sea, what millions of dollars of annual losses from the spring floods when the snow melts on the mountain, would be prevented, what vast area of arable land would be reclaimed for agriculture! Only a few years of saving from disaster by inundation and of production from rich deltas now water-killed, would be sufficient to indemnity the cost and then the natural wealth would be rapidly enhanced. Pioneer work done for missions is of similar character. Deepen the channels of the world's thought, confine its deluge of doubt and despair to scriptural limits, and what waste of mind would be prevented, what mighty areas of productive reflection and invention and discovery would be added to the world's stock of knowledge! Modern missions compare most favorably in their progress with the advances of the infant church in a miraculous age. Four-score years after pentecost, it is believed, the christian converts did not exceed one hundred thousand, in all the world. Eighty years after Carey baptized his first heathen convert, the native and nominal christians of India and Burmah exceeded half a million, of whom nearly 150,000 were communicants. The increase of ten years (61 per cent.) increased in a succeeding

decade (86 per cent.) or 25 per cent. This ratio, while not maintaining so high a rate, is ever increasing. The cost of pagan converts *per capita*, is three times less than in the patron churches at home. Dr. John M. Reid, an incarnate encyclopedia of missionary facts, statistics and ratios, to whom we are indebted for valuable information and suggestions, affords the following data: "The Baptist Mission Union, in 1873, expended $239,417. The same year the Baptist Association of Long Island expended $236,000—almost the same sum. But the number of converts in the foreign field was eight times as great as in the home field. Converts in the Baptist Association of Southern New York that same year cost ten times as much as in the foreign field. In the Baptist Association of Black River, with no great cities and no great salaries, converts cost five times as much as in their foreign fields. The Congregationalist Churches of Massachusetts, from 1840 to 1866, had an average annual net increase of five to each church and five and a-half to each pastor. Their foreign work in the same twenty-six years had an average annual net increase of twenty to each church and of fourteen and a-half to each pastor. The Presbyterian church, from 1825 to 1875, kept the advance in the number of her missionaries about even with the advance in the number of her ministers at home. But the net increase of members was, in the foreign field compared with the home as three and one-half to one. The American Board did not expend as much in its

first fifty years as is required, in Massachusetts, to build 150 miles of railroad. An emigrant is worth to this country the equivalent of $800 in capital. A single missionary in the South Sea Islands is worth to the commerce of England about $10,000 per annum." "The inexorable lapse of events" is a monumental rebuke to the unfaith of Christendom. The economic results already tabulated should shame withholding cupidity into silence, if it cannot subjugate the covetous heart and open the clasped hand. Since writing the foregoing, I have been permitted the perusal of a virile paper by Gen. B. R. Cowen, read before the Cincinnati Preachers' Meeting, with the liberty of freely using its contents. The reader will thank me for availing the privilege, at the expense, perhaps, of the unity of the chapter. What we appropriate may be regarded as addenda and credited to the eminent lay publicist. The language is not always his, but the data are of his collection. He quotes the prince of geographers, Carl Ritter, as viz: "The change in the character of the New Zealand converts is the standing miracle of the age." The testimony of Charles Darwin is: "The progress of Japan is the greatest wonder of the world, but I declare that the progress of Fuegia is almost equally wonderful." These men simply acknowledge facts, as scientific observers compelled to candor. They made Darwin, the skeptic, an annual contributor to mission funds, purely on the ground of the economic value of missions to civilization and commerce. Gen. Cowen records the

antagonism to missions from distinguished clergymen, the Scottish General Assembly, the East India Company and the British parliament. The revolution of ideas in the cycle of a century is too patent for analysis, and is apparent when stated. He shows how "the laws of caste, false science and philosophy, and history and geography, and fixed customs, and hoary prejudices that held pagan nations as in a mental and moral paralysis," have been overthrown, or undermined so that they are tottering to their fall, In spite of organized opposition, obstacles that would have been deemed insurmountable by the faithless, aided by the bad examples of debauched sailors, and unscrupulous traders, and the degrading influence of rum and the opium traffic, mercenary wars, and the imperfections of some missionaries, the gospel has held on in its triumphing way, proving that the power that has engineered the church was divine. The supreme test, "by their fruits" ye shall judge the tree, has been convincing to explorers, scientists, financiers and statesmen. That missions pay, has been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the candid, whose measure of esteem is graded by time-results.

The reflex action of missionary endeavor on the vitality of the home churches, forcibly illustrates the scriptural statement,—"he that watereth shall be watered himself." The blasphemy of Napoleon,—"God is on the side of the strong battalions," has been rebuked by men who hold that "God and one good man is a majority," demonstrating that "the

race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The world sneered at a handful of fanatical tramps who started out for conquest bearing the single ensign of shame—the cross, on which an alleged malefactor expiated his crime as a blasphemer and a conspirator. Yet without rank or riches, shield or sword, they have gone on from conquering to conquer, proving that their power was not by might but by *My Spirit*. The promise, "Lo! I am with you alway"—has been self-demonstrating. The facts match it, and keep it an unseen reinforcement following the march of the visible army of conquest. The miracles of to-day overtop those of the apostolic age. Missionary achievement is the chief glory and radiant crown of the current century. During the century, missionary societies have increased twenty-eight fold, or from seven to one-hundred and ninety-four. Missionaries have increased over forty fold, or from one hundred and seventy to seven thousand. Contributions for foreign missionary purposes have increased forty-five fold, or from two hundred and fifty thousand dollars to eleven and a quarter millions in America and Great Britain alone. Converts have increased from five thousand to three millions. Protestants now occupy five hundred fields with twenty thousand stations, and five hundred thousand children of heathen parents are being taught in christian schools; which schools have increased within the century two hundred fold, or from seventy to fourteen thousand. The translations of the scriptures have increased from fifty to three hundred and

fifty languages and dialects. At the opening of the century there were but five millions of bibles in the world and they could be read by but one-fifth of the race. There are now more than one hundred and sixty million of copies, and they are within the reach of nine-tenths of earth's population. Japan is a trophy of the cross within the last twenty-five years. In one quadrennium converts in that Empire increased two hundred per cent. One hundred and fifty-three of the churches are self-supporting, and one hundred and fifty others are partly so. Contributions have kept pace with the march of conquest. The Empire has adopted the type of christian civilization, with a written constitution, a parliament, Sunday laws, the support of christian schools, the exemption of christian church property from taxation, and the establishment of freedom of worship. The christian population of India is doubling every ten years, and at the present rate of progress it will reach one hundred and forty millions at the second centennial of Carey's first baptism, A. D. 1799. During the first five months of 1890, in a single elder's (Methodist) district in India there were 2,346 baptisms, more than the whole number baptized by the Methodist missions, in India, during the first fifteen years of its career. The total increase of membership in the entire Methodist Episcopal mission field last year was twelve and one-half per cent. greater than the average increase in the entire church. In the miraculous first century of the christian era, but 500,000 disciples were gathered,

which was less than one-half per cent. of the population of the Roman Empire. Compared with that, how wonderful the modern victories of the cross! The progress of other missions is traced, showing similar results. The testimony of such scientists as Profs. Silliman, Agassiz, Whitney, Ritter, Balbi, and others is produced to prove the incalculable benefit accruing to science from the work of missionaries. The statement of Dr. Adams epitomizes this contribution and debt: "I believe more has been done in philology, geography and ethnology indirectly, by missionaries, than by all the royal and national societies in the world that devote themselves exclusively to these objects."

Missionaries have translated into all the leading languages standard books on systematic theology, christian evidences, church history. More than one hundred scientific works have been printed by them in the Chinese tongue, and thirty thousand volumes are sold annually at cost in China. Many of these are text books in the government schools and in the examination of candidates for the civil service. Dr. Moffat, unaided, translated the whole bible into the language of South Africa, the most gigantic achievement known to linguists. Livingstone's explorations from 1841 to 1873 added largely to our knowledge of equatorial Africa, and blazed a path for Stanley. He reconstructed the map of Central Africa, receiving a gold medal from the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain—the highest honor conferred by that great patron of learning. The author saw

Stanley trace his exploring march athwart the breast of Africa with a wand, and suiting the word to the action, say, all unconsciously, Livingstone, in his path, made the sign of the cross over the dark continent, a presage of christian conquest as signal as the celestial cross revealed to Constantine on the blue canopy of the sky, and to the eye of faith as distinctly inscribed, "*In Hoc Signo Vinces.*"

His labors ended, with a breath of prayer, and a whisper of christian hope, a loving native escort and pall-bearers bore back through the pathless wilderness the body of the great missionary. England received it with a naval transport, and with a pageantry befitting a prince, consigned his body a sleeping place amid England's heroes, statesmen and scholars, in Westminster Abbey, in a tomb as proud as that in which Capulets, Howards and Plantagenets repose. The magnificent possession of Oregon and contiguous territory is due to the sagacity of missionaries. After giving the history of the occupation of the Pacific coast and its rapid development as the western balance of the United States, Gen. Cowen, himself a brigadier-general of Union troops, with no mean military record, and the honored Assistant Secretary of the Interior in the cabinet of President Grant, interjects the following statement and opinion: "When the death-struggle between freedom and slavery came, instead of having the aid of our Pacific possessions in the scale of freedom we should have been confronted with the French occupancy of Mexico extending North to the 42°, and a British occupancy

of all the territory north of that parallel and west of the Rocky Mountains. We *might* have conquered Mexico with Great Britain as her active ally, and we *might* have put down the rebellion with half of our own people, and France, England and Austria against us, and then, we *might not*. Looking back, as an humble actor in its scenes, on that great struggle, I am free to say *we could not have done it*. But the strategy of Providence conquered that vast territory with its untold and constantly increasing wealth, for freedom and protestantism, without bloodshed, by merely sending out a handful of missionaries a dozen years before, and thus gave us a country larger than the Atlantic seaboard." Looked at from a humanitarian standpoint, Lecky summarizes the situation in these words: "The high conception of human life, the protection of infancy, the elevation and final emancipation of the slave classes, the suppression of barbarous games, the creation of a vast and multifarious organization of charity, the education of the imagination by the christian type, constitute together a movement of philanthropy which has never been paralleled, or approached in the pagan world."

Professional humanitarians ignoring the Christ-idea, infidels, agnostics, theosophists, have never marked their path with the monuments of mercy, nor muniments of liberty. They have planted no retreats of benevolence for the afflicted of earth, erected no light-houses on the reefs of ignorance and superstition, or done any other charitable thing to mitigate the woes, or dry the tears of suffering humanity.

Dr. Christlieb, in his address in New York, before the Evangelical Alliance, refers to the fruit of unbelief in the institutions for the extension of God's kingdom, and notes the paralysis which followed its ascendancy. He says: "The German mission in Tranquebar flourished vigorously during the former part of the last century, till the triumph of rationalism at home dried up its support and caused it to wither away. And how do these liberals seek to malign and hinder the work of missions and of mercy now, by distorted criticisms? The institutions of our inner missions (home charities) have been founded and supported by the love and liberality of believers, while unbelievers have done little else than embitter their existence by repeated attacks." It is pertinent to add, sixteen years ensuing this statement, that under the missionary influence renewed by the re-ascendancy of orthodoxy in Germany, slavery has been abolished in Zanzibar, and revived religion holds its throne on the east coast of Africa. In the same address the great German orthodox divine showed from personal witness how, in the time of war, the rationalistic clergy proved impotent to satisfy the spiritual cravings of the suffering and dying. He then pertinently showed how plainly "History tells us that apostasy from the faith very soon deprives a nation of its authority and power". . "*The new faith* (Strauss), *practically carried out, is the commune*, which, during the ascendancy, was always prating of philosophy. Unbelief will ruin every nation which does not in time resist its all-poisoning

influences." As the infidel Bolingbroke confessed: "Be the origin of christianity where it may have been, on earth or in heaven, and confining its benefits to time, and blotting out all hope of immortality, it has proven itself the greatest elevator and benefactor of mankind."

CHAPTER XII.

MISSION METHODS AND MOTIVES.

The open and opening doors call loudly on the church to enter in and improve its opportunities. Every separating and excluding wall has been breached. There are now no hermit nations—no sealed ports. The flag of the cross can sail into any harbor, and this glorious ensign may float along side the standard of any country. A *business* that pays like missions, and which is so constantly enlarging, requires more men and means. The growing wealth of Christendom is amply able to supply the demand. Ten thousand christian soldiers, under competent leaders and officers, can rout the Moslem power in Africa. Could not an army of the cross be recruited, armed and equipped, to overthrow the slave-trade, suppress the Mohammedan slave-traders, protect the natives from their incursions, teach them the arts of husbandry and mechanics, guard the rivers and roads and telegraph lines, garrison the stations, and thus, in a decade, redeem a continent from the night of ages? All that would be required is that the army of occupation should be composed of christian young men, with the spirit of peace behind their arms. They need not be learned, they need not be other than protectors. Let them be accompanied with missionary teachers, surgeons, physicians, mechanics and

farmers. Cast up a highway, guard it from all that can hurt and destroy. Prohibit rum and narcotics. Drain the morasses; clear the brakes; and the wilderness and solitary places will be made glad. The deadly coast fever and other climatal influences that have made Africa the graveyard of missionaries, under proper hygienic measures, and skillful medical treatment, will disappear; emigration will be invited, a vast market will be created for the farm and factory products of christian lands, and peace and plenty will prevail. What Peter the Hermit, taught by experience, instinct with the grace and gentleness of Protestant evangelism, and christian commerce, will preach this tenth crusade? Every christian nation and empire can furnish and support a brigade, and the problem that has perplexed the philanthropist and the statesman will be solved. No such massacre as that inflicted by Mtesa in Uganda, resulting in the martyrdom of Bishop Hannington, his co-laborers and the African converts, could occur. Force would be employed only in the interest of mercy. Power to punish the incorrigible being present, it would probably never be actively needed. We offer the suggestion, knowing full well that certain casuists will object to any movement that bears the sword, however consecrated. But we have the example of the conquest of the Promised Land by Joshua and Caleb, and we are, like they were, abundantly able to go up and possess the land. We propose nothing like the conquest of India, or the possession of Hong Kong by Great Britain, nor even

the American Indian policy, which have furnished bloody chapters, anent the spirit of true christianity, and only deserving of rank in history with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew. But it is strange that any Briton, who justifies the English possession of India, and Burmah, or any American who can find apology for the garrisons among the savages of the west, can cavil as to such a missionary army and policy as we have ventured to suggest.

If desired, let an International Congress be instituted that shall have direction and control of such an army of mercy; or let some neutral power like that of Switzerland or the Netherlands, be put in charge of the movement. Thus the free State of Congo would speedily become a *fait accompli*. Soon railroads would chequer the continent, and the rivers and lakes would swarm with steamers. Cities would spring up like magic. The fabled miracles wrought by Anacreon's lyre of love would become realized ideals. "The desert would blossom as the rose" and victorious Christendom could transform the forty-fourth Psalm into its pean of praise. Then the figurative hymn would become a realistic song:

"Forward be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward with the light!"

If christian powers are justified in the military possession of semi-barbarous and savage lands for commercial purposes, then, by a parity of reasoning, all cavils should down before the gracious object proposed by such a crusade.

But let Christendom prosecute to a successful conclusion the suppression and prohibition of the liquor traffic and the cost of missionary endeavor, whatever form it may assume, would be the merest bagatelle. "When a human being is perishing in flood or flame, we do not stop to assure ourselves that we are doing the best thing to save him, but with almost frantic sympathy we seize any instrumentality at hand, and cry out to every idler, 'For God's sake, do something!' Should we do less for a suffering, imperiled world? Surely not! Cease to be so choice about methods and economies, and *for God's sake do something!*" (Dr. John M. Reid.)

Shall England send an army through the dreary Soudan to rescue the imprisoned Gordon, and Christendom boggle and higgle over an expenditure to break the chain and dispel the night that has made Africa the Niobe of the nations?

Can we recall the barbarities of the slave trade practiced by our forefathers and now pursued by the Mohammedanary oppressers of Africa, and sink into maudlin sentimentality, and resort to crocodile tears when one has the temerity to suggest deliverance that will cut the gordian-knot the sagacity of ages has sought vainly to untie? The man of Macedonia utters his appealing cry from this vast Acel-

dema, and we hesitate and halt to answer with an agency that will speedily deliver the agonizing from "error's chain." Look at outraged Africa, bleeding at every pore, pillaged by cruel and law-defying marauders, where the slave-hunt excites no more pity than the baying of hounds in a fox-chase! What pen can portray the horrors that have ridden Africa like a hideous nightmare, and stained her Pagan altars with the blood of human sacrifices?

> "O, could I picture out the FULL effect
> Of that soul-withering power, idolatry,
> I'd write a page which, whoso dared to read,
> His eye, instead of tears, in crimson drops should bleed."

Let us bear the cross into the very stronghold of Mohammedan imposture and cruelty, turn her false shrines into christian altars, her harems into sanctified homes, and her slave-marts into forums of freedom. This debasing religion carved its way to its throne of tyranny with the cimeter, and its crescent is crimsoned with the gore of murdered millions. A righteous indignation should heed the martyrs crying from beneath the altar, "How long?"—and the answer should be swift, "no longer, O, Lord!"

Baptize the sword and bless the banners of an army, all-consecrate to Christ, and by one mammoth, majestic movement let us end the long, dark night of this foul and avaricious imposture.

Then again the church must multiply her agents, and instead of an assembly, association, or conference, with scores of constituted churches, rich in men and money, let each great congregation send a

representative to the foreign field. In the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth the call for a million a year from the church boasting three millions of members (the Methodist), startling our covetousness as if the insane cry of a fanatic, or fakir, is but a gentle whisper, a slight admonition of duty. Aye, more!—the time is at hand when families will each support representatives in the mission field—not only the rich, but those in which there are several self-supporting members. One case is known in which three sisters, sewing girls, discussed the question of duty, and selecting the best educated to go, she consenting, the two that remained at home provided for the missionary.

It is said that the Moravians have a missionary to every fifty of their members, the other forty-nine furnishing the means of support. The Moravians, as a class, are not rich, though their christian abstemiousness, simplicity and frugality make them independent. Their liberality and severe honesty prevent affluence, they regarding it a sin to accrete at the expense of liberality. What the world owes to this simple-hearted, devout people only the judgment audit will make known. John Huss, the Bohemian reformer and martyr, was their progenitor. They were the outcome of the Hussite war, the Bohemian National Church being based upon the *compactata of Basle*. They begun foreign missions in 1732 and since that time they have sent out nearly 2,500 missionaries. The annual cost of their existing missions is $250,000. They number in the

home churches less than 30,000. They have 1,767 laborers engaged in gospel mission work, and their membership in their missions is 98,000. Their pastors number 248. They have over seven missionary laborers to one pastor, and over three mission members to one home. What is done by one denomination of christians, and that mostly composed of the middle classes, *can* be easier done by other wealthier sects. The Moravians are not ignorant nor the patrons of ignorance. They support forty-eight prosperous boarding schools, and some of them impart so fine a quality of instruction that they are liberally patronized by people of rank and fortune. The Moravian seminary for girls at Bethlehem, Pa., and that for boys at Nazareth, Pa., are esteemed as among the institutions of first class in the United States. They own gospel ships especially employed to supply the missionaries with the necessaries of life—they scrupulously ignoring luxuries that the number of laborers may be kept at the maximum of their ability. They practice at home and abroad the most rigid economy that they may have the more to give to them that lack. They have not only maintained a fertile piety among themselves, but have inseminated other churches with gospel seed from which some of their richest harvests spring. Missionaries itinerate through all the countries of continental Europe, organizing societies for prayer, scriptural exegesis, and experimental witness, the members of which do not withdraw from the communion of the established churches.

What a debt does Methodism owe to the chance or providential contact of John Wesley with Peter Bohler, and the tranquil Moravians amid the threatening storm encountered in Wesley's passage to America. Labrador and Greenland are the prizes of Moravian zeal; and the names of Gradenhutten, Christian David and the Stach brothers stand high on "fame's eternal bead-roll" and bright in "the Lamb's book of life." No sublimer spectacle ever drew earthward the admiring gaze of angels than the 600 Moravian exiles who, though poor and persecuted, resolved on the conquest of the world for Christ. They penetrate to the heart of Asia, and planted their stations at the extremity of the southern peninsula; they set their tabernacles in the north of Africa and the cape of Good Hope; they push through the ice-floes to Greenland and Labrador; they seize Guiana. Talk of the tomb of chivalry the 300 Spartans built for themselves at Thermopylæ, the charge of the light brigade "into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell" at Balaclava! Their exploits and military martyrdom called for no such temper of courage as that which led this forlorn hope in its emprize for Christ. They brave the rigors of a Polar clime, make a path of mercy through eternal snows, blister and burn beneath a tropical sun, encounter the perils of pestilence, share the hospitality of Esquimaux, Indians and negro slaves, suffer chastisement at the hands of those they came to bless and save, depend for subsistence on fishing for walrus, or the precarious returns of the chase

over icy fields and through pathless woods; scorched by equatorial heat, they "endure hardness as good soldiers," such as challenge comparison with the tortures of Regulus and Mutius Scævola, the sacrifice of Curtius and the fidelity of Horatius.

When anything universally approximating their faith, zeal and fortitude becomes the consecrating spirit of the church, no barrier can stay its march, no perils intimidate its volunteers, and no power of earth or hell resist its victorious aggressiveness and encroachments.

Do we say such ideals are bootless, such zeal Quixotic, such enterprise Utopian! "Think what spirit dwells within thee, what a Savior died to win thee!" Think what exemplars are thine—"a cloud of witnesses who, through faith, subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of aliens; women received their dead raised to life, and others had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonment!" Think of the Pauline devotion and spirit of vicarious sacrifice, exclaiming in the prospect of execution, "neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God!"

Have we no book of Maccabees to write, no Spartan courage to prove, no apostolic surrender to

make? Are there no recruits for "the noble army of martyrs?" Is the church of the age incapable of furnishing material for a modern eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews? Must the Moravians alone bear the cross of sacrifice? Thank God, the age in which we live is not without its cloud of witnesses! Among the immortals we record the names of Gardiner and Gordon, Pattison and Lyman, Gradenhutten and David, Halleck and Damiens. Take the dying words of Bishop Hannington, the Stephen of Uganda: "I am about to die for Uganda, and have purchased the road to them with my life." Take this account from his life by Principal Dawson: "The youth—pages at the court of Mtesa and christian converts—were taken with Kakamba and Mr. Ashe's boy, and also Serwanga, a tall, fine fellow, who had been baptized. These three were then tortured, their arms were cut off, and they were bound alive to a scaffolding, under which a fire was made, and they were *slowly burned to death.* As they hung in their protracted agony over the flames, Majasi and his men stood around jeering, and told them to pray *now* to Isa Masya (Jesus Christ) if they thought he could do anything to help them. The spirit of martyrs at once entered into these lads, and together they raised their voices and praised Jesus in the fire, singing till their shrivelled tongues refused to form the sound, *Killa Sikn tunsifu:*

> "Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
> Sing, my soul, His praises due;
> ALL HE DOES deserves our praises,
> And our deep devotion, too.

For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save our souls from woe."

Hannington was a scion of England's best blood, carefully educated, highly beloved, yet he turned away from ease and elegance, home and honor, to give a deeper dye to soil already crimson with martyr blood. His life was given for these poor benighted negroes. But it was not wasted. "A life is not always thrown away when it is poured out—as was the water of the well of Bethlehem at the feet of the Great King; otherwise the costly missile from the great piece of ordinance would be thrown away when in breaking down the wall of the enemies' fortress, it is broken itself. And what did this Martyr-Bishop of the modern church achieve? He died at the early age of thirty-eight. He had not time to do many things, and yet he *did much*. Not to mention the deep impress of his own personality which he had left upon those who were brought into close contact with him, he has given to missions in East Africa an impulse of which we may confidently expect that it will not lose the momentum. He has completed the circle of that great ring of christian stations of which the signet stone is Victoria Nyanza, and in joining the two ends, has welded them together with his death. To us he has left the priceless legacy of a devoted life, an example that will not have been set before this generation in vain. Others will be stirred by the recital of his gallant attempt, and his fall on the

very ramparts of the fortress, to step forward and uplift the banner that has dropped from his dying hands. What if his busy hands and feet, torn from his body, now rattle in the wind above the gateway of some savage town! What if the bleaching skull, wherein once his active brain wrought for the good of all, now hangs like a beacon from the leafless arm of some withered tree! He would have been the first to tell us that no such thing could affect his *life*. For that was hid with Christ in God. The world is his tomb. Somewhere on its circumference lie his mortal parts. Wherever that may be we know that his sleep is sweet. *Obdormivit in Christo.*" (Life of Bishop Hannington.)

Such sacrifices are inspirations. They come upon the drooping heart like spring showers on the frozen earth. They quicken the roots of faith. They tell us of the reviving season—

> "When withered flowers shall bloom again,
> Bright through the years of love's triumphant reign."

The heart is a stranger to grace that does not melt at such a story. The hand is closed by a fatal palsy that does not unclasp, and feel with feverish haste for the purse-strings, when such nobility is manifested. How such offerings shame our apathy! How little can we enjoy our luxurious exemption from privation and pain while willing to recline on the down of ease, without an impulse or effort to revenge such martyrs by making reprisals of grace of the souls, for whose benefit they died!

The soldier of Christ will not count his life too dear to lay it down. Even the pagan Plato reckoned life as too small a boon to preserve it at the cost of principle. Read the dialogue: "And do you think that a spirit, full of lofty thoughts, and privileged to contemplate all time and all existence, can possibly attach any great importance to life?

"No, it is impossible.

"Then such a person will not regard death as a formidable thing, will he?

"Certainly not." (PLATO: *Republic.*)

Paul counted life as "dung," if duty prompted the putting of it in peril. But missionaries seem to prize life more lightly than misers do their money. The courage to give gold seems rarer among rich laymen, than is the courage of missionaries to surrender life to pestilence and persecution in the prosecution of their work to win the world to the cross they bear and exalt. Weep not for those who have won and wear the martyr's crown. The last words the glorious Hannington wrote his English friends, scribbled by the flickering light of a camp-fire, were: "If this is the last chapter of my earthly history, then the next will be the first page of the heavenly—no blots and smurges, no incoherence, but sweet converse in the presence of the Lamb." In this hurry-graph we have the talisman. To live was Christ: to die was gain. His favorite cheer-words to his faltering companions were, "Never be disappointed, only praise." The last words of Bishop Janes were, "I am not disappointed:" nor was Hannington. He

sees "the King in his beauty." He met death without alarm. When his executioners hesitated he pointed to his own gun, which, thus assured, one of the black guards discharged, and his sublime spirit unfurled its wings, and fluttered out of its broken cage of clay, and with one bold dash skyward entered into the presence of his Lord. We may not stay our requiems, nor dry our eyes, "but reason and religion better taught, congratulate the dead and crown his tomb with wreath triumphant." Of such "the world is not worthy." But we are left to make it worthy of a Savior rejected, and of saints martyred.

"Weep not for the saints that ascend
To partake of the joys of the sky,
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshiping chorus on high;
But weep for the mourners who stand
By the grave of their brother in sadness,
And weep for the heathen whose land
Still must wait for the day-spring of gladness."

But these things are not written to glorify the dead, but to inspire the living. They being dead yet speak. Let us hear them, and heed them, by sending an hundred to take the place of each one who has fallen. We will vindicate their memories by completing the work they begun. What a monument will redeemed Africa be to those that, in striving for her recovery, found sepulture in her virgin soil!

Looking at the world as the theatre of moral endeavor, passing in review its degradations, hatreds and hostilities, poverty and pain, how majestic seems the scheme for its redemption! Climbing up Zion's

hill and gazing cross-ward athwart the Golgothas and Gethsemanes that interlie, and seeing, threading the vales and streets, the vast procession of biers bearing yearly thirty-five millions of ruined souls to Gehenna, how appealing to sympathy the sight, how beseeching the spectacle of weeds and woe! Vaulting to the skies, sweeping through the gates ajar, poising on balanced wings before the great white throne, behold the Man of Sorrows "touched with a feeling of our infirmities," throwing down his cross upon the court, tessellated with gold, and by all his crucial agonies, by the combined worth of a billion of immortal souls, to whom the church has delayed these eighteen hundred years to bear the message of salvation, hear him impleading for that delinquent and dilatory church that it may become enlivened with his own sacrificial spirit, that it may forego its schisms and strifes about the home-altars and fly on its errand abroad; survey this scene, that holds the host of heaven in hushed awe and adoring silence, and if your bowels of compassion do not melt, if indifference does not seem insanity, and the consecrated surrender of all adapted agencies, and hoarded treasures, but a paltry repayment, the smallest tribute grateful love would not blush to offer reluctantly, then know that your own heart is yet held in the bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness.

The professor who cannot feel for the woes of earth's benighted, and lends no hand to help in dispelling the Pagan night, as Christlieb says, "is the object, not the subject, of missions." A chris-

tian without the spirit of missions is a light-house without a kindled lamp. He monuments the reef, but memorializes wrecks more than rescues. If he does not shine he is a sham. He is seen in the garish light of day, but by night he is a lure.

Oh, when shall the accursed lust of gold and thirst for power, that keep the wings of the evangel of the faith weighed down when it should be spreading its mighty vans in the midst of the heavens and dropping the healing leaves for the sick and suffering nations, be dispelled!—

> "My heart awake!—to feel is to be fired,
> And to believe, Lorenzo, is to feel."

CHAPTER XIII.

RELIGIOUS LIMITS OF ACCUMULATION.

Is there a religious limit to accumulation, or may one in the pursuit of wealth go on using the cumulative power of capital to accrete, unchecked by society, unrebuked by conscience? Does the proverbial prayer, "Give me neither poverty nor riches; lest I be full, and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor, and steal, and take the name of my God in vain," (Prov. xxx: 8, 9.)—contain a principle, or is it the mere expression of a fear?

From the general tenor of scriptural teaching and of observation, we must conclude that it expresses the happy mean to which it is legitimate to aspire and beyond which it would be dangerous to go. The desire for accumulation merely for the sake of ownership, the pride of life, or the power it brings to the possessor, tends, greatly, to that self-importance which makes one haughty and imperious. It tends to self-dependence and luxurious ease, as in the case of the self-complacent soul who would enlarge his barns for the storage of increased, super-abounding plenty, and take his ease in the presence of surrounding poverty, and despite the numerous calls for aid to promote the good of society, by public charities and the extension of morality and religion. If one

may continue to be "diligent in business" that he may "serve the Lord," using added gains to competency for promoting the welfare of men and the glory of God, has a man, endowed with business talents, having acquired a comfortable fortune, the right to live in idle, not to say pampered, ease? Is this not a burying of ten talents? Work is a duty. If poverty furnishes no justification for idleness, wealth can find no moral apology for luxurious indolence. Does there come a time when a man endowed with five or ten talents may have so improved them as to say justly, "Lord, I have made plenty and I want the ease I have coveted, therefore I will retire from business, and take comfort in the money thy gifts have enabled me to make?" That man is under obligation to use his ability for God, to glorify him in his body, to live for Christ and die for gain. He must make money for God and humanity. Beyond the religious limit he must give his gains to help the needs of his less fortunate fellows. Men are making haste to get rich that they may early cease to work, and, thereby, incurring disease, providing for a sour and querulous old age, or inviting premature death. When the goal of fortune is reached, they find themselves defeated by their haste. Broken in health, food palls on the appetite, sleep refuses to curtain the eye, and a nervous unrest, or shaking palsy, refuses repose to every limb. Thus an avenging Nemesis follows on the track of every offender of divine law, and finally overtakes the fugitive culprit. A prudent use of one's powers would have preserved

them, and a longer period would have ensued for rational toil and current enjoyment and usefulness.

But supposing that there has been a conservation of life's forces, and plenty has come without a weakening of faculty and energy, may a christian give up business and live on the fruit of his opportunities, genius, or labor? Does he owe God, and the church and humanity nothing after he has amply provided for himself? The man who received one talent hid it in the earth, and was condemned on that account as wicked and slothful; his endowment was taken from him, and the *unprofitable* servant was cast into outer darkness. Had he used his talent for a season and then buried it, he would have been apostate to duty. He who has five or ten talents cannot surcease to employ them for the mere enjoyment of ease. If he does not need to work for self-support, and may not for self-aggrandizement, he must, religiously, continue to employ his gifts for the glory of God and the good of men. In respect to christian getting and giving, as in other respects, we are to remember that "we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." (Heb. iii: 14.) In showing the danger and guilt of apostasy the Apostle says:

"For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God:

"But that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned.

"But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though we thus speak.

"For God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labor of love, which ye have shewed toward his name, in that ye have ministered to the saints, and do minister.

"And we desire that every one of you do shew the same diligence to the full assurance of hope *unto the end:*

"That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

"For when God made promise to Abraham, because he could swear by no greater, he sware by himself,

"Saying, Surely blessing I will bless thee, and multiplying I will multiply thee.

"And so, after he had patiently endured, he obtained the promise." (Heb. vi: 7, 15.)

We have known ministers of the gospel, when suddenly possessed of a fortune by a happy speculative turn, by marriage, or by inheritance, to abandon the pulpit, give themselves to travel, literary luxury, or epicurean ease; when, had necessity prodded them, they would have continued to preach and in pastoral labors until death or old age ended their opportunity. It requires no particular clearness of vision to read the motives of those who thus apostatize from their high calling of God and return to the weak and beggarly elements of the world. Every one is ready to say that the "deceitfulness of riches"

has choked the word. But a christian layman whom God hath called to the making of money for his glory and human good, is none the less culpable who, when smiled upon by plenty, turns from the field of duty to repose and self-indulgence. He owes the Giver of all Good the grateful return of diligence in business, that he may help forward the causes of benevolence and the evangelization of the world. If the minister, suddenly possessed of wealth, could have the grace to forego the service of the rich and turn to the poor, who could requite his toil only with grateful love, people would not be slow to discern his christian-like sacrifice, so worthy of the Savior who "though rich, became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich."

The question of ease and taste and inclination must be carefully considered in its relations to selfish indulgence, and ability to be useful to society. A literary recluse, a mere book-worm, greedily devouring the treasures he has accumulated in his library, absorbing and assimilating the wisdom of the past and the output of his contemporaries, and giving forth nothing to enrich the mental stores of others, has entered upon a hermit life, that may not be excused. And if such seclusion and insulation from the world cannot be justified in one capable of being a mental benefactor of his fellows, on what ground is the business man of money-making endowments to be pardoned for retiracy, when by remaining active he could bless mankind with the fruits of his judgment and skill?

Suppose a fortune to be secured by some happy turn, or skillful deal, early in life, would the young millionaire be morally right in escaping further exertion and enterprise, and in living a self-indulgent life extending over many years? Are not many wearing away the hinges of life, and inviting a premature decline of health or wreck of constitution, in the haste to become rich, and thus to earn a long reprieve from business anxiety and care? Dreams of indolent ease possess many ambitious minds at the very threshold of a business career; and, infatuated by illusive fancies, they plunge into the activities of trade or the hazards of speculation, and soon become immersed in a sea of troubles that impair strength and waste vitality in their efforts to keep their heads above the water, and make a successful swim to some happy shore that imagination has conjured, and fancy painted with brightest colors of verdure and flowers.

Many hidden snares are set for such eager spirits, and oftentimes when apparently afloat on some propitious flood-tide they fancy "leads on to fortune," suddenly find themselves entangled in the meshes of a net from which their boldest strokes fail to extricate them. If it be suggested that such ventures are justified by some benevolent end in view, then the mind has surrendered itself to the sophisms of casuistry rather than the processes and conclusions of a cool, calm and calculating judgment. The perplexities ensuing on hot haste for a fortune rob existence of its sweet contentments, shake and shat-

ter the citadel of health, superinduce obstacles to mental and moral improvement, and erect barriers to family enjoyment and social delights. With many such, their sun goes down while it is yet day, and drops suddenly from meridian brightness into the blackness of darkness. "Make haste slowly," is as wise a maxim when applied to business pursuits as to any other conceivable subject. There are many Elims in the desert of life, and it is our duty as well as privilege to turn in and rest beneath the shade of their palms, and refresh ourselves by grateful draughts at their cooling fountains.

Exhaustion of time and hoarding of treasure at the expense of one's powers, and current occasions of benevolence, are means which no end can excuse. If a family be neglected in the mad effort for fortune, and the result of omitted discipline be wayward sons and frivolous daughters, then the father has disquieted himself in vain, and heaped up riches, not knowing who shall gather them, and the end, in numberless cases, is disappointment and defeat. Then such habits of covetousness are formed, that when the end is attained, benevolence has been stifled, and the good in view is never consummated. The man lives and succeeds to find himself at last a miser guarding his hoard of cankering gold, steeled to the entreaty of charity, and deaf to the whispers of celestial voices inviting to deeds of unselfish love. The projected hospital is not endowed, the proposed church is not built, the intended college never materializes, and the man who might have enriched life by current deeds of benevo-

lence and the gratitude of those about him, vegetates rather than *lives;* and finally, jejune and friendless, survives through a dreary autumn to die on the verge of winter, to leave his fortune to prodigals or ingrates, or bequeathing legacies of benefaction, superinduces litigation to defeat his dying intentions, which feed the cormorant hunger of unscrupulous lawyers.

Read the diary of suicide and learn how many men, caught in the swirl of panics, have ended life in despair, and refused thus to encounter the privations of penury and the pains of irremediable bankruptcy. How many, too, suddenly embarrassed by declining markets, have been tempted to deeds of dishonor, and, in the effort to outride a financial storm, made shipwreck of character, been consigned to prisons, or lived branded with dishonor! In a shipwreck a man will save his jewels, whatever baggage may sink with the vessel. Now, we are all destined to strike the reef of death; and happy is the man that rescues the jewels of character, and floats into celestial port with these treasures secured.

The man who foregoes all current pleasures in the vain forecast of ease at the end of twenty years of toil and frugality, is apt to miss his mark. For it remains true that not one in fifty who meditates retiring from business, when one or another end is reached, finds himself willing or ready to retire when the fixed goal is reached or past. Still, this common infatuation cheats multitudes out of health and happiness, contentment and comfort, culture and charity. Generally, his plants are costly and must be run, or the

capital invested in them be wasted; or credit has been so widely extended that years must be consumed ere obligations to others can be met; or habits have crystalized which cannot be made plastic to new conditions, and the deluded victim comes to his last end as burdened with business as when, in the heyday of hope, he flattered himself that the day of unburdening would come and leave him at ease in the evening.

And what noble thoughts would men have of a highly endowed, successful business man, who, having established his trade, secured the confidence of a large circle of customers, and having yet in store a large stock of vital energy, should unostentatiously continue commercial life that he might do good, refusing to further accrete for himself, and giving his entire margin to promote christian endeavor and to mitigate the miseries of humanity! There would be no doubt of such an one, at the final audit of accounts, being made "ruler over many things." What peace would abide in his breast amid the activities of trade! With what sweet satisfaction would he scan his balance-sheet and rejoice in the margin of gain! His would be no cormorant surfeiting, but a feasting on angelic food. No plethora would threaten him with spiritual apoplexy, but a gracious activity of all the generous forces of his nature would diffuse a warm glow of soul-health and make him confident of laying up imperishable treasures in the thief-proof storehouses of heaven. (Math. vi: 19, 21.) Money made for Christ and expended for his cause is treasure laid up in celestial vaults. Money made

under the rowelling of avarice and uselessly laid up in miserly hoards is not only the insanest folly, but the grossest impiety. This is making Mammon master of the enslaved soul. It is a voluntary abandonment of the gracious service of God to become sordid and venal, consumed by a lust of gain. "No man can serve God and Mammon;" but a consecration of money-making power to Christ is a lofty, sacred service, strewing earth's pathway with blossoms, decorating the grave with immortelles, and yielding divine fruits on celestial shores. At the grave of such a man an archangel might lift the litany: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for their *works* do *follow* them."

Indeed, all business should be entered upon and pursued with an eye single to the glory of God. "Seek first"—first in importance, first in order of time—"the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you" (Math. vi: 33.) Religion is not to be embraced as a refuge at the last, but as a preparation at the first. It is every man's privilege to try and improve his circumstances—to forecast the future with wisdom and provide for his rational interests in advance. Righteousness is the best preparation for business prosperity. It includes sobriety, prudence, frugality, industry and virtue—the very elements of a symmetrical commercial character. Righteousness is the engine that draws after it the train of blessings: "all these things shall be added."

It need hardly be said that the accretion of property for selfish and sinful ends is contrary to christian principle. Whenever riches are sought that the lusts of the flesh may be gratified, that luxurious tastes may be indulged, that pampered ease may be enjoyed, that time may be killed with the poinards of sinful pleasure, then the pursuit of wealth becomes a blistering, blasting curse to the soul. "Lay not up treasures *for yourselves.*" "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations." (Luke xvi: 9.)

A christian man must, therefore, seek and set out in life with gospel principles house-keeping in his heart. Then every dollar gained will be clean money, he will despise all over-reaching, and every mean artifice or "trick of trade;" then each duty will be met as it is presented, and each week will witness a faithful distribution of gain measured by the prosperity with which God has crowned his current labors. When competency comes, then the sole ambition of effort will be to serve God and his generation.

The accumulation of vast fortunes in the possession of a few, while moiling, toiling masses swelter in abject poverty, is reprobated by the equitable laws of sociology and the principles of Christianity. Wealth, or "the capacity to gratify rational desire," should bear equitable ratio to the industry that produces it. Capital enjoys no prerogative that entitles it to so much greater deference than that which is paid to virtuous labor. Mammon is as gross an

idolatry as the adoration of Baal; and the wheels of capital may carry as ponderous an idol to crush the weak, as ever the car of Juggernaut carried. Could one man, inheriting the accumulated fortunes of several prosperous generations, by shrewd speculations vastly increase his riches, until he could buy a State and turn it into a pleasure park or a game preserve, would it be right to allow him thus to pervert it from the means of human subsistence, unto his selfish caprice? If a thousand operatives, "hands," are employed in a factory, and ten capitalists own the buildings and machinery and power, is it according to the political economy of the Golden Rule that these favored Lords of the Loom should be allowed to grow inordinately rich, while the 990 should barely subsist, and toil on hopelessly poor? Making all due allowance for the peril of capital, the "risk," is this inequality between the fortunate few and the miserable millions the state of society that would exist if the golden rule could be the sole constitution of society? If the answer is negatively given, then there must be something wrong in the present organization of society. If there be something wrong, it ought to be corrected. To say that the wrong has become so hoary with age, so entrenched by custom, so fashioned by law, that it cannot be corrected, is equivalent to saying that the gospel is a failure.

But the greed of capital is largely responsible for the risk. In its efforts to accumulate it ventures beyond the limits of demand, or strains its credit until it fails in a crisis or panic, or is so unconcerned

as to its dependent employes that they become indifferent, and shiftless, and reckless of interests in which they have so little common concern. The perils would be less were the desire for accumulation confined within christian limits, and were the laborers taken into a community of interest with the capital. No man, no corporation, can become so rich as to be independent of the injunction: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." (Phil. ii: 4.) Society is reticulated in a net-work of relationships that render the self-centered Ego, the independent unit, impossible. "None liveth unto himself, and none dieth unto himself." Christ is represented in the poor. To overlook and neglect them is to slight Him.

The casuistry, on this subject, that deludes conscience and lulls it to repose, is prolific in apologetics for selfish wealth. It is declared that the poor trifle at their tasks, idle away precious time, hand over to the till of a saloon their hard-earned wages. But abject poverty creates dissipation and improvidence. No star of hope gilds the horizon of the poor. They have but little chance to rise out of the circumstances to which they were born, and the environments in which they have been bred. It is becoming more difficult each year to escape these repressing conditions. The rapid march of monopoly, the increasing tyranny of capital, the rapid absorption of public lands, the immense facilities being afforded by mechanical inventions, the influx of emigrants, the natural growth of population, are adding, annually, perplex-

ing features to the problem of life for the impoverished masses. Without hope for an easier future, with no means to enterprise for themselves, serfs of selfish wealth, having feeble interest in the peace and prosperity of society—they are bankrupt of incentive to effort, and largely are outside the motives that faith in the future life and its states of retribution afford. In this hot-bed of sullen discontent or of grim despair, Socialism and Anarchy ferment, and there is spumed on society those poisonous sentiments that threaten its peace, and its perpetuity in orderly organizations. It is a notable fact that the moment the anarchist gets a little ahead, owns something himself, he abandons his vagaries and becomes an orderly, peace-protecting citizen. It only requires a small prosperity to tranquilize the turbulent, but a little competency to content the disquieted. It is bloated fortunes in the hands of an insolent and imperious few, of men who have lost the milk of human kindness and been transmuted into monstrous money octopuses, whose slimy arms are extended in every direction to draw to their covetous embrace the hopeless victims of their power, that create the discontent and malcontent of society. It is apparent that Agur's prayer furnishes the key to the solution, "Give me neither riches nor poverty," and suggests the moral limit of accumulation. On the top of the world's ease and at the bottom of human circumstances we find the extremes of dissipation and vice. To bound accumulation and to diminish poverty are two conditions

for the improvement of society. No mere agrarianism is competent to this equitable adjustment. Industry and providence should always reap their reward. Natural endowments and acquired skill must have their incentives and compensations. What is needed is that christian principle should be introduced as the leaven of society. Men must become instinct with the feeling of brotherhood. Fraud, as the malaria of business, must be dissipated. Gambling in futures must be placed alongside with ventures at roulette tables. Successful men must be generous and helpful to their less fortunate competitors in the race of life, and hold their gains and employ their talents for their Father-God and their brother-man.

One of the injurious effects attending unlimited accumulation is the undue use of business credit. How far may a christian man extend his credit? There are men who "go in" to vast enterprises, with small or no capital, and by their ventures dazzling a credulous public, or beguiling the unwary by the use of some great name and its fair fame, put in peril or visit with disaster multitudes of innocent dupes. These "Napoleons of Finance" argue that they have nothing to lose and everything to gain, and recklessly plunge into speculations where returns are as uncertain as the cast of a die. "Heads they win, tails they lose." Men, beguiled by their arts, widows and orphans plundered by their devices, find no difficulty in recognizing the justice that clothes them in a criminal garb and consigns them to penitentiary walls. But there are many, in legitimate

business walks, who argue that one is entitled to employ all the credit he can command. In the use of credit there should be a reasonable probability, at least, of the safety of the risk in which it is engaged. A man's credit is other people's property. Losing credit means losing *their* property. "Borrowing without the probability of paying" is criminal. In the sight of God it is a robbery. "Owe no man anything but love," is a safe rule. But there is a degree in which the use of credit is permissible. A man may desire to purchase real estate, and have his own capital to pay one-third cash; he may borrow one-third for the second payment, mortgaging the property, being assured, both borrower and lender, that the property is worth, in any probable event, two-thirds of the purchase price. So a man in business may, with a growing demand on his resources, borrow double the sum of the capital invested, provided he is prudent as to whom he credits, and is assured that, should he fail, his half—his own capital invested—will be adequate to reimburse his creditors. In such a case, as a rule, having lost his own capital, christian equity should require that he make an immediate assignment for the benefit of his creditors, or obtain their consent to go on, after a thorough understanding of the causes and extent of his embarrassment.

If a christian man find himself less cautious in the use of his credit than of his capital, there is instantaneous need of a readjustment of his practice. A man should only take up goods and incur financial

responsibilities when there is a moral certainty of paying the debt when it becomes due. It would be well to adopt these two rules: (1.) Never to owe anything without being certain that you can pay it at maturity. (2.) Never allow others to owe you anything that you are not able to lose without detriment to others whom you owe.

The practice of preferring creditors, when a failure has occurred, is reprehensible. All who have loaned money should share equally in the assets. If a man borrows, he owes, equally, all his creditors. To prefer one over another is simply to say, "I will pay you all I can;" and to those non-preferred, "you can take what you can get." Such a transaction is down-right dishonesty—with the element in it of treachery. The christian must keep a "conscience void of offense toward all men."

Wealth is not essential to the happiness of human beings. "Godliness with contentment is great gain." If riches were necessary to human well-being, more people would be allowed to obtain them. As most men must work for their living and can only enjoy the fruit of their hands, a comfortable competency obtained by labor is best. Prosperity ruins more than adversity. Paul had the golden key that unlocks the wards of religious tranquility when he said: "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." (Phil. iv: 11.)

"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." (Luke xii: 15.)

"Better is little with the fear of the Lord than

great treasure and trouble therewith."(Prov. xv: 16.)

Some one has said, "God has shown his contempt for money by the kind of people to whom he has given it." It must be conceded that many who have riches have fallen into the snare of Satan, and have, by trusting in "uncertain riches," become ungodly and unhumanly; but sometimes the possession of wealth is evidence that a man has worked well and been frugal, and not, necessarily, that he has been stingy and mean. Yet, not every hard-working man, planning well, has been successful. Men who have been industrious and sober, and economical, and just and generous, and who deserve to succeed, have failed of a fortune and barely had the necessaries of life. Success is not always a measure of merit.

Employment is a great safe-guard. The imperative necessity of labor is the grandest conservator of private and public morals. Nations and individuals have been demoralized by wealth, and sunk to ruin. Democracies and Republics have yielded to the insidious wiles of money, and been supplanted by cruel aristocracies in which all of personal liberty perished. It has made the humble citizen haughty, and turned the patriot into a proud oppressor of his countrymen. It has rattled bribes in the ear of legislative cupidity, and filled the statute books with purchased laws and franchises. It has corrupted the soldier until he has sold his sword to the foes of his banner, or turned the loyalist into a conspirator and a rebel.

Nations are never in peril so great as when increasing in wealth and vaunting their military power.

Who that has not witnessed the sad transformation of character under the baneful influence of suddenly acquired wealth? It has made the amiable ugly, the patient irascible, the lowly proud, the modest supercilious, the simple haughty, the gentle savage, the sober drunken, the chaste debauched, the Godly devilish. "The love of money is the root of all evil." For money the thief steals, the dishonest defraud, the assassin murders, the liquor-seller vends "distilled damnation," beauty trades away its virtue, and cruelty tightens the screws of its racks. Woe to the heart that is once snared by this fatal lure—the lust of gold! The idolatry of money is debasing. The world's work has been done by its poor and patient toilers. The men who have climbed highest and cut their names in the rock forever, have been the sons of poverty. Genius is almost a synonym for struggle. "Prosperity is a more refined and severe test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day." (*Eliza Cook.*)

The body performs its functions best when exercised as labor requires. The goad of necessity prods men to the very efforts essential to health. The mind enlarges as strong thought and close calculation are made imperative. "Necessity is the mother of invention." Inherited fortune is oftenest the bane of children. Men struggle for fortune and stint to save, only, in most instances, to provide the conditions that doom their children. Money slips through their undeft fingers, tempters wait and set snares on

their flowery path, and, finally, undisciplined by early habits of industry and frugality, enervated by dissipation and luxury, rifled of their patrimony, they sink to premature death and often to a pauper's grave.

How many men there are who have "disquieted themselves in vain and heaped up riches, knowing not who should gather them!" Multitudes who have been scant in providing for their personal comfort, callous and close in answering the calls of benevolence, and sordid in meeting the claims of religion, have simply been laying up for the saloon on the corner, or the painted Cyprian of the dance-house. Children quarrel over estates and are alienated each from the other, and the family dissolves into hostile elements.

That wealth within rational limits may be used to educate minds, refine manners and even improve morals, we do not wish to deny; that it may, without sin, be used to a certain extent in what are called the elegancies of life, we will cheerfully admit; but whenever it is pursued, obtained, held and used for a purely selfish aim and end, the pursuit, possession and use are sinful. It is vain to affirm that costly luxuries give employment to the poor, when the motive is simply selfish enjoyment. The needy artisan may get an incidental benefit out of it; but He who is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart will score nothing to the credit of the selfish employer. Expensive luxuries, enjoyed by the Christless rich, are sinful, when to defray the cost

of them charity is withheld from the poor, education from the ignorant, reformative agencies from the criminal, recovering instrumentalities from the outcast, and the gospel from the unsaved at home and the heathen abroad. Wealth employed in increasing mental and moral culture in the community, promoting the popular taste and refinement by art academies, public parks and free music, adding to artisan skill by industrial schools, sending the gospel to Pagan lands and with it all the blessings of civilization, is worthily employed, and will make its possessor rich "toward God" and rich in the affections of his fellow men.

No one but a silly agrarian can or does object to wealth honestly acquired and rightly used for the benefit of the society that has made its acquisition and safety possible. As a rule, great fortunes are not made by the employment of the personal powers of those who possess them; but are the "unearned increment," resultant from the progress of society in general, and the growth of population creating demand. Who will not say that the interest on that wealth, created in consequence of the rise in values by the progress of society, shall not be dedicated to the best interests of those who were instrumental in making the conditions of its creation, and who conspire to give security to the principal!

Civil society claims the right to demand its share for popular education and benevolence, for streets, highways, parks and common security against fire. In some countries it levies its assessments for the

cost of religion. Everywhere in christendom there is a recognized demand for more than the state calls for, that a larger benevolence than it exercises may be dispensed, and that the enterprises of philanthropy and of religion may be promoted abroad. Christianity, more fully by its general spirit than by its specific precepts, fixes a moral limit to accumulation, not that idleness may ensue, but that good may be done. The question has so much of relativity attached to it, that it would be vain to try and fix that limit numerically. Let every man be persuaded in his own mind, regarding himself as owned by God and to be used for His glory. Realizing his stewardship and the accountability it entails, the individual christian cannot find it difficult to establish boundaries, refusing to acquire further for personal ends, and working hand and brain and heart to win wealth for God and humanity.

It is strange that no more business men, after accumulating enough for their families, devote all their skill and energy to making money for christian uses. Skill to make money is a gift from God and should be used for the cause of Christ. Where is the merchant that drives his business for the sole purpose of helping to convert the world? Where is the manufacturer that runs his mill solely for Christ? Where is the farmer that sows his fields on purpose to give to save men? Christians retire from business because they have won a fortune. Ought they not to go on accumulating and consecrate the fruits to Christ? What right have we to hide our talents for

money-making in a napkin? God gave them for use, to be used for him and his cause; and we sin when we use them solely for self, and retire in idleness, and neglect to use them at all.

Some christians ought to become rich. They can use wealth to accumulate wealth. It is mere cant to object to large fortunes. There is no more sin in having two millions than there is in being the possessor of the widow's two mites. It is not the amount, but the use, that settles the moral question. Capital is needed to make money; and it is pre-eminently christian to gather the capital, reap the advantages and consecrate it all to Christ. The man whose skill enables him to win millions, may do it all for Christ as well as a poor man can honor his God by giving his pittance. The time and method of giving are left to each christian to decide for himself. If he can do more by investing as capital than by giving as he gets, he ought to do so. The great danger of becoming covetous and stingy should always be considered. The only safe course is to give liberally while accumulating. If we are incapable of doing this, we are quite sure to fail either in accumulating or in benevolence. He is not a skillful business man who cannot make money and give liberally at the same time. He is a very poor christian who can consent to give stingily while intending in the future to be liberal. He deceives himself both as to his present piety and his future generosity. Yet if he has the talent to do present duty and add to his capital so as to do far more in the future, he

not only may but he ought to use it to gather wealth, increase income, and devote all to the world's conversion.

"This is a money-making age, and to an unprecedented extent a christian-giving age. But the giving lags far behind the making. Luxury spends more than christianity permits, and spirituality suffers. Wealth, according to our use of it, is a means of grace or of spiritual paralysis. If christians fail to increase their payings they will decrease their prayings. The influx of wealth will promote piety if we use it for Christ, but it will breed infidelity if we use it for self." (*Rev. Geo. H. Ball, D. D.*)

Men cannot secure happiness by mere accumulation. With the end in view of doing good with the money as it is made, a felicity-making motive is put into the business. Mere money-making is like drinking brine, the more one drinks the thirstier he gets. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance with increase." (Ec. v: 10.) If a man would be his own executor he would oftener attain the aim of his benevolence than leaving it to be applied by others after death. Many a will has been broken by covetous and dissatisfied heirs.

Here are some suggestive quotations:

"Posthumous charities, and wills to accomplish them, are not scriptural devices of benevolence. In the absence of other evidence the presumption which rests on the face of each bequest is, that they ministered to selfishness while the owner could live, and were designed to serve motives of vanity when he

was obliged to die. Moreover, when there is always around a man of wealth flocks of impecunious persons as selfish as he, and with some color of claim upon his property, these wills, oftentimes, fail to accomplish more than causing a scramble discreditable to the dead and disgraceful to the living. The great lawyer, Mr. Tilden, was not wise enough to make a will in which his nephews cannot find flaws enough to lead them to contest it. A notable case is that of the attempt to overthrow the will of Mr. DePauw, who left several millions of dollars to the university that bears his name at Greencastle, Ind. The New York Court of Appeals declared invalid the benevolent bequests of Mr. Samuel Willets, a careful business man who left an estate of several millions, through a will drawn up by a lawyer of excellent reputation. The moral of all of which is: Do what you ought to do before you die. In this post-mortem benevolence there is too much of a sort of future probation twist to make it a reliable method of doing good. David served his own generation after the will of God, and then fell asleep.

"It is a shame for rich christian men to be like Christmas boxes that receive all, and nothing can be got out of them till they are broken in pieces." (*Dr. John Hall.*)

"Those who defer their gifts to their death-bed do as good as to say: 'Lord, I will give thee something when I can keep it no longer.' Happy is the man who is his own executor." (*Bishop Hall.*)

Dr. Young (of "Night Thoughts") having given a thousand pounds to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, said: "That if he had postponed giving it until his death, he would have been giving away his son's money." He was right. It would also have been like the man on the street-cars, who occupies a seat until he arrives at the end of his journey, and then, when he has no title to it, offers it to some one else.

"It is a degrading thing to enjoy husks till there is no man to give them to. It is a base thing to resolve to give God as little as possible, and not serve him till you must." (*F. W. Robinson.*)

"No amount of wealth sets one free from the obligation to work in a world, the God of which is ever working. He who works not has not yet discovered what God made him for, and is a false note in the orchestra of the universe." (*MacDonald.*)

Continuing to work after prosperity has come, and not for further hoarding, but for God, will protect from the perils into which so many fall late in life. Says Dr. South: "Nothing will more effectually betray the heart into a love of sin, and a loathing of holiness, than an ill-managed prosperity. It is like some meats, the more luscious, so much the more dangerous. Prosperity and ease upon an unsanctified, impure heart, is like the sunbeam upon a muck-heap; it raises many filthy, noisome exhalations. The same soldiers who, in hard service, and in the battle, are in perfect subjection to their leaders, in peace and luxury are apt to mutiny and rebel. That corrupt

affection that has lain as it were dead and frozen in the midst of distracting business or under adversity, when the sun of prosperity has shined upon it, then, like a snake, it presently recovers its former strength and venom. Vice must be caressed and smiled upon that it may thrive and sting. It is starved by poverty, it droops under the frowns of fortune, and pines away upon bread and water. But when the channels of plenty run high, and every appetite is plied with abundance and variety—so that satisfaction is but a mean word to express its enjoyment—then the inbred corruption of the heart shows itself pampered and insolent, too unruly for discipline and too big for correction."

A millionaire without generosity, without philanthropy, still scheming for self, is but the statue of Apollo holding the lyre and bow and arrows; but his lyre never charms, and his arrows fly to no noble game.

It was a sublime consecration that made Paul exclaim: "For me to live is Christ." Not less sublime is that consecration of a successful business man who works for Christ by making money for His cause, when by selfish indulgence he might swell his fortunes to greater dimensions, or retire to live in a supine and luxurious ease.

If the principles we have stated be correct, far better would it be to project life's scheme on the principle "live and let live." Then each day could be filled with engagements that would dispel the *ennui* of indolent existence, and, closing down his

cares with the leaf of his ledger, go with buoyant step and bounding heart to an evening of home delights and of rational recreation:

> "Then the night would be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Would fold their tent like the Arab,
> And silently steal away."

A man who does not come to years with a stock of precious memories, and a store of pleasant thoughts, the product of previous fellowships and generous deeds, and liberal reading of enriching books, if emancipated from business necessities, will find but little to enjoy. Time will hang heavily on his hands, and life's sun will sink, curtained with clouds, and no stars will twinkle in the twilight sky. The old man who has never given his youth and prime leisure to learn and love, cannot breed a habit at the last that was never formed at the first, nor encouraged when mind was flexible and affection fluid. Money can never buy the pleasures of the mind, nor coax the shy goddess of love to kiss the wrinkles of age.

So swiftly are the wheels of business driven in this bustling age, that few men of affairs will spend the time to examine the claims of the charities that solicit them. Unblushing mendicancy and charlatan charity bank on this value of time, and much money is worse than wasted. Men of known liberality are "run in upon" in business hours; and rather than spare the time to listen and learn, a sum of money is given, and the successful supplicant "laughs in his sleeve" at the supposed credulity of these rich dupes. Such a habit of giving cultivates

no spirit of charity, softens no heart, and tends to make benevolence a bore. Even charity which is more deliberate acts through a proxy, or the generous stand their assessments with equanimity, and all that ought to be made the architect of character is delegated to the chosen clergymen, or relegated to the sympathetic wife. Thus, by degrees, the heart that should be a temple is transformed into a bank vault, and finally the nature that ought to be as holy as a shrine becomes as mechanical as a combination lock. We are writing for christian men. We are trying to read into them the true principles that should mould immortal character and stamp it with the mintage of heaven. And so that our task may be faithfully performed, we say that the genius of christianity protests against all ambition for wealth that has its incentives rooted in selfish pride, luxurious ease, and the endowment of children with fortunes that will make them independent of toil and sacrifice, and will encourage them to a haughty disdain of the poor and a supercilious rejection of religion. Money is a divine trust. It must be made in accordance with the principles of Christ, and held and dispensed under a devout and filial fear of God; else every dollar will become like a glowing cinder of hell to eat the flesh like fire, and glower on the path of an eternal doom. The rational and religious way, therefore, is to regard business as a trust, health as a factor of power, current benevolence as a duty, recreation as a conservator of life-force, and right deeds, nobly done, as character creators and happiness producers.

"Teach us, O Lord, to keep in view
Thy pattern, and thy steps pursue;
Let alms bestowed, let kindness done,
Be witnessed by each rolling sun;
For, he who marks from day to day,
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path the Savior trod,
The path to glory and to God."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRY AND CALL.

I. THE CRY.

THERE is a sob of sorrow and a prayer for pity on the air. It has reached the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. It is ringing an alarm-bell in the ears of the selfish rich, and if it is not heeded it will toll their knell. "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, *Watchman*, what of the night? What of the *night?*" To millions there is night; to many it is starless; to all it is stormy. There is need to get "The Three Fishes," "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," "The Cry of the Children," into our hymn books. "One half the world does not know how the other half lives." But they ought to know. They ought to help it. The cause they know not they should search out.

"Blessed is the man that *considereth* the poor." Have you ever *considered* the poor—fixed your mind on them to examine their pitiable condition? If not, do so now. We will try and help you to consideration with a few startling facts: A cry that comes from the slums is pressed out by environment. Herds and flocks, birds and squirrels have free warren in field and forest. They have plenty of good fresh air and pure water and "food convenient."

The ant, forcasting the winter, provides its meat in summer, the bee its bread, the squirrel its store of nuts; instinct carries the migratory bird to a genial climate and a liberal commissariat, and the ox knoweth its master's crib. The young ravens do not cry in vain, and sparrows are cared for by Providence and ceaselessly twitter their psalm of praise. Only man is put on beggarly allowance of air, light, water and fuel. Humanity is crowded into filthy tenements and infected airs, where health is undermined, decency is outraged and vice is contagious. They pay rack-rent to grasping landlords, and vegetate in pestilential atmospheres. They swelter in stuffy apartments in summer, and shiver in frosty airs in winter. Children grow up familiar with profanity and obscenity and know no more of the purities of speech than hogs do of Turkish baths. Family seclusion is impossible and the promiscuous exposures of the sexes banish the blush of shame. They nurse the breast of inebriety, and beer is the common drink. They "rush the growler;" and amid debauch of speech and drink are strangers to all the sweet amenities of life. God designed to set the solitary in families, but these wretched creatures herd and swarm where home is a word of mockery and a den of misery. Home, the foundation of the family and the state, is overthrown. Little children with soft muscle and gristle instead of bones, are hurried away to the factory, for so small is the wage that to exist all must work. The slaughter of the innocents goes on, and despotism that would outrival the Herodian

massacre goes on, with scarcely a protest. Ostrich nurture takes the place of maternal care. "Men must work and women must weep," and a sigh and sob like the moan of the sea escape the surging, seething mass. Statistics show the average united income of families, all at work, below the cost of the bare necessities of life. Half-starved bodies drag weary limbs to the work-shops, and a fearful death-rate appals philanthropy. The poor, compelled to buy in small quantities, pay much more for their subsistence than the rich—a dollar more on each ton of anthracite, on each barrel of flour. Land monopoly goes on; lots are worth $1,000 a foot, and to render living in cities possible to the poor, huge tenements rise even fourteen stories high. America is fast approaching the condition of the British Isles, where four-fifths of the soil is owned by 5,000 landlords and nearly one-half by 1,000. In Scotland, more than one-fourth of the entire area is owned by twenty-one lords, nearly one-half by forty-nine, and more than three-fourths by 583 persons. One landed proprietor owns as much of the country as three millions of people. We are suffering foreign syndicates to buy up our country, our railroads, mines and manufacturing industries. Under a shameful monopoly, resulting largely from laws of entail, one-fifth of the population of the British Isles are without a sufficiency of food to fitly preserve life and conserve health. "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof," but the *lords* are the king-made nobles and not the Lord of hosts. Then the pos-

sessive sign is gone—it is no longer the Lord's, but the lords'. The *cry* is a call to halt. The martyrs are crying from beneath the altar: "How long, O Lord! *How long?*" An Augean stable cries for cleansing. What Hercules will turn the Peneus on this mighty treasury of wrong?

In one of his cynical moods Carlyle hissed in the ear of one of our boasting countrymen: "Ye may boast o' yer democracy, but the reason why yer laboring folk are so happy is thot ye have a vost deal o' land for a very few people." This land is rapidly passing into the hands of the few. An English syndicate owns 300,000 acres about Cumberland Gap, and is reaching out Briarian hands—aye, the tentacles of an octopus, to grasp all in sight from the pinnacle seen by the most powerful field-glasses. Railroad corporations have subsidized millions of acres of arable lands and lumber forests. The public domain is diminishing. Added to other causes, such as machine farming, the difficulty of securing homesteads is driving population into the cities, and this is raising city lots to fabulous values. To say there is no help for all this, is to put right on the scaffold and wrong on the throne. It is to make the golden rule a mockery and Christ an idle dreamer. We cannot baptize monopoly and take it into the church. The cry is for excommunication. There are many cursed from their mother's womb and father's loins. Begotten in drunkenness or tainted with the virus of licentiousness. The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge. They are

handicapped at the start and bear weight in life to the bitter end. Their parents lived under conditions tending to the deterioration of their offspring. The children heir, congenitally, diseases, and carry a corrupted diathesis to their graves. In turn they transmit taints. The fish of the Mammoth Cave are born and bred in darkness and hence are blind. Moles burrowing in the earth lose their eyes. The hermit crab, expelling the whelk, loses its power to make for itself an armoring shell. Imprisoned birds lose all buoyancy and float of wing. Canaries caged with twittering wrens forget how to sing. Greyhounds confined to the kennel and denied the chase lose their scent. Hermit monks forfeit the social instinct. Persistent morbid conditions impair faculty and force. The only way the deterioratory tendencies of corrupt heredity and vicious environment can be overcome, is to condition the victims, by placing them under influences adverse to those that superinduced them. Darwin and Herbert Spencer show how favoring external conditionings may largely "change functions which, in their turn, modify the organ which becomes permanent and fixed in the race through heredity." The principle must be applied to education and reformatories instituted to cultivate habits that will "change the stamp of nature and cast the devil out with wondrous potency." It is not given to us to "cast out devils" by miraculous agencies as Christ and the apostles did, but we may do greater works than they. We may rescue the perishing by education. We can establish and endow Houses of

Refuge for congenital criminals, and by moral teaching and religious environment, healthy diet, developing industry and exorcising, corraling from the influence of strong drink and vicious example, so transform the wretched waifs as to save them from the penitentiary and brothel and make men and women of them. We can prevent by restrictive laws consanguineous marriages, from which proceed so many of the bodily deformities, distorted features, impaired senses and imbecile minds. We can suppress the liquor traffic and lay embargoes on the social evil, two prime sources of hereditary imbecility and idiosyncrasy. We can supply proper food, wholesome water and pure air, and abolish the corrupting tenement-house system. We can break up the gambling dens and outlaw horse-racing, vast seminaries of vice—colleges of Satan. We can seek the children of the vile and bring then into our Sabbath schools, and in these nurseries of piety do much to counteract the evil influences of home and pernicious example, and "bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." We may invade the dens of iniquity with gospel antiseptics, and disinfect them of the moral malaria which breeds the plague that destroys. Consecrated men and money can do much to hush the cry of woe and want that comes from the slums of society. "We can transmit a higher, haler, holier type of moral aptitudes and sympathies. We cannot give them piety; that must be their own choice and duty. But we can render the choice less difficult, less repulsive. We can

lessen the obstacles hindering the choice. We can propagate affinities for certain moral virtues, so that these unfortunate children shall learn to hate meanness, reverence truthfulness, respect others, and come into being with a moral soil more disposed to welcome into its bosom the good seed which is able to save the soul." (*Dr. Thomas Guard.*)

The Thirteenth Annual Report of the New York Prison Association affords a startling example of hereditary degeneration. The Juke family, of New York State, is descended from five sisters who lived 1720–1740, and reckons among its members in a little more than a century of adult history: Criminals, 140; habitual thieves, 60; prostitutes, 50; murderers, 7; paupers, 90; years in prison, 41. These girls, from whom this awful line proceeded, were left orphans and no one cared for them. It is estimated that they and their serpent brood have cost the State of New York one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. Now, had there been laws and institutions to take charge of and train to habits of virtue this quintette of orphans, they might have been ornaments instead of plagues of society. Would it not have been better to have taken a tithe of this cost to have saved them, than to expend it on their punishment or support in alms houses? It is pertinently inquired: "Shall we, by example, surroundings and judicious training, produce generations of Fenelons, Franklins, Hannah Moores, Clara Bartons and Frances Willards, or let heredity, uncontrolled, breed

families and generations of the Juke style, and bankrupt humanity." (*Samuel Royce.*)

"There is a large class, I was about to say majority, of the population of New York and Brooklyn who just live, and to whom the rearing of two or more children means inevitably a boy for the penitentiary, and a girl for the brothel." (*New York Supreme Judge.*

What are we to expect when the ratio in a single civil district in Chicago is 261 saloons, and only five churches furnishing accommodation to only 2,000 Sunday school children?

Pauper elements from Europe, and Coolies from China, are introducing a fierce competition with American labor, lowering wages, raising taxes, increasing crime, bringing and breeding diseases. The suffrage is corrupted, the Sabbath is menaced; the saloon, with its vast influence and constituency in politics, mocks at the sanctities of religion, defies the iron-nerved arm of civil laws, seats its representatives in Congress and the State Legislatures; and so, the problem of peril grows, like a mighty wart, and will soon ciliate its roots so deeply and so widely in the body politic that neither scalpel nor cautery can remove the dread excrescence. Romanism rapidly entrenches itself at the centers of civilization, strikes at our public school system, lends aid to Sabbath desecration, and covets the revenues and courts the patronage of the drink-factories, the dram-shop and the dealer of "distilled damnation." Monopoly joins with brewer, distiller

and retail liquor dealer; and fat purses rattle their bribes in the eager ear of the debauched voter, the merchantable juryman and the professional witness. The Lords of the Loom, the Railroad Kings, the Bonanza Princes and the Coal Barons menace their employés, and drive their herd to the polls to make the ballot-box the urn of a fate more prolific of evil than the fabled box of Pandora. Disquieted laborers feel the pressure of congested wealth, flinch at the pinch of poverty, and organize a knighthood armed for riot and disciplined for the plunder of property. Glib tongues and sharp pens promote the transplanted dogma of socialistic Europe; license is confounded with liberty; and statesmanship stands aghast in the presence of forces beleaguering the Temple of Freedom, and digging away at the foundation of the Republic. A black cloud of illiterate suffragists hangs over the South, and alien races stand, point to point, as hostile as their color is variant.

Let patriots reflect upon the real state of society in this America to-day, the bribery at the polls and by legislative lobbies, the jobbery and "boodleism" of cities, the breaches of trust in corporation officers, the defalcation of bank cashiers, the reckless speculations so frequent in lofty and lowly places, the buying of juries and judges, and the many obstacles and obstructions that corrupt money throws down in the path of public justice and private rights, and then ask themselves how long a Republic can stand the pressure of such corruption of its citizenship, its law-makers, and its executive and judicial agents? If

such debasing practices continue and grow, the day is not far distant when the Goddess of American Liberty will be transformed into the Niobe of the Nations, weeping over the graves of her slain children and bemoaning the folly of her surviving sons.

"Woe to the land where Virtue dies, and Passion reigns alone!
Where Lust, sublime and deified, usurps Religion's throne;
Where flesh and blood, mere kneaded dust, in hot ferment conspire,
Cloud Reason's right, and Heaven's pure light, and set men's souls on fire.

Woe to the age whose seers and bards, instinct with earth-born flame,
Pervert divine philosophy to plead for swinish shame;
And bow the awful gift of song, Heaven's highest chrism of fire
Changed to a foul and reeking slave, to serve accurst desire.

Woe to the age when gold is God, and law a solemn jest
That helps the boldly vile to crush the noblest and the best!
When Mammon o'er cheap millions flings his gilded harness strong,
And drives them tame beneath his lash, down broad highways of wrong;

While Truth's shrill clarion down the sky peals faintly o'er the rout,
And dust and fumes of earth and sin shut Heaven's last sunlight out;
Then look for lightning; God's red bolts must cleave the stifling gloom,
In love or wrath, to purge the world or whelm in Sodom's doom."

Rapid transit must be provided to take people where land is cheap and homes are possible. We must stay this absorption of our domain. We must domicile instead of herd the people, or the hand of destiny is on the rope to toll the knell of Liberty. We must arrest avarice. We must "ring out the narrowing lust of gold."

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

The "valiant man" is coming. "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven," is not a vain prayer. Christ's kingdom is coming.

The night has been long, but daybreak is at hand. "The morning cometh." Watchman, tell it out. Tell the weary, waiting ones that the day star, herald of the rising morn, hangs twinkling in the East. Tell them that love may smile and hope revive, that

"The day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!
Its storms roll up the sky;
A nation sleeps, starving on heaps of gold;
All dreamers toss and sigh:
The night is darkest before the dawn—
When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
And the day of the Lord is at hand."

—CHAS. KINGSLEY.

* * * * * *

Let no heartful man despair and cry 'tis too much to expect—that "day and custom wall up the horizon," "as though God were not."

"I heard an eagle crying all alone
Above the vineyard through the summer night,
Among the skeletons of robber towers—
The iron homes of iron-hearted lords,
Now crumbling back to ruin year by year—
Because the ancient eyrie of his race
Is trenched and walled by busy-handed men,
And all his forest-chase and woodland wild,
Wherefrom he fed his young with hare and roe,
Are trim with grapes, which smell from hour to hour
And toss their golden tendrils to the sun
For joy at their own riches:—So I thought,
The great devourers of the earth shall sit,
Idle and impotent, they know not why,
Down-staring from their barren height of state,
On nations grown too wise to slay and slave,
The puppets of the few, while peaceful love
And fellow-help make glad the heart of earth,
With wonders which they fear and hate, as
The eagle hates the vineyard slopes below."

—KINGSLEY.

Cities have become what Dr. Strong, in "Our Country," so aptly calls "storm centers." We can

no longer boast, as in *ante-bellum* Fourth of July orations, of not having a standing army. The metropolitan police differ in no respect from the *gens d'armee*, the National Guard from the Grenadiers, or Horse Guards. Socialistic riots, like that of the Haymarket, in Chicago; labor riots, like that in Pittsburgh; court-house riots, like that in Cincinnati; draft riots, like that in New York, show that we have among us the same restless elements that keep Europe on the watch-tower and threaten the tenure of monarchy. Two Presidents have fallen at the hands of assassins, and Judges of the Supreme Court have been shot down for opinions adverse to appellants. Highwaymen rob trains and rifle banks in broad daylight. Our Jesse James' surpass the Dick Turpins and Robin Hoods of historical romance. Tramps infest the country quite as malignant as the banditti of Italy. Chinese "High-Binders" repeat the crimes of Indian thugs. Mormonism curses a Territory with polygamy, and a "meadow massacre" proves them as malignant as the monks of the lava beds. Apaches and Comanches prowl on our western frontier. Congressmen turn the Representative Hall into a pugilistic arena, and a whole State is victimized by the larceny of a lottery. Readjusters and repudiators triumph in politics. Ku-klux and White-caps terrorize neighborhoods. Lynch law executes summary justice. Napoleons of finance filch the good name of the illustrious under cover of which to steal banks. Option in grain gives the semblance of respectability to wholesale gambling,

stocks are watered, and "trusts" are formed to keep prices up and wages down. Traps are set for the unwary under the guise of "deals," and the Wall-street robber under the shadow of Trinity church steeple scoops millions into his pouch, lives in luxury, fattens on blood-money, and puts up bars to ward off orphans and widows lest they disturb his sleep. Is it not time to "ring out, wild bells" until their clangor rouses from the dread apathy the sleeping virtue of the Republic. Amid all this distress, unmoved by the piteous cry which ought to make a heart of adamant melt, and a statue of Medusa weep, vast fortunes are accumulated by over-reaching and financial snares; and the Guards of Liberty sleep on the crust of a crater, thin as a wafer, beneath which a sea of fire surges, ready to break with sudden volcanic vengeance to whelm in its rivers of lava the last vestige of Republican Freedom. Preachers of righteousness tell of the impending ruin as they build the ark of safety for themselves and families in the shipyards, but the optimistic infidels drown their arguments with shouts of derision, laugh them to scorn with sneers, and flatter themselves that the prophets are as false as if trained in Hell and commissioned by the Devil. Just preceding the eruption of Vesuvius, which entombed the twin cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the Augurs threaded the thronged streets and admonished the gay revelers of the threatening mountain. But they sang their roundelays, spurred with stimulants the jaded appetites and passions to artificial zeal, dubbed the Cas-

sandras of evil report "alarmists," and with idiotic laughter of derision, cajoled themselves with the illusion of infatuated minds that after them the ruin would fall. And while shouting "on with the dance, let joy be unconfined," and swirling in the waltz of death, the pent-up, stifled vengeance of years broke the hollow truce of the silent and sleeping crater, and vomited forth a deluge of destroying fire and rivers of molten lava. On the eve of the fateful battle of Waterloo, in Belgium's giddy capital, there was a blaze of festal lights and a "sound of revelry by night," and the tinseled chieftains that on the morrow would bite the dust, victims of the awful holocaust of battle, coquetted with jeweled Duchesses and bedizened belles. Under similar infatuations of folly may not the American people be boasting of liberty, unheeding the Augurs prophesying the peril, while forges and anvils are welding the chains of political slavery? "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." To discern the shadows of coming events is to oil the lamps that should be lifted to shed a saving light on the engloóming path of liberty. Shall we heed the Jeremiahs and Cassandras, vocal with serious warning; or continue to hug the fatal delusion of immunity from danger until the storm breaks with cyclonic fury on the country? The clenched fist of legalized avarice must open and empty its bloated purse to dispel the gloom. Despotic wealth must calculate the power of dynamite in the hands of the infuriated mob. The maddened wage-worker, won to socialistic iconoclasm, is equal

to a platoon of police. The brand and kerosene threaten our commercial capitals with wholesale arson. Men crazed with hunger and inflamed with drink will be deaf to reason if we wait for the bursting of the storm-reek, which hangs over our cities like a pall. Awakened conscience must answer the cry of the outcast, the wail of the wretched, the despair of poverty. We must educate ballots, or thinking rifles will respond with bullets. To build the muniments of protection, we must home the people. We must air the miasmatic tenements with tonic ozone, or a pestilence more destructive than the plague that stalks at midnight and wastes at noonday, will lay low our best beloved. We must feed the hungry, or the cry of "blood or bread" will boom like sudden thunder from the troubled sky. We must clear the senate of the money-kings, the polls of panders, the Chambers of Commerce of gambling brokers, the mines of the fire-damp of monopoly, the street corners of man-traps, the bagnios of painted courtesans, the churches of white-washed hypocrites, the pulpit of cowardly preachers, the territories of polygamous iniquity, the lumber camps of harlot Delilahs, the courts of perverted justice and bribed judges and juries, the land of callous landlords, the shops of conspiring socialists, the statute books of family-destroying divorce laws, the school of jesuitical pragmatism, the caucus of wire-pulling demagogues, the voting places of bull-dozing partisans, or Ichabod is written on the forehead of the genius of liberty. Selfish wealth needs to trem-

ble in its templed stronghoids, for an enemy is at the gates fiercer than the vandals that sacked "the eternal city."

The picture drawn is a dark one. Rembrandt, not Claude, is the painter.

> "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
> When wealth accumulates and men decay."

But thank God there are brighter pigments. They enter into the pictures of hope painted by that greatest *maestro*—Love. The gospel is competent to work the transformation of society needed. It will keep its promise to the world; and yet, we believe, the angel choristers will wheel in our sky to repeat the chant whose glad refrain is "On earth peace, good will toward men." Society can be saved. No mere human tinkering will mend the wrongs of humanity. Boast no proud heraldry of line, no blue of blood—"and think not to say within yourselves, we have Abraham to our father." "Kind hearts are more than coronets."

We must learn the lesson of brotherhood—to look on man as revealed in the light of the cross—his worth and dignity as thus expressed, and not by his tax-lists, and the factitious conditions set up by the caprice of unregenerate society. But mere condescension and patronage are not brotherhood. We must cease our talk of "the masses and the classes," and look on man simply as such, all the common product of one Creator, all redeemed by the same sacred blood of Christ. In Christ's view, no man was great, none medium, none small. All were

included under sin that all might be embraced under grace. You can convert the worst people. Jesus' blood can "make the foulest clean." Here is the ground of hope. Here is the inspiration to benevolent work. Call the outcast of our cities; let them answer with curses, with rot and rags, blear-eyed, rum painted, shaky of limb, placarded all over with the trademarks of hell; let them come swaggering, staggering in; look on their faces furrowed with dissipation, void of veneration, soiled with the sin and shame of the slums, and I will confront them, saying, "From these *stones* God is able to raise up children unto Abraham." (Matt. iii.) He who could shine away the sully of the Magdalene with a pardoning smile; he who could, instantly, fit a dying thief for a companionship with himself in paradise, can as easily cleanse and save millions of outcasts. Believe it, brother, or seek the mourner's bench. Believe it fully, or know that you are yet in your sins. Believe it, and on that faith set to work, inflamed with this hope, impulsed with a love that springs from it, as the Phœnix of fable mounted from the fire of its funeral pyre. Tell the story. Never tire. Feel that you are your brother's keeper. Stop your gradation of men by conventional standards. Bring all to the measure of the cross. Whatever classifies, separates, alienates, antagonizes your brother-men, talk it down, sing it down, pray it down, vote it down, battle it down. Look at your Master washing his disciples' feet! Hear Him say: "If I, then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to

wash one-another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord; neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye *do* them."

"Think of the courage and high expectations concerning the future which the gospel has here made familiar, which is not due to our stimulating air, or virgin soil, or fundamentally to the blood in our veins. There is this expectation in American people of vast and peaceful progress in the future, because they know that the gospel of Christ never goes down; that whatever that gospel touches with its divine benediction becomes immortal; and that whatsoever in the national life is tributary to the furtherance of that gospel in the land and in the earth, has upon it the benedictionof Him who wears upon his head the many crowns, King of kings and Lord of lords." (*R. S. Storrs.*)

II. THE CALL.

In addition to the cry of the poor and outcast of our own land, there is a Macedonian call: "Come over and help us." It comes over the sea, it echoes from the mountains. The pagan millions concert it. You dare not turn away your ear. It pursues. The answer is alternative—Go or send; do or die. Said a ship captain to a missionary: "Do you think you can make an impression on those stolid 400,000,000 Chinese?" The man of faith answered:

"No, but God can." And he will. He *does*. "Be not faithless, but believing." "All power is given unto me in heaven and earth." Go; as you go, preach; as you preach, they will believe; if they believe they will be saved. "Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world"—the end of the earth—the end of time. The assurance is inspiring. "When duty's brow is sunlit with hope, the feet and heart take wing." (*Dr. Herrick Johnson.*) "Enlarge the place of thy tent." "Expect great things *of* God; do great things *for* God." (*Wm. Carey.*) "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." God is a majority—more than all that can be against him. God is marching on.

"The royal banner forward goes. We are following One whose standard goes down before no onset because upheld by immortal hands; and the slow and stately movement of centuries has in our time quickened to swift majesty of march to carry to supremacy the Lordship of Christ. If this is not true, the casual connection of fortuitous events leaves history the most baffling of puzzles and the 'philosophy' of it a word without meaning." (*Dr. R. S. Storrs.*).

Five thousand students have signed the pledge of the Students' Volunteer Movement for Missions, organized four years ago at Northfield—"We are willing, God permitting, to be foreign missionaries." Of this number 1,750 are in college, 450 in theological seminaries, and about 850 in other schools.

Would this mighty army be waiting if wealth were as consecrated as these students? Thirty millions of

heathen are dying annually, and yet these "willing" are waiting. "The isles are waiting for His law"—and 5,000 missionaries are waiting on miserly money. "The laborers are few," but 5,000 are *waiting*. Is it not time to display the storm signals? Millions of christians are praying: "Thy kingdom come," and 5,000 educated, devout young men and women, with missionary fire melting the marrow in their bones, are WAITING!

There would seem to be reason for Croninshield's satire, when opposing a charter for the American Board: "Foreign Mission Societies propose to export religion, whereas, we have none to spare at home." This led some one to say: "Religion is a commodity of which the more we export the more we have left."

"Up guards and at them!"

* * * * * *

"Forward! hark! forward's the cry!
One more fence and we're out on the open!
So to us at once, if you want to live near us—
Follow them, hark to them, darlings! as on they go,
Leaping and sweeping down into the vale below!
Cowards and bunglers whose heart or whose eye is slow
Find themselves staring alone.

So the great cause flashes by,
Nearer and clearer its purposes open,
While louder and louder the world-echoes cheer us;
Gentlemen, sportsmen, you OUGHT to live up to us,
Lift us and lead us, and halloo our game to us—
We cannot take the hounds off, and no shame to us—
DON'T be left staring alone." —CHAS. KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XV.

THE ANSWER OF CONSCIENCE.

To this cry and call conscience *must* make answer. The converted thief must hear and heed the injunction: "Let him that stole steal no more."

The extortioner must imitate the example of Zaccheus when converted.

Ananias and Sapphira, if they would escape avenging lightning, must stop lying. Hidden treasure must be brought to light and laid a willing offering on the altar. Such a cheerful offering will "sanctifiy the gift and *the giver.*"

The church must purge itself of Achan and his spoils, or the wedge of gold will split it into kindling wood for "eternal fires."

Ahab must not covet Naboth's vineyard any more than David Uriah's wife. Demas must get the world out of his heart. Alexander, the coppersmith, must turn silversmith if he would not harm apostles and collections. Judas must "go to his own place" and his blood-money to the purchase of Aceldamas for the decent burial of the poor.

Mary must bring alabaster boxes of faith filled with the spikenard of love, and break them for the anointing of peasants and pariahs. Proud, domineering landlords, "hard masters," must wash their

employés' feet. Dorcases must make needles fly in a holy enthusiasm to clothe the naked. Nicodemus must come to Jesus *by day*. Hypocritical Pilates must learn that all the waters of the sea cannot wash away the blood-stain on the hand of injustice. It is deeper and more indelible than the "damned spot" that would not out, on Macbeth's hand. Preeminence-loving Diotrephes must give over his mischief-making and move to the side of Demetrius, who "hath good report of all men and of the truth itself." The tepid Laodiceans must warm to the work.

Wicked rich men who will not contribute and minister and do justly must be taught not only to fear the wrath of outraged men, but the vengeance of an insulted God. The watchman must read them the riot act: "Go to now, ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you.

"Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are motheaten.

"Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire. Ye have heaped treasures together for the last days.

"Behold, the hire of the laborers who have reaped down your fields, which is of you kept back by fraud, crieth: and the cries of them which have reaped are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.

"Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter.

"Ye have condemned and killed the just; and he doth not resist you.

"Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.

"Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.

"Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned: behold, the judge standeth before the door.

"Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience.

"Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy." (James v: 1-11.)

"Conscience distasteful truths may tell,
But mark her sacred dictates well;
Whoever with her lives at strife,
Loses his better friend for life."

Let the "blood of Christ" "purge your conscience from *dead works* to serve the living God." (Heb. ix: 14.)

Beware of the choking power of "the deceitfulness of riches." Pray:

"What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support."

"Think what it will be for a man to sit surrounded by the ghosts of his own sins! And as each forgotten fault and buried badness comes, silent and

sheeted, into that awful society and sits down there, think of his greeting each with the question: 'Thou too? What! are ye all here? Hast *thou* found me, O mine enemy?' And from each bloodless, spectral lip there tolls out the answer, the knell of his life: 'I *have* found thee, because thou hast sold thyself to work evil in the sight of the Lord.'" "Good Lord, deliver us!" Jesus Christ, homeless, without a place to lay his head, is begging for shelter and a pillow. Thousands rioting in luxury and crowned with plenty are turning him away without a crust of bread or a "cup of cold water." If the curse rested on the wandering Jew for having refused hospitality to Christ, how many Salathiels would be doomed to a peccant immortality—wishing to die and seeking it of poison, plague and poniard, without securing the coveted boon? Jesus, now, as when in the days of mortal flesh, pours out strong cries and tears, and feels afresh the anguish of his sorrowing people. He now, as then, comes unto his own, and his own receive him not. Christ is rejected every time unpitying wealth refuses the innocent poor the boon they ask. It were bad enough to turn a deaf ear to the plea of the brother in need; but when, by this divine law of substitution, the divine Redeemer is slighted in his representative sufferers, the offense rises to the height of a colossal crime. "He that receiveth you receiveth me, and he that receiveth me receiveth Him that sent me. . . And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a

disciple, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. x: 42, 44). . . "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me," and the antithesis. (Matt. xxv: 34–46.)

"A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often met me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never say him nay·
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came;
Yet there was sometning in his eye
That won my love—I know not why.

"Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed it, brake,
And ate, but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then,
And while I fed with eager haste,
The crust was manna to my taste.

"I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst;
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up—
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipt and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

"'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
I laid him on my couch to rest;
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden, while I dreamed.

"Stript, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirits, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.
I had myself a wound concealed,
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

"In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'midst shame and scorn.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked if I for him would die;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, 'I will'—

"Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise,
The token in his hands I knew—
My SAVIOR stood before mine eyes!
He spoke, and my poor name he named;
'Of me thou hast not been ashamed,
THESE DEEDS SHALL THY MEMORIAL BE;
FEAR NOT, THOU DIDST THEM UNTO ME.'"

MONTGOMERY.

Who are these so piteously crying for help and "with no language but a cry?" And some are speechless in their woe! But there is a "tongue in every wound" of these "poor dumb souls."

"Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity."

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

And when the Judge makes inquest, an awful palsy shall seize thy tongue—a dread silence seal thy lips. "He was speechless." The Christ ye knew not on earth, will "know you not" at the judgment of the last day. The chains you would not unbind shall manacle you. Beware! Be admonished! The "poor old man" whose "sorrows brought him to your door" and whom you sent "empty away" was Jesus. The ragged urchin you would not clothe was *the* Christ. The stranger you would not take in was *the Lord of Life*.

One has fallen among thieves, and, stripped of his treasure, has been left bleeding and half dead by the roadside. Priest and Levite heard his moan of anguish as he sweltered in his blood, and passed by on the other side. Where is the good Samaritan to staunch his wounds, pour reviving cordial into his failing body, conduct him to the Inn, transporting him on his own beast, humbly walking by his side, and becoming surety for his bill? Are *you* priest, Levite, or good Samaritan? But that mangled man is thy brother, thy "Elder Brother," and you thought him a stranger, an alien. Yes, Jesus Christ has been assailed by highwaymen, and are you passing by on the other side, shutting up your bowels of compassion, while seeing that thy divine brother hath need? If so, have done with your high professions, for "how dwelleth the love of God in you?" (I John iii: 17.)

A man who never stopped to ask who was the drowning boy he plunged in to save, unwittingly rescued his own child. Had it been another man's son, it would have been the child Jesus. One was struggling with the ice, nobody stopped to inquire how he got there, or who he was. They shoved him a plank, and every time he grasped it his hand slipped. It was a bitter cold day and it was enamelled with ice. At last the imperiled victim cried: "In the name of God, men, don't give me the icy end of the plank." "Be instructed, ye judges of the earth." Give not thy struggling brother the ice-coated end of the plank. Be this thy prayer: "That mercy I to others show, that mercy show to me."

"For what is the hope of the hypocrite, though he hath gained, when God taketh away his soul? Will God hear him cry when trouble cometh upon him?" (Job xxvii: 8, 9.) *Will He?* But who are these, O watchman, "Crying in the night?" "The poor ye have always with you."

And sister, there is a word for you. Many of you are living on the flowery top of the world's ease. Your dainty feet press deep in the plush of your carpets. Your windows are upholstered with costly draperies, your walls are hung with the finest etchings, your tables are covered with the richest damask, you shine in satins and blaze in jewels, and you are fair to look upon. You have sisters that have fallen. They have been lured to ruin by gay and artful deceivers, and they are engloomed in shame and outlawed from society. "They are lepers covered with leprous spots, but they are your sisters, and the grace of God can save them. There is not a human being this side of hell the gospel cannot reach. They are not worse than the dry bones, sunken as they are. They are not less likely to hear the word of God. Go to them in their vice, in their wretchedness; go help them up. They have not known what a sister's hand is. They are poor, and miserable; and, if they are not saved, God will require their blood at your hands. I want one of you to go to the drunken swearer and ask him to come to Jesus. Your ministry may save him." (*Bishop Simpson.*)

The work of christian women has redeemed Five Points. There are no Gibraltars of vice they cannot storm and take with the artillery of their consecrated charms, and the battery of their smiles. Now that they have entered Zenanas, we have promise of christian homes in pagan lands, of Christ-won mothers raising up a godly seed. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is the most formidable force ever arrayed against the liquor traffic, and Frances Willard is the greatest general that ever marshalled an army. Joan of Arc and the Maid of Orleans are holiday soldiers compared with our own woman chieftain. Let men follow her cross-banner as they did the Oriflamme and white lilies of France borne by Joan, and they will be more invincible than were the maiden-led armies of France. Sister, know your power. Rise up and wield it. Stand in the sun as the woman of the Apocalypse, and darkness will fly affrighted, and superstition seek its cave.

Read the life of Dorothea Dix, Elizabeth Fry, Florence Nightingale, Frances Willard, and learn the art of reforming love. Ask Clara Barton to teach you the winsome ways of the ministry of mercy. Pin a white ribbon on your breast and you can go among the most abandoned, and "roughs" and "toughs" will tip their hats to you, and give you the right of way. Charity is the best policeman. Your mission will be better protected than by a platoon of Pinkertons. Woman's voice is wooing, her step is light, her hand is soft, her tears are eloquent. Your beaming eye and kindling cheek will open a

lighted way into the souls of the darkest. Bright angels do not soil their robes when they trail them through the slums. There is an insect known to naturalists that can gather about its tiny form an envelop of atmosphere, and thus protected descend, like a marine diver, into the most putrid pools in search of prey, and then rise and shake every defilement from its gauzy wings. Gather, by prayer, an armor of celestial atmosphere, and thus invested, go on the recovering errand, and you will suffer nothing from the impurities you seek to clarify. Go; angels will arch their wings over your head, and pitch their invisible tents along your pathway.

Let any whose conscience is quickened by these presentations, who would further inquire in order to be possessed of an armory of convincing and convicting facts, only generalized by this writer, read: "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London," "In Darkest England," (*Booth*) "Modern Cities, (*Loomis*) "Our Country," (*Strong*) "Our Brother in Black," (*Haygood*) "Race Deterioration." (*Royce*) Such information will convince the most incredulous that the author has indulged in no extravagance, and, indeed, that hyperbole on the danger and distress is well nigh impossible.

Let the scrutiny not lead to despair. The cry is to the conscience; the call is to the work of amelioration and redemption; the demand is self-protection and social salvation; the exaction is heart-love, hand-help, mercy-money.

CHAPTER XVI.

HEART AND HAND HELP.

Benevolence confers the only substantial happiness earth affords, and the approbation it excites is the only real glory of time. "The doer of the work shall be blessed in the deed"—in the testimony of an approving conscience, the gratitude of the relieved, the admiration of the charitable. Even when done in secret, "the soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy," are its prize and possession. The grandest spectacle the earth presents to men and angels is a Christ-cleansed heart, pulsating with love-throbs, meditating how it may employ its hands so as to be acceptable in the sight of God, and serviceable to his suffering creatures. When the world's wreathes shall wither, and scepters and crown-jewels "shall blend in common dust," Charity's chaplets shall remain evergreen, as the cedars grown on celestial Lebanons. The world cannot frown away a soul-smile. It will make a glorious summer in the breast, amid a winter of envy and discontent. "The kingdom of God is within" and "cannot be moved." "God-likeness has the promise of this life," and does not have to postpone to eternity its awards. Would you "know an angel's happiness, rouse to some work of high and holy love," scatter the seeds of kindness, plant in troubled breasts "the herb heart's-ease."

"Thy love
Shall chant itself its own beatitudes
After its own life-working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad;
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest." MRS. BROWNING.

In moments of retrospection, memory may light on the mild splendor of a summer sunset rich in mountains of gold, and belted with purple; on tranquil twilights, twinkling with stars and vocal with vespers; on landscapes of undulating green, dimpled with daisies, ribboned with rivulets and flecked with contented flocks and herds; on midsummer nights, when Venus kept love-watch over the festival of the sky, and pleasing thoughts raced, like Olympic charioteers, around the rings of Saturn, and comets trailed their phosphorescent trains in their erratic flights, and meteors rained their colored fires, and the south wind blew softly—fanning the fever from the cheek: but sweeter far than any scene that has brightened the eye and calmed the spirit, "like a benediction after prayer," is the recollection of a relieving deed done from a Christly motive. Oh, sweet charity, thou art a "thing of beauty and a joy forever!" This heaven-descended Virgin kindles sacred fires on heart-altars and feeds them with sandal wood and ambrosia; she smoothes asperities from life's rugged pathway, paves it with primroses and lights it with the luster of her smile. Would you have a constituency that will never fail to bless you, that will police your steps, bring angel guards to pitch their invisible tents on your way, and give you celestial

convoy to your immortal home? *Be* good. Do good. There is no guardianship so faithful as the love of those about you. Even kings have confessed that their only happiness in royal promotion was in the power the throne gave them of doing good to their subjects. "The reward of work well done is the having done it." And the Autumn of life can be made as soft as an Indian Summer, if, in early and meridian life, you will but make light and love the law of your life. By ligaments of kindness tie to you as many of your fellow-creatures as you can; and when your feet are halting on the shortening path and the shadows are lengthening, the eye that sees you shall bless you, the ear that hears you shall bear witness for you. The grey hairs that adorn your wrinkled brow will be as a diadem. A loveless and unloved old age is like the stinted fern-tree of a polar clime; while a gentle and gracious life keeps enough Summer in the heart to thaw the Winter in the veins, and make old age to flourish as the palm tree—lifting its green fronds heavenward without a withered leaf. Youth should forecast the future and provide for its contingencies in advance. The surest provision it can make for the Autumn of life—that in the absence of which riches will be but a cumber, and with which penury will not curse—is the store which memory may afford; the retrospect of a career of charity, chastity and Christ-hood. No glowing sunset of molten gold that ever wooed the pencil and pigments of Claude, is so entrancing as the serene closing of a well-ordered life, fringed with charity, and purpled

with the witness of a conscience "void of offense toward God and man." Such an experience turns life's waning day into a Beulah, sweet with odors and tuneful of songs floating out the gates ajar over "Heaven's border-land." For this failing heart how gently come the angelic ministries; how soft the fingers that unloose the silver cord, and dissolve the golden bowl! And when death comes, it is as no dread Apollyon brandishing his dart, but as the messenger which Jesus sends to welcome his faithful servant to the companionship of his triumph in that "better country" where "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up on wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

"Teach me to soothe the helpless orphan's grief,
With timely aid the widow's woes assuage;
To misery's moving cries to yield relief
And be the sure resource of drooping age."

But that which is an unfailing source of delight in old age, and "solid comfort when we die," is a source of happiness and strength at any time of life.

"True charity, a plant divinely nursed,
Fed by the love from which it rose at first,
Thrives against hope, and in the rudest scene,
Shrines but enliven its unfading green;
Exuberant is the shadow it supplies,
Its fruit on earth, its growth above the skies."

But never let us deceive ourselves that mere relief afforded others will bring a blessing to ourselves. It must be done from a Christly motive. "Kindness is the *disposition* which leads us to promote the happiness of others." If we have not the *spirit* of Christ, we

are none of his. With the Christ-like spirit we may be benevolent when empty-handed. Peter had no silver or gold to give the lame man asking alms at the gate Beautiful; but he had a loving look and a lifting hand that made the poor cripple to leap for joy, praising God. (Acts iii: 2-11.) So we may gentle our eyes and voices; and yield our sympathy, which is often more needed and warmer welcomed than costly gifts. "No man careth for my soul" is a bitterer outcast cry than "No man careth for my body." It was a look of wounded love that broke Peter's heart of stone. A wooing glance is often a mightier hammer than Nasmyth ever swung on shafts of steel. A sympathetic tear is a great heart-breaker. When Elizabeth Fry spoke, it calmed the rage of madness and made maniacs conceit that an angel whispered:

> "Remember 'tis music's law,
> Each true, pure note, though low you sound it,
> Is heard through discord's wildest war
> Of rage and madness sounding round it."

When Florence Nightingale threaded the wards of the hospital, wounded warriors turned to kiss her shadow on the wall. A handkerchief, broidered with a maiden's name, laid by her hand over the bloated face of a drunkard in a ditch, lifted Wm. Wirt from the slums to the forum.

> "Beside the church door aweary and lone
> A blind woman sat on the cold door stone;
> The wind was bitter, the snow fell fast,
> But a mocking voice in the biting blast
> Seemed ever to echo her moaning cry,
> As she ask'd for alms of the passers by
> The bells were ringing the hour of prayer,
> And many good people were gathering there,

But muffled in furs and mantles warm
They hurried past through the wintry storm;
And some were cover'd with thick veils of lace,
And swiftly they swept to the place of grace,
But saw not the sorrow nor heard the moan
Of her who sat on the cold door stone.
And some were thinking their souls to save,
And some were thinking of death and the grave.
Alas, they had no time to hear and heed
The poor soul asking for charity's need.
At length came one of a noble name,
By the city counted the wealthiest dame,
And the pearls that o'er her neck were strung,
She proudly these to the beggar flung;
Then followed a maiden both young and fair,
And adorned with clusters of golden hair,
But her dress was thin and scanty and worn,
Not even the beggars seemed more forlorn;
With a pitying eye and tender sigh,
She whispered softly, "No jewels have I,
But I give you my prayers, good friend," said she,
"And surely I know God listens to me;"
On her poor, weak hand, so shrunken and small,
The blind woman felt a tear-drop fall,
Then kissed it and said to the weeping girl,
"'Tis you that have given the purest pearl."

Then, too, every gift should be *kindly* bestowed. To throw it down with a patronizing air, to accompany it with a reproach, to manifest impatience, to give it to get rid of importunity, is to rob one's self of the blessing and perhaps to inflict a severer woe than that it was bestowed to relieve. And we should attend it with prayer. At conferences and synods it is quite common to hear the question: "Are all your collections full?" Did any one ever hear the Bishop or moderator ask: "Are your prayers for missions, church extension, Bible distribution, full?" "Ask, and I will give thee the heathen for an inheritance." "*Ask*, and it shall be given you." "All things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, *believing*, ye shall receive."

May it not be possible that some of our gifts fail to benefit because they are prayerlessly, unbelievingly rendered? God is seeking our training, and not merely the helping of others, at our hands. God is not lacking in resources so that he has to depend on us. The silver and gold are his—"the earth, and the fullness thereof." "Offer unto God thanksgiving, and *pay* thy vows unto the Most High." In David's confession he knew that God did not desire sacrifice (a gift), but that a broken heart was in demand. When we are prayerful, "Then shalt Thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness," etc. (Psalm li: 16-19.)

The charitable, too, should be discriminating in their gifts, lest they encourage idleness and profligacy. We are not required to help those able to help themselves. A vast army of tramps has grown up because of this uninquiring feeding and clothing of lazy louts. It is said they number 80,000. They have multiplied murders, rapes and arson, rendering residence in some parts of the country so perilous that many women live in constant dread, and tremblingly empty their larders, and scant their wardrobes, because of the fear to offend. Professional mendicants have their "beats" and make their circuit with the punctuality of a police roundsman. The number of men "born tired and never rested" is increasing. These itinerant vagabonds raid the country during the summer, and flock to the cities during the winter, "to live by their wits," to worry the busy into their support, and are an element easily mobilized for a street riot. Some of them wander while the weather

is mild, and then return to the city, commit some petit larceny that will send them to jail for winter quarters, and thus keep the countryside in dread half of the year; and the other half they crowd the docket with their crimes, and live at the expense of the municipality. Some of this worthless class—trifling mistletoes on the oak of society—have actually maimed themselves to point their plea, and to escape work when condemned for crime.

It is not sufficient to be cheerfully generous, but charity should be scrutinizing as to the merit of its subjects, and as carefully withhold from the unworthy as it cheerfully gives to the worthy. There is, among the thoughtful, a growing distrust of city charities. A poor fund always creates ten applicants for every dollar it distributes. Busy men say they have no time to investigate the claims of individuals and institutions soliciting their aid, and hence, recklessly, without concert or system, they give to undeserving objects and meritless subjects. When Job was patriarch of his tribe, he "put on *righteousness* and it clothed me; my *judgment* was as a robe and diadem; and the cause which I *knew not* I *searched out* (examined); and I broke the jaws of the wicked and plucked the spoil out of his teeth." Our merchant-princes and money-kings allow shiftless spendthrifts "to jaw them;" and then having fed the shameless mendicants, furnish them with tooth-picks as the tools of their leisure. The Roman church has an order, "The Little Sisters of the Poor," composed of children trained to beg, to bear rebuff

without retort, to thankfully take a match or pin when no more is offered; and thus brought up, with every sensibility blunted, the adult women are employed in a mendicancy so void of shame as to be blushless for offences that would pale the cheek of darkness. The charitable should be a "father to the poor," instead of a mere almoner. Would a father willingly give his child money to be spent in a saloon? "If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not He know it? and shall not He render to every man according to his works?" (Prov. xxiv: 11, 12.) Sometimes a dime is given when a dollar was required, and again a dollar is given when a penny should be withheld. People too proud to beg die of hunger under the very shadow of the eaves of wealth. Gregory the Great imposed upon himself the severest penance because a man died in the streets of Rome—the city in which he was Pope, Papa, Father. In Mediæval times rich and poor lived in the same street. Indeed, towns grew through the gathering of the poor about the manor gate. Now Tyburnias and Belgraves quarter the rich, and Canongates and St. Giles herd the poor. Fifth Avenue and East-sides are separated by unbridged gulfs. In the "brave old days" of Rome,

> "The great man helped the poor,
> And the poor man loved the great;"

but now we hear much about the "classes against the masses." The rich withdraw to marble-built

avenues and the poor are herded in alleys. The elite Four Hundred out of two millions utter their *procul este profani*, and deny *entree* to all but princely Money-Bags. Ward McAllister waves the baton and calls out the quadrilles to all who "dance attendance" on his dictum amid the "up-town" palaces, and Herr Most raves and ravens amid the squalid wretchedness that lines the East-side with its towering tenements in which human maggots feed and fester. Meanwhile the pent-up mountain mutters its earthquake warning and mines of dynamite burst amid the platoons of the police. "Let us hasten to put in practice the Decalogue and the Golden Rule, for a new Sinai is ready to open under our feet if we do not." The rich must wake up, for an alarm bell is ringing. Business men must *make*, TAKE, leisure to learn the wants and woes of the multitude dying like poisoned rats of rage in their rookeries; they must quiz the Sphinx, study the problem, "search out the cause" and lend a hand of help, or the mob will muster, that will repeat and multiply the railroad riot, of Pittsburgh; the court house riot, of Cincinnati; the draft-riot, of New York, and the Haymarket massacre, of Chicago. The steam gauge registers a high pressure. It will not do to sham relief by a blowing of whistles. Let the restless power find escape through the cylinder and the revolution of wheels geared to looms, spindles and trip-hammers. Men who want work, need it, and we must find something for idle hands to do, or Satan will employ them. Hunger never reasons. It augurs well when the

Bishop of the richest diocese in America, yokes himself to the cause of oppressed labor and the pleading poor, and his nephew ignores ease to make his home among the squalid, that he may save some. Protestantism must increase its Howards, and Oberlins, and Huntingtons, and Frys, and Nightingales, and Willards, and Bartons; or, that enchantress, Rome, will cast its fatal spell over our rulers, and by the arts of the sorceress, hand us over, thralled to "godless expedience," cursed of God, "to dare the vengeance from to-morrow's skies." Politics have well-nigh been surrendered to pot-house politicians, and we are in peril of committing charity to the keeping of professional philanthropists. And all this folly under the specious plea of business pressure. Swollen streams of charity are flooding about us, only to plow deeper channels for poverty and perdition. He is not wise, and often, is not merciful, who doles out money to gain time, and whose charity flows only through salaried agents and official almoners. It may be doubted whether, in many cases, "wisdom is justified of her children," in the indiscriminate aid to young men seeking an education, or who are candidates for the ministry. Such aid tends to break the spirit of independence; and so to familiarize with the habit of being helped, as to look for assistance without self-exertion in every emergency of life. We have seen men who are like turtles; put them on their backs and they expend an immense amount of energy in a useless beating of the air with their flippers, and, unless some friendly hand turn them over,

they never regain their footing. Others, are as agile as cats; fling them into the air, and though they turn a score of somersaults in their descent, every time they will alight nimbly on their feet, and race away to do some successful mousing for themselves. Hand-help is needed, but oftenest by those of too independent a spirit to beg for it. Self-assertion, lost to pride, is suppliant; modest merit is dumb. Therefore, the necessity for scrutiny, that lavish-giving, to conserve time and trouble, may not confer a curse rather than a blessing on the poor. Jesus was purseless and minted no money for charitable uses. He righted principles, and trusted to these to right the man. A sop of charity may win a half-choked "thank you," but the gratitude will perish at the next drink-shop. The poorest may teach the ignorant, encourage frugality and cleanliness, and thus remove a prolific cause of vice and thriftlessness. Truth has been smiled into many an endungeoned nature. Perfunctory visiting, from Committees, executed with an intrusive insolence that placards its own patronizing complacency, has often insulted native pride and generated resentment. When the poor see busy men take the time to acquaint themselves with their necessities, they will feel that they are burden-bearers, who aspire to lift the load from their shoulders. I have seen a home transformed from filth to cleanliness, because of the influx of friendly visitors to whom willful untidiness is inhospitality. I have been kept waiting in a hall, that a room, in chaos for a week, might be righted for my reception. Every pastor will witness the same

fact. Churchless people who never indulge in a bath, or a weekly change of clean clothes, by being made church-goers, have been made neat in apparel and toilet preparation for decent appearance in the house of God. Unkempt children are made prim and engaging by being brought into the Sabbath School. Chromo cards, dispensed by teachers, clear away the junk of a mantel for a place to put them, and thus art finds a display where before nothing but a forbidding jumble met the eye. Gospel hymns have silenced the coarse minstrelsy of the beer-garden stage, and yellow-back novels have been chased into the fire to make room for a Bible. New themes of conversation are introduced into the home; and slang, profanity and obscenity, have fled like pestilential airs before disinfectants.

Parents, witnessing higher aspirations in their children, have become inspired to soften their manners, chasten their speech, and reform their vices. If there be those calling themselves Christians, who cannot find incentives to such helpfulness as is here suggested, then it were well some missionary should find way to their drawing-rooms to teach *them* the mind and methods of Christ. Jesus, in his visitations, took occasion of the intrusion of the woman who was a sinner into Simon's house, to remind him of an omitted decorum; and of Martha's petulant complaint of Mary to commend her sister's better part, and to rebuke an overweening carefulness for many worldly concerns. With studied tact and gentleness a more excellent way may oftentimes be

hinted or commended, with reforming results. "All hearts are like magic roses; though withered and dying, a warm air breathed upon them will suffice to renew their bloom."

If the erring are ever saved it must be after we have abandoned all proxy expedients, and yielded practical assent to Paul's counsel. "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." If each Christian would single out a family for such evangelism, how quickly would the dark places brighten into centers of light. If all would thus become engaged the radiant centers would become confluent, and thus the night of woe would be dispelled. "As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men."

Many shudder to encounter human sorrow, lest it shade their own hearts. There may indeed be, by personal contact with wretchedness, a momentary obscuration; but, like an eclipsed sun which seems to shine brighter when the penumbra has passed, life would take on a fresher glow. Bring two flickering tapers together and the flame of each mounts higher and burns brighter. The same is true of souls brought in contact for high and holy purposes. Pre-millenarians teach that men will become bad, *worse*, WORST, until the Second Advent, and that Satan will then be chained for a thousand years. Our Bible has read into us no such pessimistic nonsense.

The world will grow brighter every day. The present unrest of the world is the result of waking up to a knowledge of human wretchedness. Wise philanthropy is planning, devout hearts are praying, full and open hands are distributing, laws are becoming more humane, the agencies of evangelism are multiplying, the mists of doubt and superstition are flying, "the morning cometh." "Old things are passing away, and, behold! all things are becoming new." An old Pagan said: "Wish well to all, and do good only to friends." The Spirit of the Age sends such moralizing to oblivion. We are learning to love our enemies that we may transform them into friends. God's grace is disciplining us to "overcome evil with good." The dying prayer of Christ is becoming the Magna Charta of love. "When one forgives, the man who has been forgiven stands to him in the relation of a sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussle that straightway closes the wound with a pearl."

> "'Tis not enough that we with sorrow sigh;
> That we the pleading wants of man supply;
> That we a sympathy with sufferers feel;
> Nor hear a grief without a wish to heal.
> Not these suffice; to sickness, pain and woe,
> The Christian spirit loves with aid to go;
> Will not be sought; waits not for want to plead;
> But seeks the duty—nay, prevents the need."

Be sure you cannot bribe God, or successfully lie to the Holy Ghost. If you deny yourself nothing; cram your house with carved furniture, Arras hangings, sculptured marbles, antique bric-a-brac, *Sevres* porcelain, cathedral clocks, artistic etchings, mosaic

hearth-stones, billiard tables, bowling alleys; if you fill your cellars with wines of costly vintage, your stables with thorough-breds, your kennels with pedigreed dogs, your conservatories with exotics, your lawns with shaven grass, and blooming parterres; if you clothe your body with cashmeres, broadcloths, silks and jewels; if you subscribe for the Opera season, lease a proscenium stall, rent the highest-priced pew in the Church, ride to your recreations or devotions in landaus, behind caparisoned steeds, and stretch and strain your credit to maintain the garish splendor of society *elites*—"the vain pomp and glory of the world"—do not attempt to hoodwink your pastor, or to insult God by the pretense of being "hard-up;" do not say to *them* what you would be offended to have them repeat on change, or to your *coterie*. God has paralysis and apoplexy parked with his artillery now, as in the days of Ananias and Sapphira. Secrete, like Achan in his tent a golden wedge, your gold-bearing bonds in the Safe Deposit, clip and cash your coupons with sharp and silent scissors, but do not attempt to "throw sand" in the All-seeing Eye, or the Argus eyes of Society. Do not add to pride and pageantry the guilt of lying. While you have "enough and to spare," do not attempt to compound your felony by a show of charity.—

> "The paltry penny drop:
> A penny to a beggar to bribe God;
> To let you keep in comfort your stuff'd chair,
> To stave the feeling off of too much gold."

Do not allow yourself to forget that you are to settle your stewardship with God, that in the final

audit, the Righteous Judge will exact the last farthing from the Ananiases, Sapphiras and Achans. The gauge of duty is the gauge of ability. Live while you live; not the epicurean existence, nor the stoical, but the Christian. Be not an itinerant tomb.

> "He is dead whose hand is not opened wide
> To help the need of a human brother;
> He doubles the life of his long ride
> Who gives his fortunate place to another;
> And a thousand million lives are his
> Who carries the world in his sympathies.
> To deny
> Is to die."

Hitherto the Lord hath helped you—helped you to a fortune, and you, maybe, have lavished it on yourself. Your day of need is coming. On that day you will be offered, in a silver spoon, a gruel as tempting as nectar, and your palate will refuse it; you will recline on a bed of eider, and it will not give soft repose; the walls of your chamber will be hung with the choicest bits of art, and your glazed eye will not see them; your physician will stand despairingly by your pillow, counting the threaded pulse and numbering your minutes; were all the specifics of the pharmacopeia at hand, they would yield no healing help; friends will entreat you to linger and you cannot stay; your pastor will con the litany of hope, and no response will murmur on your colorless and dumb lips—*that* will be your day of need and trouble. What would you *give* then for memories, such as Cato cherished, of benefits and friendly offices done to others, sealed, as his was not, with Christ's attesting blood, and to have your pastor whisper in your ear,

"Blessed is he that *considereth* the poor; the Lord will *deliver* him in time of trouble?" "To be forewarned is to be forearmed."

Oh, that each in the day of His coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MORNING COMETH.

We heir the past. Its lessons are before us, its treasure is at our feet.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
In a grand and awful time,
In an age on ages telling,
To be living is sublime."

We are living in an age of thought. Once a few men did the thinking for the world. Once a few leaders

"Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
And fulmined over Greece to Macedon,
And Artaxerxes' throne."

Men were like sheep, jumping where the bell-wether leaped. Sons were of the same trade as their sires. Improvement by innovating invention was regarded as a crime against ancestry. What is the established authority? What is the received authority? What was the custom of the Fathers?—were the sole inquiries. Civilization was stationary, because thought wa stereotyped by tradition and authority. Now, the inquiry is for the better way. Men have snapped the withes that bound them to the past, and are seeking, in their unfettered freedom, to read the riddles of time and to solve the enigmas of eternity. A massive Sphinx, with fixed eyes, throned over desert sands and beneath clouded horizons, typified the world's gaze into vacuity. Now,

Argus with multiplex eyes, and Briareus with an hundred arms, are descrying the possible and embracing opportunity. The fatalism symboled by the Laocoon crushing in its pythian folds the victims of its contortions and convulsions, has given place to an angel flying through the sunlit heavens, with wakening trumpet at its lips and broad vans sweeping clouds away as they beat the air, types the spirit of the age. Aristotles are no more the Archons of philosophy swaying by a syllogism. Lycurguses are no more the arbiters of Nations. Cæsars are no more the Imperators of Empire. The world is not now an infant, pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw, soothed by a lullaby; but a Hercules, refusing to be strangled in its cradle. Prometheus is no longer bound to the rock as food for vultures, because of the theft of celestial fire. Procrustes cannot, now, fit his guests to his couch by stretching them if too short, and clipping them, if too long for his iron bedstead. The key of knowledge is springing every bolt in the wards of Nature's mysteries. The art of printing puts all wisdom within the reach of inquiring intelligences. At one time only Princes and Monasteries could own a book. Now, the poorest may own a library. More learning can be bought for a penny than once for a thousand pounds. Thousands are possessors of more lore than was stored in the Alexandrian library. Knowledge need no longer be received second-hand, filtered through the conceits of a few Emperors of mind. The Bible is the cheapest of all books. A nickel will buy a New Testament;

a quarter of a dollar, God's entire revealed will. Priest-craft is shorn of its locks. Creeds no longer hold servile their votaries. Public schools render an education possible to every urchin. Colleges crown the hill-tops, universities the mountains. Science breaks the seal of nature's long-hidden Arcanum, and every altar smokes with the tribute offerings of exploration. Facts are generalized, principles are classified, and conclusions are the common property of every truth-seeker. Liberty follows in the wake of learning, and renders phosphorescent every sea cut by exploring keel. An intelligent people cannot long be kept in serf-hood or slavery. Our age has witnessed almost universal emancipation. Russia has no serfs. Christendom has no slaves. The papacy is without a throne. The yoke of monarchy is broken. The people are crowned. Sovereignty is with the masses. Hereditary nobility is in the last stage of consumption. Dis-establishment of kings and of churches is the order of the day. With the wane of primogeniture, there is a re-distribution of lands. Monarchs and Ecclesiastics no longer feed and fatten on the fortunes of subjects and devotees. Stanley tells us that the advance of civilization from the North and South will crush Mohammedanism at the equatorial meeting on "the Dark Continent." Christian civilization has abolished the Juggernaut car and quenched the fire of the Suttee, in India. The Ganges no longer claims the tribute of sacrificed children. The seraglio is invaded. The zenana is open to Christian teaching. Woman is free. There are

no sealed ports. The Chinese wall is breached. Japan is wheeling into line, and soon will take its rank among Christian nations. The Isles of the sea no longer wait. Their light has come and the glory of the Lord has risen upon them. Cannibalism is a grim romance of the past. Machine-farming gets ready to supply the demand of world-wide markets, that civilization is making of continents and their teeming millions. The croaker cries that the world is degenerating, mankind is back-sliding. But a power is abroad shaking the earth with its giant tread. Thrones rock on their ancient foundations. Castled wrong totters to its fall. Hundreds of reforming, revolutionizing, regenerating agencies, are turning the world upside down and right side up. Punshon compared the former time to "a huge primeval forest, rioting in every luxury of rank vegetation, with trees of giant bole, and whose branches, thickly arched, veiled the sun;" and, in the latter time, he heard a "stir in the forest, for 'the feller has come up against the trees.' Affection clinging to some cherished association, and with broken voice and with imploring hands, says: 'Woodman, spare that tree.' But the Woodman hath no pity, and at every stroke he destroys the useless, or dislodges the pestilent, or slaughters the cruel. The vision vanisheth, but again,

> 'I look, aside the mist has rolled,
> The Master seems the builder too;
> Up-springing from the ruined old
> I see the new!
> 'Twas but the ruin of the bad,
> The wasting of the wrong and ill,
> Whate'er of good the old time had,
> Is living still.'"

"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." (Ec. vii. 10.)

True, the ragged remnants of old garments may cling about the form of the world; but it has outgrown them, and is taking measures for a new suit for the wedding of the earth and sky. Think of the world's libraries, galleries of art, museums of curiosities, cabinets of minerals, vast herbariums, and Botanical and Zoological gardens. Look at the Argosies and Armadas that ride the wave! See the monuments of skill and industry! Viaducts spanning straits and sounds, tunnels threading Hoosacs and Cenii and burrowing under rivers. Canals cutting Isthmuses, the earth chequered with iron, the mighty telegraphic art, photography fixing faces, phonographs treasuring tones, telephones talking with tongues of lightning, balloons careering our clouds and courting the skies; steam plows, reapers, binders, threshers, mills. Hear the hoarse breath of furnaces and foundries, the thunder-thud of trip-hammers, the dash of iron-shuttles, the hum of myriads of spindles, the chorus of ringing anvils, the blast of dynamite, the rush of trains, the bustle of marts! Consider the triumphs of the healing art, the calming and clearing of lunatics, the reformatories for criminals, the abolition of the "straight-jacket," the whipping-post, blood-letting, mercury-poisoning, fire-damp, and the brave fight being made for the conquest of Malaria! Antiseptics neutralize mephitic poisons, soporifics woo sleep, anodynes soothe pain and strip surgery of its

cruelty. Seals afford protection against winter's chill, whales furnish oil for our lamps and machinery, shell-fish yield us gems and food. Geographers are mapping ocean-beds and atmospheres, as well as earth; and the paths of currents and winds are being charted. Magnetic needles direct our navigators, telegraphs warn us of approaching storms, farmers plant and mariners sail by meteoric suggestion; iron, in a thousand useful forms, contributes to our comfort; coal yields us medicine and colors as well as fuel. All forests render tribute to architecture. Reeds and strings afford us music. All climes yield their harvests to our boards. Fowls surrender their plumage to soften our beds. Insects give us dyes. Telescopes explore the distant star-fields, microscopes the world of atoms and animalculæ. Chronometers time our toils and pleasures. Diamonds deck our coronets. Song-birds beguile our leisure hours. Has not man well-nigh completed his conquest of the elements and his sovereignty over the denizens of earth, air and ocean? The commission to "subdue" the earth has well-nigh been consummated. Labor-saving machines lessen fatigue, make toil a luxury, and yield us leisure to learn and love. Our great Republic tells us of time's last and noblest Empire. Like Vesta, she invites all nations to her hospitable fireside; like Mercury, she courses the air; like Neptune, she sails the seas; like Vulcan, she presides at forges; like Ceres, she gathers all grains and fruits into her golden cornucopia; like Venus, she holds court for beauty; like the Sibyl, she whispers of vir-

tue and prophesies of bliss. Evangel of Freedom, she pleads for the oppressed and gives the fugitive from tyranny refuge. Seated between the seas, she brooches the earth and wears the insignia befitting the true sovereignty of man. Our noble English tongue goes on its winning way to make a Pentecost, where all shall hear and speak a common language. Our country will assimilate her emigrants and mingle and make an eclectic stock of the world's best blood. Her virgin soil will give them homes, and contented billions will yet rejoice beneath the sheltering wings of her eagle. Romanism, transplanted, will become infused with evangelical vigor, and, purged of her impurities, finally contribute to earth's regeneration, becoming Catholic, without a Latin prefix, in the highest sense of the term. Contact with Protestantism, conflict with free, enlightened thought will neutralize her heretic dogmas, and priestcraft will be stripped of its Jesuitical power. Imported socialism, securing property and domiciled in homes, will be divested of its disturbing iconoclasm, and learn to protect rather than destroy the muniments of freedom. Our cities, with rapid transit, will surround themselves with suburban villas, and the vice-creating tenements survive only as relics of a relieved congestion of population. The saloon will be prohibited, and drunkenness only be remembered as a moral leprosy that cursed the unhappy past. The rescued Sabbath will weekly repeat its blessings, and multitudes of happy worshipers will throng our churches to hear of Heaven and to learn the way. Converted metropoles

will radiate benediction on all the surrounding country, and "the storm centers" become the converging capitals of a peaceful calm. A growing evangelism will disinfect the slums; social purity will act with antiseptic power on the purlieus of prostitution; marriage will become sacramental, divorce be outlawed, and a blissful family life be the consolation of hearts and the consecration of homes. Capital will share with labor in the approaching partnership agitation is compelling. Bloated fortunes will become impossible, and a community of virtue diminish all factitious distinctions in society. There will be no "privileged classes," no neglected masses. All that is fittest will survive, and natural selection, under supernatural influences, will perpetuate all that ought to endure. Our freedmen will escape the toils of debauching drink, learn that license is not liberty, break the shackles of partisan servitude, "previous condition" will be obliterated from memory as time removes us from the era of slavery; the industrial South will appreciate and protect its allied labor, education will drive superstition to its cave, morality and religion take away the taunt of color, and—

> "Man in the sunshine of the world's fresh new spring
> Will walk abroad like some new transparent thing."

Missions, at home and abroad, will perform their heaven-ordained and divinely directed office, making producers of consumers, conservators of the peace of agitators, Christians of domestic and foreign heathen. Mormon abominations are being swept away by the rising flood of patriotic indignation. Indian prowlers will be exterminated or citizenized; the Chinese, con-

verted to God, will be christianized and assimilated. Capital and labor will equitably compose their difficulties; invention will exhaust its invasion of established industries by harnessing its lost power to machinery; society will become so argus-eyed and vigilant that the culprit cannot find a hiding-place; virtue will shame vice to sobriety and chastity, and a grander confederation of men, made brotherly, will institute a reign more fraternal than the founders of the Amphyctionic counsel ever hoped for.

"We must restore the element of Hope." A disease is half-cured when correctly diagnosed. Widespread agitation proves that the evil to be mastered has been discerned. From one hundred different stand-points the remedy is being suggested. When all theories have been winnowed of their chaff, philanthropy will hold a handful of golden grain. Plant it, and a surprising harvest will reward the sowing. Discontent with the prevailing order prophesies of a new one. Nothing is a surer precursor of fatality than painless disease. When the quiet patient begs to be let alone, death is at the door. Contentment, under injustice and wrong, is an infallible indicator that it is to continue. The palpable and portentous disquietude is an omen of a coming calm. Men will learn at last that the rectification of wrong, the overthrow of evil, are pendent on the Gospel of Christ, the equities it institutes. There would be occasion for despair were it not that we have a living, loving Christ. Archimedes would move the world if furnished with a fulcrum for his lever.

God has a lever and a fulcrum with which to move the world. The lever is love; the fulcrum is the cross. "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw *all men* unto me. This he said, signifying what death he should die." A magnet will attract to it all the iron filings within the circuit of its attraction. "All power is given unto me in Heaven and earth." All power is Christ's; the magnet he levels upon "all men" is his crucifixion-love. Do you derisively smile? Hear "the *sure* word of prophecy!" "There shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts;"—"unto *him* shall the gathering of the people be." They *are* gathering. They are "flocking as doves to the windows." There was a time when only a small remnant of the Jews were believing. It looked very hopeless when "the Crucified *one*" said, "beginning at Jerusalem." But the Apostles *began*, Greece gathered, Rome capitulated, Gaul, Scandinavia, Britain, Spain, and Asia Minor *gathered;* and in our day Fiji, Madagascar, the Hawaian and Samoan groups of islands, *gathered.* India, Burmah, and Japan are gathering. China and the Congo begin to move. "All men" will be drawn, gathered into Christ, as members of his mystical body. You can not drive men with a goad, or pull them with a trace, or push them with a threat, but they can be drawn with the Gospel load-stone. Wooed and won by its subtle magnetism "every knee should bow and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the Glory of God, the Father." Believe it, or be blasted by his withering frown! "Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and

ye perish from *the way*, when his wrath is kindled but a little." Christ "*must* reign 'till he hath put all enemies under his feet." Crown him, or be crushed.

Storms clear the air of impurities. After them the calm, the serene sky, the green earth. The darkest hour precedes the dawn. When things are at their worst, any change is one for the better. No Christian can be a pessimist. The Greeks put their golden age in the past; the Gospel tells of a "time of restitution," —of "new Heavens and a new earth; wherein dwelleth *right*eousness." The heart of humanity never wearies of singing "there's a good time a-coming." The watchman of Dumah told of a waning night, of a breaking day, and of a bursting morn. If any flaw can be picked in Dr. Strong's "Our Country," it is that, while its night of gloom is not starless, its morn is too grey and misty. The day "the bright morning star" heralds, will break suddenly, and the Sun of Righteousness will rise with healing in his wings. The king of day will come rejoicing in the East as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and as a strong man to run a race. "His going forth is from the end of the Heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." It will unfetter every frozen streamlet, melt every chain, and afford a hospitable fireside for all earth's family. The world is growing brighter and better every day. Every balked endeavor is a help toward success. The world learns by its failures. Every unsuccessful effort teaches wisdom. Men will avoid the errors that have baffled the plans and postponed the hopes

of humanity. Every defeat is a call for better drill and arms. Every ship that sinks is "to another sea." The greyhounds of the ocean are the product of shipwreck. Honest failure hedges in the true path and makes it easier to find. "The blood of the martyrs *is* the seed of the church." He "that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah—glorious in his apparel, travelingin the greatness of his strength"—tells of struggle and bloodshed. The Dark Ages were succeeded by the printing press, making possible a free, open Bible. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." The morning light is breaking on Pagan lands. Old religions are going to pieces. The wreck of the old precedes the incoming of the new. Brahminism, Buddhism, Sintooism, Mohammedanism are disintegrating. The world has now no hermit nations. Science dispels the illusions of the false religions. Many are running to and fro, and knowledge is being increased, steam and electricity are destroying provincialism, mountain barriers are tunnelled, separating rivers are bridged, peninsulas are canalled, oceans are ferried—all natural barriers are being annihilated. Nations are neighbors; men are brothers. Commerce and civilization, the true offspring of Christianity, are unifying interests and language. Diplomacy succeeds war. Arbitration settles national difficulties. The occupation of the soldier will soon be gone, and bayonets will be turned into pruning-knives, swords into plow-shares, artillery into chimes of church-going bells. Millions of men will possess the peaceful arts of husbandry and become producers

and conservators of the fruits of industry, instead of their destroyers. Wealth, no longer wasted by idle armies marching and counter-marching in times of peace, and hurling the iron of wickedness in time of war, will be employed in cultivating mind, multiplying institutions for education and monuments of taste. Highways will be as paved streets; aqueducts will thread the country, giving pure drink and fertilizing refreshment to thirsty tongues and soil; every wilderness and solitary place will be made glad; deserts will be made to rejoice and blossom as the garden of God; alkali plains, by irrigating processes, will be turned into fertile farms; cataracts will be harnessed to thousands of mill-wheels; and, possibly, the Aurora Borealis will light our cities, the atmospheric seas will be sailed by aerial ships as Cunarders now the oceans. Eleemosynary institutions, life insurance, the husbandry of riches, the product of the world's skill and sweat, will abolish poverty; every herb and mineral will yield its medicament, each pain will have its anodyne, each disease its specific remedy, the pathology of every constitution will be understood, surgery will be brought to perfection by a growing intelligence and the instruments of invention; morasses will be drained and miasma cease to taint the air; plentiful food will abolish all motive to adulteration; prohibition of the liquor traffic will prevail and temperance add an increment to productive toil and a thousand conveniences and comforts to homes; crime, left without a motive, will no longer curse; slavery will be unknown, hereditary despotism

and entailed fortunes will perish; freedom will be universal, laws will be mild, taxes light, and general enlightenment will take the place of ignorance and superstition; monopoly will be overthrown by co-operative capital and labor; millionaires and paupers will be alike impossible; congenital diatheses will disappear, life will be prolonged, sickness be regarded as a sin, and health become contagious. By "the federation of the world," through commerce and Christianity, science will be able to extort the last secret from nature's deep arcana, and with universal facts perfecting knowledge will reach that final generalization essential to absolute truth. No hostile navies will patrol the seas, no buccaneers menace commerce, and nations brought near by swift communication of tonnage and tongue will exchange their products, rendering famine impossible. Agriculture will grow harvests where now deadly miasms distill and desolating pestilences breed.

Religion and philosophy eclecticized by the infusion of social characteristics, will ultimate thought on moral and spiritual themes and problems; censorious criticism will cease to carp at Christianity, faith become general and hope universal, while love will enswathe the world with the atmosphere of heaven. The writer knows that many, who read this optimism, will cry "rhapsody," "vain dreamer," if not "crazy loon;" but he is not taught of fears, nor senile to doubts, but he reverently reads the horoscope of revelation, and scans the indicators of progress with bounding heart and exulting hope. Isaiah and John

are his teachers, and Christ is his Rabbi. His ears are open to the strains and visions of inspired seers, and his soul thrilled and thralled with Christliness. He heeds not the scorn of skepticism, nor the despair of pessimism. "Brother, this vision is no fable. It is for an appointed time and will not tarry. It is nearer for every outworn lie, and for every trampled fraud, for each scattered truth-seed and each kindly speech and deed. Each of us may aid it in its coming. Children who fling seeds about in sport, youth in its prime, age in its maturity, manhood in its energy of enterprise, womanhood in her ministry of mercy—all may speed it onward. In a reverent mingling of faith and labor, it is ours to watch and work for it. Do not mourn the past; it has given place to better times. Do not dread the coming of the future; it shall dawn in brighter and safer glory. Come, and upon the altar of faith be anointed as the Daniels of to-day, at once the prophet and the worker—the brow bright with the shining prophecy, the hands full of earnest of holy deeds."*

"Thine, the needed truth to speak,
Right the wronged, and raise the weak;
Thine to make earth's desert glad,
In its Eden greenness clad.
Thine to work as well as pray,
Clearing thorny wrongs away,
Plucking up the weeds of sin,
Letting Heaven's warm sunshine in.
Watching on the hills of Faith,
Listening what the spirit saith,
Catching gleams of temple-spires,
Hearing notes from angel choirs.
Like the Seer of Patmos gazing
On the glory downward blazing,
Till upon earth's grateful sod,
Rests the city of our God."

*Dr. W. Morley Punshon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FREE SEAT CHURCH.

GOD is no respecter of persons. Neither should his church be. "The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them all." (Prov. xxii. 2.) Christ "ate with publicans and sinners." "The common people heard him gladly." "The poor have the Gospel preached to them" and for them. He "chose the weak things of the world to confound the mighty." Jesus penetrated through birth, and rank, and riches, and poverty, to the heart—the simple man. One of his sublimest discourses was to a lone Samaritan woman at the well. He pardoned a poor harlot, and convicted of inward lust her Pharisaical accusers, and made the punitive stones drop from their nerveless grasp, while self-condemned they slunk from his presence. Jesus pardoned a penitent thief on the cross and assured him of companionship with *Him* in Paradise. If he was good enough for the kingdom of glory, he was good enough for the kingdom of grace. Christ taught that humility is the condition of exaltation. He who would be greatest in his kingdom above, must be willing to be least in his kingdom below. Every converted soul is entitled to a new date. The new birth makes a re-newed man. "His blood can make the foulest clean."

In the house of worship there ought to be no discrimination of worshipers. All should "meet upon the level and part upon the square." In the Lord's house all should be recognized as equal. Station in society should have no superior recognition in the church. Money should not be able to buy privileges. Mites and millions should be at par in the pews. The pew-renting system *does* confer privileges. Men may own pews and be protected by law in the possession and ownership of a definite space, whether saint or sinner, present or absent. The holder of a purchased pew can lock the door and carry the key in his pocket while junketing over Europe, or sojourning at the sea-shore. It is possible for a number to do this, and thus practically close the church, as they do their residences, when at the resorts. Does this consist with the common Fatherhood of God, and the universal Brotherhood of Man? We have seen all the standing room occupied, while there were vacant seats in the pews of selfish renters. We have seen a shabbily dressed person, unnoticed by sexton or ushers, walk the whole length of an aisle without anyone offering the hospitality of a seat, and stand confused and abashed at its pulpit end. We have seen another follow, of lofty mien and dressed in costly attire, and the ushers were superciliously attentive, and pew-doors fairly flew open to welcome the "respectable" visitor. It is narrated that on one occasion a small figure, bent with the weight of years, in a dress of faded black—a woman—entered a "fashionable" (God save the mark!) church, and

tottered down the aisle without an invitation to a seat; seeing which, the gifted pastor, Rev. Dr. Alexander, stopped the service he was conducting, walked down, and offering his arm to the aged visitor, gently and gracefully conducted her to the pastor's pew, and when she was seated, returned, silently, to the pulpit. It turned out that the neglected visitor was the venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton. Had her identity been known, the proudest would have given her welcome.

"Go, look in yon Church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives to the sun his same look of red fire,
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Walk down the long aisles, see the rich and the great
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate;
Walk down in your patches, and find if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!"

—HENRY T. STANTON.

We would fain believe such churches are few and far between, but who will say the satire of the poet is without warrant? And how does such a Church look under the lurid light of St. James' epistle?

"My brethren, have not the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, *the Lord* of glory, with respect of persons. For if there come unto your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; And ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, Sit thou here in a good place; and say to the poor, Stand thou there, or sit here under my footstool; Are ye not then partial in yourselves, and are become judges of evil thoughts? Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world

rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him? But ye have despised the poor. Do not rich men oppress you, and draw you before the judgment seats? Do not they blaspheme that worthy name by the which ye are called? If ye fulfil the royal law according to the Scripture, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well; But if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors. For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." (Jas. ii: 1–16.)

There is nothing plainer in the Bible than this prohibition, and no sophistry can successfully gloss it. There are rich quarters in churches There *are* churches in which the poor are huddled together, where they are subject to draughts of air, and where it is difficult to hear. Money buys the best seats. There are churches in which the poor are not wanted, and the prices of pews are put up beyond their reach intentionally to exclude them. There are churches into which the poor do not go, because they know they are not wanted. There are churches dedicated to the carpenter's son, into which a mechanic or laborer never ventures. They need an extra lightning rod. We wonder at the long-suffering of God, forbearing the riving of them from the golden cross on the steeple to the marble corner-stone and sculptured portal. Thank God, they are not common. There ought not to be one such in all Christendom. If Jesus were to re-visit the earth, he would thrash out these lordly saints, as he did the defilers of the

temple. We would like to see the exegete that could preach from the passage quoted from St. James, on the occasion of a pew-selling auction.

We are happy to know that the grandest Cathedrals ever erected by the genius of an architect, and with the money of consecrated wealth, are as hospitably free as the city market, and that numbers of splendid churches and beautiful chapels are the gift of rich men who have remembered "the pit from which they were digged," and the expression of gratitude to the Providence that has smiled them into prosperity and affluence.

"There are churches whose loftiest turrets and spire
Have sprung from the depths of some poor boy's desire;
There are colleges and hospitals, founded by those
Who knew, at the outset, stern poverty's woes;
But they labored undaunted, with head, heart and brain,
And we know that such labor is never in vain.
That man with his millions, when first he began,
Was known upon 'Change as the moneyless man."

—FLORENCE ANDERSON CLARK.

The great Methodist Church, in its Discipline, wisely prescribes: "Let all our churches be built plain and decent, and with free seats *wherever practicable.*" But pray, where are they *not* practicable?

The question now rustling the air is, "How can the Church reach the masses?" Has it ever occurred to anyone that the pew system is promotive of the evangelization of the poor?

The writer has known churches in which every pew was rented to the wealthy, the prices obeying the law of supply and demand, so that with no seats at his free disposal the pastor could not invite the poor,

having no place in which to put them should they come. The rich flock together and thus by the withdrawal of the wealthy from the "down-town" churches to the "up-town," the former are left without sufficient financial support to maintain themselves. The poor must take the preachers that the rich are not willing to have. The pastor of a free-seat church, no matter how great its congregations, can say: "come, come early and get a good seat." If he has pews to rent, the invitation to come seems like the solicitation of a landlord seeking tenants. If he has only inferior seats to rent, with what grace can he ask a poor man to attend his church? If the difficulty be overcome, and "the poor man in vile raiment" should "come into the assembly," the chances are that some purse-proud Pharisee will say, by his scornful looks, if not in express terms, "Friend, how camest *thou* in hither?"

But says some one, "How, then, is the Church to be supported?" Why, by the free-will offerings of the people. Each person should give as the Lord prospers, and do it systematically and cheerfully. The majority of the churches of our country are supported in this way. A large number of interested people will give more money, according to their ability, than will a few of ten times their means. When Rector Rainsford, of St. George's Parish, New York City, came to it, he turned it into a free-seat church, to be supported by the envelope weekly system, with the following results the first three years of the experiment: First year, 1883, $4,041; second year, 1884, $7,886; third year, 1885, $12,882. The writer had

a similar experience in changing a church from the pew-renting system, doubling the revenue and tripling the congregation.

When it is systematically worked there is more money in the free-will offerings of the people. The pew system makes the rich pay the current costs, leaving less for them to give to the benevolences. The small payers slip, therefore, the financial net, the meshes of which are too large to catch small fry. The poor are neglected by the officers, and finally feel that their small contributions are not wanted or needed; or what is worse, they get to feel that church services are their free right, and so never think of paying anything. Many, because never called on for church support, get to doubt whether they are regarded as members, and cease to feel interest in that in which they hold no stock. People who have religious interest enough to attend public worship, are generally able to contribute; and could be made regular supporters by the application of a systematic plan of calling on every member for money.

The pride of some is offended by this neglect, who are unable to rent pews, and being unwilling to dead-beat their way, they drop away altogether, or become church tramps, losing all concern for any particular church. For the spiritual benefit attending giving, the very poorest, even those receiving alms, should be required to give something. We should give a wider reading to the text, "It is more blessed to give than receive." The poor should not be cheated of deed-blessing. Jesus, when he "sat over against the

treasury," did not reprove the sacrificial mites of the poor widow that cast in all the living that she had, or rebuke the ostentatious rich who rattled their shekels into the money-box. Collection plates should be padded. A few coppers make a loud rat-a-tat when dashed into silver and hard-wood receivers. Then, some new converts are totally unacquainted with the plan of finance. While writing this chapter, the author met one of his members on a street car, who had recently joined, and she naively asked him when *he* would collect for the support of the church. He explained the plan and received a contribution of ten dollars. Rich men do not give too much, but they do wrong to foot the bills, because they would rather pay more largely than take the time and trouble, as officers, to collect small sums from the many. They should "*consider* the poor," and deny them not the privilege, pleasure and profit in giving of their poverty. A woe is pronounced on those that "take away the *right* from the poor of My (the Lord's) people." (Isa. x: 2.) Rich men are sought by churches, for "Wealth maketh many friends: but the poor is *separated* from his neighbor." No separation on account of riches or rank should be tolerated in God's temple. "Many will entreat the favor of the prince; and every man is a friend to him that giveth gifts. All the brethren of the poor do hate him: how much more do his friends go far from him." (Prov. xix: 6–7.) Wealth is not to be despised when it is the product of wisdom, sobriety, industry and frugality. But it should be what the word imparts—*weal*. The king-

dom of Christ is a commonwealth—a *common weal.* The early Christians held all things in common. The rich were God's trustees of the poor and ministered unto their necessities. Then, the "great man helped the poor man and the poor man loved the great." It is right for the rich to build beautiful, commodious, and convenient churches *for* the poor. The house of God to them should be as the gate of heaven. Give them brightness and beauty—stained glass windows, stuccoed ceilings and frescoed walls. Give them Apolloses "mighty in the scriptures," and Boanerges "sons of thunder," to preach to them the word of life and light and love. Delight the ears of the sons of men daily accustomed to the clangor of machinery, with organ chimes and choral melodies. Give them *one* place where the tokens of poverty—bare walls, carpetless floors, musicless tenements—shall melt away, and the ravished eye and ear will wing the soul to mount up into a clime of splendor, whose warm and welcoming air shall be to them an earnest of the heavenly home. Go to the Church of God in plain attire, that the poor may not be shamed by the contrast of threadbare garments with shining silks and blazing jewelry. Make a spiritual feast, and call to the banquet-board the poor and make them feel that the banner floating over them is that of love. Make the poor in passing the portals of the temple feel that they are threading "the Gate Beautiful." Let zephyrs from Beulah land float in on the worshipers. See! how the theaters sparkle with splendor, and the saloons are bright with color. Take away the gloom

from our places of worship, and woo and win to truth, beauty and goodness, by the inviting glories of God's temple. Let not the feet of the unwary be snared by the flowery traps of Satan. Make the harp of Zion like the lyre of Orpheus, which, with its sweeter music, hushed the seductive sirens into silence. Make "the hill of Zion yield a thousand sacred sweets before we reach the heavenly fields, or walk the golden streets." Think not to quarantine the poor in uninviting halls, as if poverty were a leprous contagion. Make the stately church a poem and a *mission station.* Fear no contagion from God's poor. Grace will disinfect the vilest. It is a mighty prophylactic. Let the theaters enjoy a monopoly of "the gallery" for the poor, and of "proscenium boxes" for the rich. God "raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dung-hill; that he may set him with the princes of *His* people." (Ps. cxiii: 7–8.) He who "is high above all nations, and His glory above the heavens, humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth." (Ps. cxiii: 4, 6.) So do thou, who art exalted, "condescend to men of low estate." Christ *did.* Emulate him. "I know that the Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted, and *the right* of the poor. Surely the righteous shall give thanks unto Thy name: the upright shall dwell in Thy presence." (Ps. cxl: 12–13.) "Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world: Both low and high, rich and poor, *together.*" (Ps.. xlix: 1–2.)

Beware of God's frown if you "turn *aside* the poor in the gate *from their right.*" (Amos v: 12.) Be able to say when "God is sifting out the souls of men before his judgment seat," as did Job when he made a catalogue of his good works: "If the men of my tabernacle said not, Oh that we had of his flesh! we cannot be satisfied. The stranger did not lodge in the street: but I opened my doors to the traveller." (Job xxxi: 31–32.)

If the *Church* intends to make a heroic effort to reach the non-church-going, it must, as a first step, make the churches as free as the Gospel it is set to preach. Could you induce a man of modesty to intrude himself on a banquet where the table was set with "covers," each for a particular guest? Could you send one invited to the kitchen? Men will not freely flock to our popular churches, if on entering they are kept standing in the vestibules, waiting until the ushers can determine when the owners or renters are coming? Nor can they comfortably occupy a seat while haunted with the thought that they are intruders on another man's preserve, and are liable to be invited out on the arrival of those who have preempted them. The author, while a pastor of one of the principal city churches, attended a wedding in another church; and, presently, the family owning the pew arrived, invited him out, and though a seat was unoccpied the pew-door was closed, and he was left standing abashed in the aisle. It goes without the saying that he beat a hasty retreat, and never darkened the doors of that inhospitable church with his unwelcome

presence. He knows how one feels under such circumstances from the iron that pierced his spirit.

It is not claimed that there may not be a judicious reservation of seats for regular worshipers, for it is desirable that members of a family should sit together; but a money consideration should not be taken for such a preemption, and social rank should have no place in a distribution of sittings. Habitual attendants may have assigned sittings in any part of the auditorium unselected at the time of their application, no money being exacted as a condition. If the ushers reserve such seats each Sunday until *five minutes* before the service begins, no exception should be taken by others casually present; and such a system, rigidly observed, would contribute to punctuality. Under the renting system tardiness is encouraged, since the owners know that their seats will be reserved until they arrive, and frequently are, when they do not come at all. It is a painful privation for pastors to suffer, to see the most eligible pews vacant, at night, because of the distant residence of their wealthy owners. These, at least, should be at the disposal of the ushers, who should be careful to fill them with early comers, without regard to their social status. The best society is the society of the best people. Many of God's elect, who would, if our system of seating obtained in heaven, be occupying private boxes, reserved thrones, are crowded into the rear seats, and the preacher must speak over a vacancy, so that his message is frosted in this refrigerator before it reaches the mass of the congregation.

Firing at long range is seldom effective. There was a touch of pathos as well as humor in a postscript to a letter written an officer, by Mr. Beecher, while in Europe, saying, "Give my love to the brethren in the front seats." A quaint old divine, desiring to bring his congregation nearer the pulpit, added to his invitation the witty remark, "if you want to have a good fire you must get the chunks together." A broad, unoccupied space, between the speaker and his audience, looks badly. It discounts pulpit discourse, by cutting the magnetic current between the preacher and his hearers. No lawyer would hazard his case by pleading at a distance from the jury, and behind a barricade, depriving him of the power of personal presence and forensic action. "The eyes of the multitude are more learned than their ears." Are not the Catholics wiser in bringing the pulpit into the midst of the people? The pew system is unscriptural, is repressive of church power and debilitating to financial support, and should soon grow into "innocuous desuetude."

CHAPTER XIX.

PRECIOUS PROMISES.

Look to the promises. Moses had "respect unto the recompense of reward." Religion pays. Godliness is profitable unto the life that now is.

Divine grace cannot be enjoyed where it is neglected, and temporal blessings are suspended on cheerful giving. Giving is investing.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." If farmers would do their duty, who knows but Providence would free their crops from insect infestations, and withhold destroying droughts? Merchants might be saved from disasters by fire and flood. We are weak of faith and afraid to trust our weight on God's promises, lest they should break beneath our feet. A man crawled on all-fours across the frozen Mississippi, and reached the shore rigid with cold, just in time to see a six-mule team, drawing a heavy load of pig-iron, trot over the natural bridge to the other shore. Covetousness will walk over the mouth of hell on a rotten plank, while baptized money fears the strength of Divine pledges. I doubt not many are wrestling with the wolf at the door, that might be feasting at the groaning board, because of a distrustful frugality.

"Bring ye tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." "Give, and it shall be given you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

Heart's ease will not grow where the love of money is rooted. This pre-occupation is to God's husbandry what crab-grass is to man's fields. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye always, having all sufficiency, may abound to every good work." It is the duty of a Christian to abound in this grace (liberality) also, as much as in faith.

God does not require anything until he has given something. As often as a man lays out for God, he lays out for himself. If Christians would live more virtuous and more generous lives they would not need so much money. They pay heavy premiums to sin, death and Satan by every disobedience. Wealth can only be enjoyed at the end of duty. Wealth means *weal*, and the soul is only weal—well—when it is generous. Let people start out in life on Gospel principles and hold on to them to the end, and they will never come to want. What is the threshold principle? "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness, and all these (temporal) things shall be added unto you." The Kingdom of God and His Righteousness means fear and love of God and regard for His creature man—sobriety, industry, frugality, courtesy, charity; and when did these ever conspire and combine in a failing man? "Diligent in business,

fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," are a trinity of graces that always succeed.

Everybody and everything that succeed, are on the giving hand. Fortune not only helps those who help themselves, but those who help others. "Fortune favors the brave," and the brave are those who give themselves away. "Public-spirited men," men who are for the community, are the leaders and succeeders everywhere. Whoever heard of a liberal church-member pining for business. The lean souls are the miserly. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." If you want to be a living skeleton, be stingy.

The Dead Sea receives a vast number of tributaries, but has no outlets. Nothing lives in its waters. The Nile overflows its banks and leaves a rich delta behind its retiring waters. The desert absorbs rains, but yields no refreshing fountains to its thirsty caravans, and returns no tribute to the clouds that watered its barren sands. Sahara is ever dry. Dead Sea men, Desert men, there are—for multitude. Oh, for Nile men! Bread cast on overflowing waters brings forth fruit after many days. Bountiful sowing beside all waters makes rich reaping. Seed, watered with tears, is sown for a harvest of joy.

The Christian thrives by his liberality. The muster-roll is great and extended of those who have grown rich by giving. The late William E. Dodge, of New York, was one of the most liberal benefactors of the present generation, and his contributions to Christian benevolence amounted to hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Read Rev. Wm. Arthur's story of the "Successful Merchant," and see how God prospered systematic generosity. Read the life of the Lawrence Brothers, of Boston. There are living men, by the hundred, who are proving God by giving liberally of their gains. I know of one who says that whenever he gets in a strait, he trusts God by giving bountifully and praying and working hard, and that God always brings him out. Whatever does not put itself forth, dies, is a truism in nature, grace and finance. Certainly a church grows rich by giving. Napoleon said, "The army that remains in its entrenchments is beaten." A church without field-work, without the aggressive spirit, will rot in its templed strongholds. Nothing keeps an army in such fighting trim as hunting the enemy to conquer him. Nothing keeps the church so active at the home-centres as a campaign in foreign lands. "The gravitation of true love is towards equal distribution. You cannot accumulate water in a heap except by freezing it. God blesses the church which goes in self-denying ministries to others."—*Evangelical Churchman.*

The churches that have been most active in sending missionaries abroad, are the churches that have most lived at home.

That great Baptist, Andrew Fuller, "saved the church at Kettering from declension and extinction by enlisting its energies in the foreign field. While they worked for self the Lord did not work with them. Fifty years ago, thirty Baptist churches in Maryland declared themselves opposed to Missions. while two

alone took a stand in favor of them. The two increased to thousands, while the anti-mission Churches diminished, until they now number only seven or eight persons. Thus the Lord of the vineyard condemns the unfaithful owner of the buried talent. Twenty-seven years after the establishment of the Sandwich Island Mission, it must have broken up and disbanded, had they not extended their sympathies and efforts to embrace others more destitute." Dr. Anderson, in a lecture on "The Development of Modern Missions," says, "It is impossible for Mission Churches to reach their highest and truest prosperity without the aid of what is to them a Foreign Mission." And it is equally true of our home churches, that their only salvation from effeminacy and decay lies in the hearty espousal of the cause of missions. Confined within the narrow circle of home, sympathies grow weak, energies slacken, love loses its strongest stimulant—unselfish devotion, and faith lacks the vindication and confirmation which crown its conquests over barbarism. As the Chinese woman's foot, cramped and confined, renders weak and nerveless her whole physical nature, so the dwarfing and narrowing of Christian sympathy and charity enervate the whole character.

The promise is, "Ask, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession." Has not God been answering hard-cash prayers by enriching the nations with the fruits of missionary toil in heathen lands?

Christian nations dominate the globe. Their civilization is taking the world. Already heathendom is dependent upon or ally to the Christian powers.

The grand work of Missions must be founded on and built upon the idea of God's power and promise to bless the work and the workers.

In respect to giving, experience will prove that, as in everything else, the promises of God in Christ Jesus to bless the cheerful and liberal giver, "in him are yea, and in him Amen, unto the glory of God by us." (II Cor. i: 20.)

Here are the two abiding principles founded on the precepts and promises of God:

1. Temporal, spiritual and eternal prosperity for the individual is founded on a generous use of ability in promoting the glory of God by advancing his cause.

2. That church growth and power depend upon liberality, extension and aggressiveness. Conformity to these brings blessings. Neglect of them, curses. It is bliss or bale.

This much is sure from God's word:

1. The way to prosperity for the individual soul is to be generous in the doing of good.

2. The way for churches to grow is to be industrious in promoting Christianity abroad.

3. The Christian nations get rich reward for all they do for the civilization and Christianization of heathen people.

THE END.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 014 235 908 A